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HOWARD W. LANG
"LANGSYNE"
SOUTH HARWICH
MASSACHUSETTS

VOL. 3586.

THE SILENT GATE BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

IN ONE VOLUME.

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By the same Author,

AN IDLER IN OLD FRANCE	1 vol.
THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK . .	1 vol.
THE DUNGEONS OF OLD PARIS . .	1 vol.

THE SILENT GATE

A VOYAGE INTO PRISON

BY

TIGHE HOPKINS

AUTHOR OF "AN IDLER IN OLD FRANCE," "THE DUNGEONS OF OLD PARIS," ETC.

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LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1902.

TO THE SUNNY MEMORY OF

D. J. G.

[JOE]

SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1899, IN SLEEP, AGED 36.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
The Release of Benjamin Cudd	9
"Turkey"	33
The Master-Key of Newgate	60
Miss Pocket in B Wing	76
As it fell out	102
Small Tale of a Tub	138
"Save me! Oh save me!"	156
How Fairfax did not escape	174
The Foot-Print of Princess Trubetskoi	197
Miss Cullender's Lamb	216
Singular Conduct of C 53	240

THE SILENT GATE.

THE RELEASE OF BENJAMIN CUDD.

I.

The chaplain was a rather noisy preacher, with a habit of sudden pauses where no pause was expected. Prisoners addicted to talking in chapel watched nervously for the stopping of the "croaker's" voice, and the warders kept their own look-out for reasons connected with discipline. The oldest and cleverest lags, men who could jabber glibly with jaws almost rigid, were very apt to be caught, for the warders' seats were raised some two feet above the convicts', and by the quick instinctive closing of a pair of lips beneath you, it was easily guessed that their owner had been breaking the rules. The governor, Captain Lambert—"old Gingertail" to the convicts, from the end of red bandana that hung from his tail-pocket the week round—occupied the one

pew in the gallery, which was as good as a conning-tower; and the chief warder had a tall perch in the corner facing the pulpit; so that, observed from every point, felonry lacked no excuse for minding its devotions.

Of course mistakes were made, but official mistakes are bad to rectify in prison; and the man who was accused, rightly or wrongly, of talking in church generally got the worst of it. In some cases it was a moderately safe charge to lay, and most warders had a fixed idea that you couldn't go wrong with Benjamin Cudd. Cudd was talking in church again; if he wasn't talking, he had just left off; if he hadn't just left off, he was just going to begin: put him down for report.

So, when Cudd was brought up, as usual, on Monday morning, the governor, as usual, was nasty to him.

"One of these days, pretty soon," said the governor, "I shall be putting you back for an interview with the visiting justice."

The governors of her Majesty's prisons have no power to inflict the "cat," that being the exclusive privilege of the visiting justice, who comes once a month. An interview with him is generally good for two dozen at the triangles.

The prisoner, standing at attention, his arms close to his sides, and the palms of his hands outwards, rolled his big, dull eyes and made no reply. Perhaps he

thought it hardly worth while to state that he had not been talking.

"Fine of forty-eight marks," continued the governor, "and No. 3 diet for a week."

Forty-eight marks represent the total of six days' earnings at what Government calls "steady hard labour," and the loss of them at a stroke meant, in effect, one week longer of penal servitude. If you think that a week more or less is unimportant in the sentence of seven years, wait until you come to notch the days off one by one in a cell seven feet by four, with six inches of the sky of liberty mocking you through the slit above.

Cudd stayed a moment to see if the governor was giving away anything else that morning, then one of his grotesquely long arms went slowly up to the salute, and his warder marched him off to cells. Cudd said nothing, and the warder said nothing, etiquette being strictly observed on occasions of punishment. If Cudd had sworn the warder would have been pleased, though he would probably not have reported it. Not a word was said at the door of Cudd's cell, where Monday's dinner of beef and onions was waiting for him. He left the tin at the door and passed in. The dinner hour was half over, but No. 3 diet—a pint and a half of stirabout—which was handed in to him five minutes later, is easily wolfed. Then the victim of discipline

planted his stool against the wall and sat down to consider things.

Almost as long as he could remember, Benjamin had been in trouble. Though he yearned for freedom, which was four bitter years behind and three in front of him, he had not made much better weather of it out of prison than he usually did as a lag. His extraordinary appearance when he stood with his party on parade (between handsome Birmingham Alf, the prince of thieves, and long Dicky the Dean, whose line was preaching at street corners while his girl lifted the "poges" or purses of the congregation) proclaimed him a man whom Nature had condemned to fail in crime. He was the smallest creature in the prison, with a head many sizes too large for him, great staring eyes, ears like sails, and such a reach of arm, that, standing erect, he could almost touch his knees with his finger-tips. Benjamin was a "hook," that is to say he got his living by the commoner kinds of filching; and racecourses, fairs, and all uncanopied green marts were his peculiar pitches. But in every place where hooks do congregate, that figure of ridicule inevitably drew the scrutiny of "coppers," "'tecs," and "narks," [1] and Benjamin was smugged—which is nabbed—while hooks less cruelly defeatured roamed unmolested. Besides his luck, which was generally awful,

[1] Police spies.

he was not what the gang call a "wide" or smart man, and they were rather shy of working with him. He had palled at one time or other with busters and screws,[1] toy-getters,[2] broadsmen,[3] snide-pitchers,[4] men at the duff,[5] and skittle-sharps—a pretty wide crew, who "used to use at" a public in the Lane[6]—but his partnerships had rarely survived a job or two; and for years Benjamin had padded the hoof alone, the forlornest hook in England. Then, in an hour of inexcusable conceit, he aspired to burglary—Benjamin, the plain hook—which was his undoing. The chat[7] was an easy one to empty, and Benjamin was walking off at dawn with the wedge[8] in the kipsy[9] on his back, so pleased with his cleverness that, when he piped the peeler round the double[10] he forgot that he was trudging without his daisy-roots,[11] and that the James[12] was

[1] Burglars.
[2] Watch-stealers.
[3] Card-sharpers.
[4] Utterers of false money.
[5] Passing false jewellery.
[6] Petticoat Lane.
[7] House.
[8] Silver.
[9] Basket.
[10] Saw the policeman at the corner.
[11] Boots.
[12] Crowbar.

sticking out of one pocket, and the screws[1] bulging in another. He was so much ashamed of himself that he declined to plead "not guilty" at his trial. Two years would have met the case, six months would have shown that the judge was disposed to reform by kindness, but the Recorder was a believer in cumulative sentences for old offenders, and Benjamin, whose record in the Criminal Register filled a quarter of a page in small type, was lagged for seven. It was his ninth sentence, and his second of penal servitude. He was just thirty-nine.

Meanwhile, Benjamin was still with his back to the wall of his cell, his little legs stretched out in front of him, trying in his stupid way to set the account right betwixt the governor and himself. He was puzzle-headed over it. The warder who had laid the illusory charge, he took no account of. He had lied against the warder on occasion, and this might be a fair move in the game. But the governor was a kind of Pope to the deformed and half-witted hook, and it seemed to him that this high authority should detect a warder's lie on the instant. The ugly sallow of his skin burned to purple, and began to change from purple into black. He was coming slowly to think that if the governor failed him, there was nothing to keep on for. He had

[1] Skeleton keys.

badgered the warders till he was willing to accept any reprisals at their hands; and being reckoned among the convicts as a man with no luck, he was as shunned and lonely in the prison as he had been out of it. He had half-reckoned that if he held his tongue when he was charged, the governor would see through it, and set him right.

He heard the warder coming down the hall, unlocking the cells to turn the men out for afternoon labour. His own door was switched open.

"Now, then!" said the warder.

Cudd's misshapen face was black to the ears; he rose with a scream, picked up his stool, and smashed it against the wall of his cell. Then, before he could be held, he ripped his jacket at the throat, and tore it into shreds. The warder blew his whistle, and rushed on him; but Cudd fell inert, crying like a child.

II.

It is written in the Rules, that a prisoner who breaks the furniture or makes ribbons of his clothing may be punished with the "cat." Benjamin had committed both these crimes at once, and of all forms of retribution, in or out of prison, the "cat" was the one he dreaded most. Just at that time there walked, or shuffled, at

the rear of Benjamin's work-party a man whose ankles were hampered by cross-irons, and who wore a parti-coloured dress of black and drab; he had come under the whip for pitching a brick at a warder, and Benjamin was sure that the whites of the man's eyes had turned yellow since his punishment.

So he sat and quaked in a dark cell not his own, and wondered when the visiting justice would come. Since his tantrum on the previous day, he was decorated in quite a new style. The ridiculous little figure looked more than ever ridiculous muffled in the suit of No. 1 Navy Canvas, which is the particular badge of the destroyer of clothing. Then, since he had done wanton violence to the furniture of his cell, it was reasonably urged that in another fit he might turn his hands against himself (and in the darkness of the punishment cell sudden crises of madness will sometimes come), so the body-belt had been added to the canvas suit. The body-belt, weighing about four pounds, is of double leather, sewn together, and fastened by a lock round the waist, with steel wristlets at the sides, in which Benjamin's wrists were secured. Belted and handcuffed, and cased in canvas, he sat in the dark, terrified, waiting for the coming of the man who had power over the "cat."

But the man came on this very day, and held his court, and went away, and Benjamin was not set before him.

All night he lay on a plank on the broad of his back, still held by the wrists, wide awake, saying to himself, "I wonder if he'll come to-morrer?"

No light came with the day, but Benjamin knew it was breakfast-time when a loaf of brown bread was pushed in through the trap in the door. He thought of the other prisoners turning out for the day, putting their cells to rights, and being mustered for chapel. Oh, what happiness to be just rolling out of one's hammock, hands free, and nothing worse to expect than the day's routine on the works! Those other chaps had nothing to complain of; no one had anything to complain of who was not waiting to be brought before the visiting justice. By-and-by the door was unlocked, but he knew it was too early yet for the summons that was always singing in his ear.

"Like a stroll, my boy?" said the warder. "Come along o' me."

Benjamin understood that he was to be exercised, and he went after the warder, blinking in the daylight, into a small, high-walled yard, empty and perfectly bare. Here prisoners undergoing special punishment were brought for an hour's exercise in the morning, one at a time: and here Benjamin trudged to and fro under the eye of the warder, who stood stiffly against the iron wicket. It was a stinging forenoon of mid-October, not a gleam from the ashen sky; the warder had his top-

coat on, but Benjamin's No. 1 canvas let the cold in, and his pinioned wrists felt numb.

Every time he passed the warder he looked at him furtively; he wanted to ask if the visiting justice were coming that day, but he had never had to do with this warder, and was afraid to speak. He had not slept, he had not tasted his bread, he was dull and weak and cold, and the fear almost paralysed him.

The Rules being what they are, an officer of the prison can do little for a prisoner under special punishment, but Benjamin's warder—a married man, with children whom he doted on—observed the colour of his wrists. He had bought his youngest a pair of woollen mittens the night before.

"Hold on!" he said.

Benjamin stood dumbly, and the warder went up to him.

"Cold at the wrists, ain't you?" said he, and Benjamin looked and nodded.

"It wouldn't be much harm if you answered civil," jerked the warder, "but you're in for a dose of it this time"—Benjamin quaked again—"and I can make allowances."

While speaking he had been unlocking the wristlets, and Benjamin's arms were suddenly free.

"There!" said the warder, "now clap your hands to your sides and do a trot. You'll be warm all right

soon. Law, man, you ain't so bad! You might be in the leg-irons. Now do a bit of a double round the yard."

Benjamin was still voiceless, but his goggle eyes held a kind of gratitude.

"Time's up!" called the warder, presently. "Slip your dukes in again, my lad;" and Benjamin, strangely and wonderfully obedient, thrust his hands and wrists through the steel circlets.

"Take my advice and stow that toke," said the warder, pointing to the loaf of bread that had tumbled from the trap-door to the floor of the cell. "Want to see the doctor?"

"Don't send the doctor! Don't send me the doctor, sir!" said Benjamin very quick. "I'm all right, sir, an' thenk,-you, sir."

"Law, man! The doctor isn't the visiting justice," said the warder.

No, he wasn't; but he came just before him, when the "cat" was threatening. The doctor had to sound you, and punch you, and probe you, and feel your pulse and heart, to make sure that you were fit for it. Benjamin had often sent for the doctor, when he wanted to try a fake on him and fetch the farm;[1] but he didn't wish for him now.

The doctor came, however.

[1] Get into hospital: the convict's paradise.

"Medical orf'cer!" said the warder, as he threw the door open; and Benjamin scrambled up to attention, frightened almost to sickness.

"Let's have a look at you!" said the doctor. "Come out here into the corridor. Take his wrists out of the bracelets. Now, stand up square, and no kid."

Among the lags, the doctor was the most popular officer in the prison, but he had never been known to let off a man who was sound for the "cat."

He jerked up Benjamin's chin, felt his pulse, and sounded him over the heart. Benjamin could almost hear the chief warder's "One!" for the first stroke of the "cat," governor and doctor standing by, and the man with the whip measuring his distance.

"Sleep last night?" said the doctor.

"No, sir."

"Eaten your bread?"

"No, sir."

"What's your game?"

Except for his terror, Benjamin would have whimpered something; but the terror kept him dumb.

The doctor knew that he was expecting to be whipped, and saw that he was silly from excess of fright.

"Take the belt off," he said to the warder.

Benjamin thought they were getting him ready for the triangles, and his great head wagged foolishly on his little body as he said:

"'As 'e come, sir?"

"Who?" said the doctor.

"You know, sir—visitin' justice."

"Yes; he's come and gone."

Benjamin's knees knocked. "Oh, sir!" he cried. "Don't play with me! Ain't I goin' to get bashed?"

"You're in luck again, Benjy!" said the doctor, as he turned out of the cell.

Benjamin glimmered at the warder. Was prison such a heaven as this?

"You 'eard 'im say it, sir, didn't you?" he asked.

But now that the tension was over, the warder was on duty.

"Sit down, my lad, and eat your bread," said he.

When the door was locked again, Benjamin groped on the floor for his loaf of bread, and carried it to his plank bed, and mumbled it greedily. He had never felt so happy in his life. In the evening a mattress and a bolster were thrown in to him, and then came a cup of hot cocoa, good fat stuff, and Benjamin wished, in the black stone cell, that he might never get out of prison.

III.

PERHAPS no one had ever had quite such a narrow squeak of it. But the governor had well and truly pondered that dark and stunted case, and had decided not to put Benjamin back for the visiting justice. Benjamin had given "old Gingertail" (a shocking name for one of the smartest and best-looking men in the service) a great deal of trouble, but he thought there was probably something at the back of that moment's fury, for in his right senses—as far as his senses were ever right—this lag had always been very wary in offence. The governor could seldom be certain that he got the naked truth from a warder who reported a troublesome prisoner, and when the prisoner rebelled under a sentence which was not excessive, as the penalties of prison went, the governor had his private mind upon the matter. He knew that nearly any warder who had had charge of Benjamin would report him for almost anything, but he remembered also that Benjamin had generally taken his punishment, if not like a lamb, at least unlike a tiger. So it was that, the case being weightily considered of the governor, Benjamin was not set before the visiting justice, in which event, had the doctor passed him, he would certainly have got the order to strip.

But the boat of Benjamin the lucky was yet a long,

long way from shore. If he had been a day and a night in hell, he was now to be translated to purgatory.

They took him out of chokey, but only to immure him in a "special," which is just one remove in quality from the den he had spent that night of terror in. But Benjamin had been in the specials before, and entered briskly, without giving cheek. He was in love with the prison just then, and only thought what a good, kind man the governor was.

"I can do speshuls all right enough," he said to himself.

Specials, nevertheless, want a good deal of "doing," as Benjamin might have remembered, if he had not been in such a sweet state of mind. They don't let you speak ever such a little word in the specials, and woe betide you if you are caught trying to telegraph through the wall. Then the graft[1] in specials is very unlovely. In your own cell, if you have a bit of oakum-picking to do, they give you a little thing called a fiddle to ravel it out with; in the specials you get oakum varied with crank most of the time, and the picking is done with the unassisted dukes. Exercise is not much better than graft, for in the penal class—which was Benjamin's at present—there's never a creature to look at in the yard except the screw,[2] and he is not often a "soft" one.

[1] Labour.

[2] Warder.

For a long sentence in the specials, the diet is generally No. 2; eight ounces of bread for breakfast, a pint of stirabout for dinner, and eight ounces of bread for supper.

All this is very chastening after a time, but Benjamin sat over his oakum day by day through hard October, and still said to himself that he could "do speshuls right enough." The world of felonry wagged on all round him, but not an echo of it found his ear; they give you in the specials the very fullest benefit of your own society.

When Benjamin stated, quite politely, and not at all as a grievance, that his fingers were getting raw with the oakum, they put him on the crank.

He had been deprived of his book from the library, and that was something of a loss, for he had chanced on a work called the "Popular Educator," which had a lot of lovely pictures, including a cut of Barnet Fair, where he had spent some glorious hours.

He had his books of devotion, to be sure, but Benjamin was not a pious man, and his reading, when there were no pictures, was principally an exercise in spelling. He had, moreover, been disappointed in the Bible. Long Dicky the Dean had whispered him on the works some remarkable stories which purported to be Sacred Writ, and in his cell one night, before lights were turned out, Benjamin had spelled over some passages of

Scripture, regarding it as an improper work. But his curiosity was defeated, and as he returned the volume to the shelf, he thought what a slap-up wide man the Dean must be to find such nuggets in the Bible. Perhaps—and this seemed likely—the Dean had made a private Bible for hisself.

From time to time the doctor came, but Benjamin said he was "workin' through it all right, sir, thenk-you, sir;" and he kept on. He knew that, out of the twelve hundred lags in the prison, there must be a dozen or two doing their turn in the specials, and he thought he was getting on very well.

During twenty days he did his graft steadily, and in those twenty days he had scarcely spoken twenty words. Then he began to feel that he was losing himself a little. He caught himself chewing his oakum when he ought to have been picking it. It had a nasty taste, but it gave the palate something to do between the six hours from bread to stirabout, and the next six hours from stirabout to bread. At night he had odd fancies that they were going to let him out of prison on what the Queen is made to call a free pardon. He thought the neighbourhood of Barnet would be a nice place to settle in, because of the Fair. He had a notion that he was going to be well-to-do, and that he wouldn't have to be a hook any more. It was the first time in his life that he had imagined any better existence than a hook's.

The twenty days straddled out into forty-two, and Benjamin, though he did not know it, had dwindled a good deal. He had taken to sucking his sleeve instead of chewing his oakum, though he had left off being very hungry. He fancied he was no longer doing a full day's graft, and was surprised to see, when he returned to cell after his hour's exercise, that he was always credited with six marks on the card outside his cell, which are the most that can be earned in the penal class.

Then, without expecting it, he found himself back one night in his own cell. It seemed like getting into a hotel. The tins, and the stool, and the tiny deal table looked wonderfully smart, and there was the hammock to unsling and fix up—a hammock with sheets and a pillow—and the gas was burning in the wire guard just as if you'd ordered it. He had a pint of cocoa for supper that night, and felt almost as good as he had done the day they let him off his flogging. He thought it was want of use, and not weakness, that made it a kind of effort to nip into the hammock at the signal for lights out.

"I knew I'd work them speshuls!" he said. "'Sakes! they've got a noo *reseep* for skilly. I'll finish this three year on me 'ead!"

The last sentence was in the nature of a flourish, for Benjamin was still possessed by the notion that they were going to let him out.

The change of scene was more pantomimic than ever the next day, for instead of being taken in a thick slop coat to the works he was marched into the nice warm room of the stocking-knitters. In the prison they call the stocking-knitters' party the Old Women, but nobody minds that, for it is a very slack and cosy berth. Benjamin took his place in a row of prisoners—most of the rows were old and white-headed—who sat on their haunches and knitted silently, under the eye of a warder at a desk. He chuckled over his work.

"Gawd! This here's graft, this is," he said to himself.

His face was as grey as the November sky, the skin drawn over the bones, and the big goggle eyes, more prominent than ever in their shrunken frame, had as much speculation as the eyes of a mask. But Benjamin looked so pleased with himself.

The stocking-knitters had a superstition that no one who joined on Friday would stay long with them. If he went in as a convalescent from hospital, he got well soon and was put on hard graft again, or he had a relapse and died. If he were passed in as the result of a clever fake, he was sure to be in trouble by-and-by and turned out. But Benjamin, who had become an Old Woman on a Friday, sat in his row with the other shorn-heads, and from the odd little airs that he gave himself it might have been thought that his friend, the

governor, had put him there in charge of the party, and that the warder was merely Benjamin's deputy.

As an artist at the craft over which the warder presided, his success, it must be confessed, was slow and indifferent. The needles—four to keep going at once—performed wonderfully; Benjamin, whose waking dreams were still with Barnet Fair, called them a "bloomin' merry-go-round." For a second-rate hook, he had a pretty light touch; but four years on the works take the wits out of the digits, and when it came to "stocking-knitting" he found that his fingers were all thumbs. But he toiled over his task as a play, with the steadfastness of a child learning a new game. From time to time he wondered how long they would let him stay there, but he had a steady belief that he should never go back to the works. Then he thought about his release, but the idea of an escape never entered his mind. Neither did it enter his mind that he had still three years to serve; he was quite possessed by the notion that a way to freedom was to be found for him—all of which may serve to show that Benjamin's terror, and his season of penance in the "speshuls," had produced effects. The Old Women, seeing him so perky and good-humoured, and knowing something of his character in the prison, concluded that he was coming his tricks again; but they thought it mattered little, as he would soon be leaving them, for had he not joined on a Friday?

Few of them were known to Benjamin, who, in the course of his laggings, had not often found himself in such select criminal society. Whether his stay in prison were long or short, it was rare indeed for him to rise to the first class, and these were nearly all first-class men, with the elegant blue facings to their jackets. They never gave cheek or trouble to the warder; many of them being indeed old, sorry creatures, doing their last lagging, knitting themselves with tired fingers and bent, shaven heads into a grave within the prison walls. There were a few middle-aged and some young men, but they did not represent the able-bodied population of the place, which works all day in the open, and may on necessity be starved and whipped into obedience.

The big head of Benjamin wagged solemnly over his needles amid these ghosts, scarecrows, and wastrels of the "college of iniquity." He was quite unconscious of the concern he aroused; he did not know that the warder watched him often, and wished him elsewhere, expecting sorrow from him; or that the Old Women were half-afraid of him, and half-inclined to stir him up to something.

Towards the end of November the sky one morning broke into sudden sunshine, and there came a rush of mild, sweet air through the stone yard where the stocking-knitters were tramping round at exercise. Heads were lifted to the pale blue and gold above, and even

the very old men quivered at the smell of the gentle air. The walls of the yard were too high for any glimpse beyond, but it seemed as if the shades of the prison-house had scattered for a moment, owing to some beautiful change in the world without. The sun and the pleasant air lasted through the hour of exercise. One prisoner, a thin, pallid man, whose legs in the red-and-black stockings were a jest among the party, was seen to be crying on the way back to the knitting-room. Benjamin, going in a kind of amble at the tail of the gang, looked utterly blissful, staring wide-eyed at the sky, as if he did greatly desire it.

Work was given out, and in a few minutes the needles were clicking as usual.

It wanted about an hour of dinner, when Benjamin, the end man of his row, laid down his needles and ball of worsted, passed a hand over his eyes, and stood up. A foolish happiness illumined his dull, pinched face, and he chuckled audibly, the big head on the dwarfed body moving slowly from side to side. Then he spoke.

"I knowed it was comin'," he said. "Chaps, I've got that free pard'n."

The room tittered. This was the hour expected of the Old Women; Benjamin had not disappointed them —he was coming a new game.

He began to walk down the room towards the warder's desk, which was just against the door.

"Sit down!" said the warder sternly. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Don't stop me, sir," answered Benjamin pleasantly. "I've got me pard'n all right. I'm a-goin' where it's three shies a penny, an' I bet you knows where that is, sir."

The warder sprang to his feet, and in the silence of the room the toppling over of his stool sounded like a crash.

But Benjamin was quick too.

For a moment he had halted, evidently not quite understanding the check he had received; then, as the warder rose, Benjamin's features underwent the horrid transformation they had done in the cell, and with the same demoniacal scream his wasted hands—nerved for the instant—went like a flash at the officer's throat. It was the supreme effort of madness, but it sufficed.

A dozen prisoners threw themselves upon the pair, but Benjamin, who had got his prey to earth, his knees planted, and both hands riveted on the throat, was not to be loosened.

The warder's frame was convulsed from head to foot, and then he lay still.

"Lemme go!" said Benjamin, and he got up quietly.

"There 'e is!" he continued, pointing down at the dead warder. "You don't know 'im, mates, but I does. It's the bobby what got me this laggin'. I see 'im

d'rec'ly 'e got orf of the stool. That's all right, pals. You don't need ter bodder. I got me pard'n."

One of the convicts dashed at the door, pulled it open, and shouted "Murder!"

The sun streamed in through the doorway, and Benjamin stared up at the blue.

"Time I was movin', pals," he said. "They starts the fun about twel' o'clock, an' it's a step from 'ere to Barnet."

Benjamin is very well tended in the Criminal Lunatic Asylum, that celebrated place; and if you were ever allowed there as a visitor he would spot you at once, ask if you had any message for him from his friend Cap'en Lambert, and insist on showing you round the Fair. It is always Fair Day to Benjy when a visitor comes.

"TURKEY."

I.

THE first van of the afternoon loosed him, with six others, in the prison-yard. The others got out haltingly —sullen, frightened, or shamefaced; but he, the last to alight, hopped down on the gravel, his quick blue eyes ablaze with interest, and, hitching up his wretched little pants, he seemed inclined to prove that he could dance.

"Easy there!" said the warder with the blue paper in his hand.

The seven wards of Government had fallen mechanically into line, as the gaoler unfolded his list. Nearest to him, with a cowed and ashen face, was a man in a silk hat and frock-coat; numbers two and three were evidently tramps; four had the appearance of a clerk; five was a listless greybeard who looked sulkily at home in his suroundings; six would have been dubbed a professional thief by any detective in London, and seven was the adventurer who took such an amazing interest in everybody else. He stood on a level with the

thief's shoulder, fair-featured and freckled, a sparrow-like frame, and an expression rather like that of Doré's neophyte among the unspiritual monks. His turn came presently.

"Name?" said the warder, glancing at his list.

"John James Turk."

He had it pat this time, but he had forgotten it when called into the dock of the Old Bailey in the morning, for he knew himself only as "Turkey."

"Age?"

"Fifteen."

He knew no more than the warder how old he was, but, in answer to a question by the magistrate who had sent him for trial, someone in court had called out "Fifteen," and Turkey accepted it at that.

"What religion?"

When he listened to that question coming down the line, Turkey had felt that he was done for. All but one man had answered "Protestant," but the word had fallen as a tongue unknown on Turkey's ear. The thief, who took a new faith on with a new sentence, had rapped out "Catholic;" the term was as dark as the other to Turkey, but he jerked his head sideways and answered:

"Same as 'im."

The warder, a big, mild-eyed man—of a different race almost, from the derelicts before him—glanced at

the little sparrow-hawk as he thrust the list into his belt and shook his bunch of keys.

"Follow me," he said to the squad.

At the top of the steps he turned a key in a great steel gate, and the seven passed in after him. Down the long, half-lighted corridor other and smaller gates were dimly visible, warders came and went with a silent bustle, and when the seven were brought to a halt again on an enormous mat a few yards from the entrance, a gold-laced cap showed for a moment at a little door on the left, and a voice underneath it said: "You will find that silence is the rule here. No talking is permitted." The voice might have addressed itself to space, for nobody had spoken.

Turkey, tingling in his ragged breeches, not so much with cold as with intensity of interest, was more and more captivated. He felt his dignity and importance as a prisoner. These gates of steel and solid walls, the mute warders with keys and *bâtons* at their belts and unspeakable authority in their beards, froze him with delight. He remembered his first pantomime, as viewed from the gallery, and felt like it.

The thief by profession, a gentlemanly young man in black, observing the tremulous condition of his little neighbour, whispered that he had no cause to be frightened. Turkey swelled visibly.

"*Me!*" said he. "I ain't. I *likes* it!"

"Oh, you like it?" The thief was much nicer in accent and grammar than Turkey. He was in the upper ranks of the profession, and moved in good society at railway-stations and music-halls. "What are you in for?" he continued.

"Three doss," returned the boy.

"Three months, eh?" The graduate would not stoop to slang with the novice. "Mine's five years."

Turkey eyed him more graciously. "You're a toff," he said.

"Ever in before?" was the next question.

Here Turkey felt that he must come down a peg. It was, in fact, his first sentence; but, breathing the air of prison, he was conscious of immense capacities of crime, and it hurt him to give himself away.

"Well—not—ezackly," he said with some bashfulness. "Not as you might say in quod. But I bin through the School!" The "School," rendered into the vernacular, is the Reformatory. As who should say that, though his education had not included the University, he had at least been to Eton.

"Ah!" observed the thief. "They should have sent you back there, sonny, and not here."

"Gar!" said Turkey, out loud and very wrathful.

"Silence there!" echoed metallically from the left.

Then the warder in the gold-laced cap appeared again, and the seven were marched through a labyrinth

of corridors, steel gates opening and clicking behind them at intervals, until they were brought to the reception-room. The reception-room is the beginning and the end of prison; the first room the prisoner enters, and the last one that he quits. It was filled with bare benches, and a warder at a desk facing the door motioned the new chums to seat themselves. The injunction of silence was repeated.

Turkey found himself next to the gentleman prisoner with the silk hat, and as it was the first time in his life that he had sat beside a hat of that kind he thought the occasion was to be improved. The hat, of course, made a difference; still, they were brothers in crime.

Following the lead of the thief, he edged up, and admonished the gentleman in a whisper that he had no cause to be afraid. "I kin see," added Turkey, "you ain't bin 'ere afore."

No answer. Turkey eyed him slant-wise. The man's face of misery had never lightened. It dawned upon Turkey that they were going to hang him, and this inspired notion increased his zest of the situation. What a night! A real magsman, in for five years, had given him the needle in quite a friendly way; and he was sitting next a swell with a silk hat, who might be hanged at any minute.

"Chi-yike!" said Turkey, said he.

"Oh, it's you again, is it?" said the warder. "We shall have some fun with you!"

Turkey's eyes wandered mildly round the room in search of the delinquent.

An hour of unbroken silence followed; then two prisoners in the broad-arrow livery came in with bundles of broad-arrow clothes and boots, which they cast upon the floor.

"Pick your sizes," said the warder; and Turkey made a pantomime rally of it; he wanted to be fitted to perfection.

The order of the bath came next. The first prison bath has a curious effect. You enter in your own clothes, and come out twenty minutes later disguised beyond knowing, a full-blown prisoner.

Still the night of wonders was not ended. Back went the seven to the reception-room; Turkey in a warm cloth jacket and moleskin trousers, sizes too large for him, and looking, with his assortment of broad-arrow marks, like an exaggerated Five of Spades. He had cocked his cap jauntily like the thief's. The chaplain came in and proceeded to catechise; and Turkey slipped beside the thief again, and fell back on his formula of "Same as 'im," when asked if he had been confirmed. The schoolmaster followed; and Turkey, without a precedent in this instance, promptly gave "cow" with a "k." Asked if he could write a letter,

he hugged himself in his new clothes, and passed on the question. The chief warder appeared in a blaze of gold; and Turkey thought they must be getting near the transformation scene. Next, the doctor, whose air was serious when Turkey, stripped to the waist, displayed his tiny arms and shrunken chest with as much satisfaction as if his proportions had been greatly above the average. Placed on the scales, the doctor found him a stone and a half below the weight proper to his age. "Light labour," he said to his attendant warder, who wrote it down.

Finally, when the doctor had gone, the prisoners were placed in a row on a form, and Turkey wondered what the next act was to be. Suddenly there arose a great noise in the distance, doors slamming and footsteps hurrying, and the warder left in charge of the seven told them to sit up straight and prepare for inspection by the governor. Now did Turkey feel indeed how grand it was to be a criminal man.

The governor was ushered in with ceremony, but he proved a dreadful disappointment; a plain little man in a plain suit of dittos, and not even a sword. He plumped himself down on a bench opposite the prisoners, rolling his watch-chain between his finger and thumb, and scarcely gave a glance when the names were called. He went away without having uttered a word. The governor was the only person who had done

anything to mar the pleasure of Turkey's first night in prison.

II.

But his spirits rose with the morning. As the bell was shaken up and down the wards, and hundreds of men, cursing it variously, twitched their blankets about them for another sixty seconds, Turkey tossed his coverlet across the cell. He had slept without break or jar on a couch of everlasting eider. Being a new chum, the bare plank was his proper portion for the first month, but the doctor had ordered him a mattress. Tender criminals could feel every grain in the wood of the prison bedstead through the prison mattress, but Turkey, as has been stated, had slumbered dreamlessly upon eider. It was November, the London fog was in the prison, the gas was already on in the wards and in the cells; it was a miserable hour of a miserable morning; but Turkey had slept and was awake and fresh, Turkey was warm, Turkey was sharp-set and knew that breakfast was a certainty in prison: Turkey was all right.

Persons of the bringing-up and social standing of Turkey—his permanent address was something Rents, Drury Lane way, and his sleeping accommodation there a share of the first-floor landing—have other things to

do than analyse their feelings; but if the boy had succeeded in such an attempt, while the warder was unlocking the cells, the result would have been on this wise: "When the policeman stopped me, with the old gentleman's watch-chain, and ran me into the station, I was about as frightened as I could be; for I made sure they would send me back to the Reformatory, which is an awful place. Besides, when chaps of my age get into trouble, they ought to go to prison, where you're treated, not as a boy, but as a proper criminal, and have your rights. But when the magistrate said I seemed a pretty bad lot, and he must send me for trial, instead of to the Reformatory again, I began to feel better. There were several of my pals in court, guying me on the quiet, and I could see they thought a heap more of me when the magistrate said he'd send me for trial. That is the way to get on in life. You must always go up a bit higher. Timmy Bobb was in court, which I could have fetched him one over the conk for his laughing, but he'll look awful small when I come out after doing time like an old hand. Then, when I went for trial, and the judge said: "I don't like to send a boy of your age to prison, but the Reformatory has done you no good, and I shall try the effect of three months' hard labour," I knew I was all right. They were afraid of me; I could see that plain. I was a dangerous criminal, and they had to put me away in prison. The pals in

court cheered me when I got my sentence, and I never felt so good before. Then I came on here, and what with riding in the Black Maria, and seeing this swagger prison, with no end of warders, all hired specially by Government to look after dangerous criminals, I came out all of a glow, and couldn't have felt frightened if I'd tried to. I don't think a lot of the governor, who might have had something to say to a new criminal like me, in for the first time; but the chief warder seems a wide man, and his togs are the toggiest I ever see; and I liked the warder who locked me in last night, and who laughed when he said he'd clip me side of the head if I gave him any of my cheek. And last night was the first time in my life I ever slept in a room all to myself —and don't they give you beds, just!"

"Now then, little 'un!" and Turkey's warder took him in hand, and showed him how to make his bed, and stack the bedding and bedstead against the wall, and how to swab his cell.

When he fell in for his first chapel parade, there was a chuckle in the ward over his outrageous fit. But Turkey was warm on a pint of cocoa and eight ounces of brown bread (gross weakness again on the doctor's part, for gruel and six ounces was the strict *menu*), and when the warder had passed to the end of the line, he said:

"You'll *excuse* me, gents, I 'ope. Mother packed

me portmantel in a 'urry. These is pa's clothes, but the tailor's took me order for a soot same as yours—'all-mark an' all."

Heads turned, and Turkey was observed with attention.

"Right about!" said the warder.

But the heads went round again on the march to chapel. It was almost sensational. The new-comers begin their probation in the worst and most uncomfortable ward in the prison. They are pariahs amid a population of pariahs; and the old hands, who are just waiting their turn for promotion and who expect nothing good in the first month, acquiesce in the oakum ward as the Clapham Junction on their journey. It is a nasty, draughty, ugly place; but the passenger has got to stop there. No one jokes in it, however; and this was the reason that Turkey was stared at—and approved of.

Washed and trimmed, and draping his baggy clothes about him with an air, he looked like a child posing as a convict at a fancy ball.

One dissentient voice was heard. "Send the likes of 'im 'ere! It ain't right! Wot was the judge a-thinkin' of?"

"Ow!" said Turkey; "'ere's jealousy!"

The chief warder pulled him out of the ranks as he was filing into chapel, and, turning to the warder beside him, said: "Get this boy measured for a suit at once.

Who rigged him out like this? Now, go into chapel, boy, and remember where you are."

But this was the one thing that Turkey could not do. He could never remember that he was in prison, a wicked boy, whom the law was expected to convert. His new clothes came from the prison tailor, such a smart, snug suit as he had never put on before; and the doctor—who can order what he pleases for anybody—kept on feeding him a little above the scale; and Turkey began to put on flesh, and the plumper he grew the better he liked himself and his surroundings.

He began to be a puzzle and a trouble to the prison. When pulled up short, his language was of the Dials, fruity; but the warder who wrote his name down for report generally wiped it off in the evening.

A new prisoner, serving his first sentence, is always watched by the heads of the prison; and a youngster undergoes a surveillance that he knows nothing of. Everyone in authority has an eye to him. The doctor sums him up quickly as fit for hard labour or light labour, and squares or modifies his first decision by private observation. The warders know in a week or two what his work is like. The schoolmaster makes a little report from his own point of view. The governor, who knows all his types pretty well, keeps a head-master's eye on him, and nothing more. If a youngster

commits suicide, which he does infrequently, the governor loses marks at the Home Office; if he shows no inclination that way, the governor's responsibility is small.

After the warders, the chaplain has more to do than the rest with the tenderfoot.

Turkey, in an irresponsible instant, had given himself out a Catholic; before the priest had called on him in his cell, he took a fancy to the long red beard of the chaplain, and transferred himself to the Church of England. The chaplain took Turkey in hand, and the more he shook him up the better Turkey liked him. He was a chaplain with a method, and a passion for his unprofitable work; a long-haired, wild-bearded man, skull-capped, and bound with a girdle, who fasted o' nights, knew every thieves' kitchen in London, and talked thieves' Latin like a thief. Turkey was astonished at and awed by him; but, on second thoughts, he declined to be converted.

He had begun by posing.

"Us criminals," he said, "is wide chaps. We takes a lot o' gettin' over."

He ended by persuading himself that the chaplain was altogether too deep for him. It puzzled him to desperation that a big, long man should spend his days going about prison in a skull-cap and a coat fastened with a girdle, when he seemed to know enough to live like a lord in any walk of crime. Finally, he was sure

the chaplain was playing a game of his own, and he thought it more than likely that before his three months were up that reverend man would disclose himself in his true character, and propose some scheme of plunder.

The chaplain wrote in his diary: "Jn. Js. Turk ('Turkey'). Fifteen years of age. Pickpocket. Three months' hard. Curious instance of the effect of prison on a sharp lad who seems to have associated with criminals from childhood. Father dead; thinks his father 'did time' once or twice, but scarcely remembers him. Mother a hawker and sells papers. Boy seems never to have been ill-used; is as merry as a cricket and wild as a hawk. Is immensely proud of having got into prison, and evidently fancies it will give him a new start in life. Burglary on a big scale his principal ambition, and he thinks he will now be able to pal with 'wide' men. If not burglary, would prefer to go to sea 'on a ship like he saw in the docks once.' Shall remember this. Prison, of course, the worst possible place for him (the judge was a fool who sentenced him); it feeds his queer little vanities at every turn, and he thrives on the air of the place, which should be poison to him."

This was entirely and regrettably true. It was so new and grand to Turkey to be under lock and key with hundreds of grown men, that he did not feel even the restraint of cell and ward; and the warders he regarded privately as so many swells in livery hired by

the Queen to wait on him. Steady work, to be sure, was not much to his liking, but as the doctor continued to keep him on light labour, he had only one pound of oakum to pick in the day instead of three, and his nimble fingers made nothing of that.

His marks for work, accordingly, were all right; but as he was always in tip-top spirits, and could not be kept from humming dreadful ditties on his way to chapel, treading on the heels of the man in front of him, and offering to fight tall prisoners, just to see how they would take it, he came in for two reports during his first month. The chief warder told him he would be flayed alive before he was released, but, of course, Turkey didn't believe that, and he continued to hold the chief warder in the highest esteem.

When his first month was up, his favourite officer got him a nice cheerful berth as a cleaner, which put him in possession of a broom, and gave him the range of the ward. He did very well in this situation until the day that he invented a new way of polishing the iron stairs by sliding down the rail. Then, of course, he was in trouble again.

Restored to favour, a period followed, brief but splendid, in the paper-room. The paper-room, as Turkey soon discovered, was the Happy Land or Eldorado of the prison. Hither were dispatched in cartloads, to be overhauled and sorted, the sweepings of the Houses of

Parliament, the Government Offices throughout the kingdom, and the General Post Office: old ledgers, Blue-books, directories, and all manner of waste paper. This is not a gay inventory, but wait until you come to have the sampling of the goods! For, scattered through the mass, were all the articles that man in prison most delights in—scraps of tobacco, packets of cigarettes, ends of cigars, string, postage-stamps, novels, writing-paper, coins, pins, pencils, and even pen-knives. It was the business of the prisoners to tear into small pieces everything that could be converted into paper—after handing over all contraband to the warder in charge. But Turkey had been privately admonished by prisoners residing in his ward what precious things a good boy would find in the paper-room, and commissions had been given him for sundry articles, which were to be paid for in "toke." Hence, as soon as he had learned the ways of the room, he began to be extremely busy; and thereafter, sundry knaves languishing in chambers near Turkey's were engaged in writing surreptitious letters on House of Commons note-paper, chewing tobacco, and paring their nails or shaving themselves with brand-new pocket-knives; while the felon Turkey grew fatter on illicit rations. It was a heavenly time! Turkey reflected much on the bare, inglorious lot of his quondam pals of the Rents, Drury Lane way; their shifts for shifty meals, the cold o' nights, the ceaseless dodging of the

peeler; and wondered what they would give to be warmly housed in quod, where there were lumps of prog and tins of soup to be exchanged for pen-knives and tobacco. The exchanges were made with great deftness on the way to the chapel, or in the exercise yard, or at any other convenient meeting-place; food in tins was left at cell-doors, to be snatched and bolted at the fitting moment. Yes, it was a heavenly time!

There came a day, however. It was on the return from work in the afternoon; Turkey tripped on the polished iron stairs—he lodged on the first floor of his ward—and as he caught at the rail, something was jerked from the inside of his shirt, and rattled on the flags below: a neat little faggot of pencils.

"Halt, there!" said the warder of Turkey's party, when they reached the landing, and Turkey was haled from the ranks. Searched on the spot, he was found to be a mere museum of smuggled goods. They were shaken from his shirt, they were sorted from his socks, they were sifted from his shoes. Conviction, in a word, was flung at him in the lump.

The gentry of the party who were to have fingered this plunder felt some amount of distress, but the situation had its humorous side, which no one appreciated more than Turkey.

"Reg'lar brimmin' over wif quiet fun, ain't it, gents?" he observed.

But it was an awful offence, and Turkey slept that night in a punishment cell. The authorities took counsel concerning him, and the governor decided that he must be brought before the visiting magistrates. So, when those "avenging Solons" came—a whole bench of them —they heard all about the wickedness of Turkey, who, in due course, was introduced to them.

"Should you like to be birched?" asked the chairman, when the cause had been considered.

Turkey looked as if his dignity were a little hurt by the suggestion, but he responded softly:

"Well, genelmen all, it ain't for a pore criminil like me to stand agin' the rools. If it's birchin', it's birchin'."

"We can have you birched on the spot," observed the chairman.

But the culprit had taken stock of the court, and gathered that it was mainly with him.

Drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, he said sweetly:

"Fact is, yer worships, I bin throo' it. Done me bit o' birchin' at the School. It wouldn't, so ter say, be nuthin' new to me."

Turkey's impudence was always deliberate and deep-seated; but it was also almost always timed and calculated to a nicety, and glossed with an art which was kin to genius. He escaped the twigs.

But he was kept in durance and on half rations for a week, and then sent back to the oakum ward.

III.

It was at this season that his great romance began. The oakum ward was taking exercise in a new yard, which was overlooked by a row of houses not thirty feet from the boundary wall; the prison being cribb'd in the midst of London.

It was quite understood that Turkey was in disgrace, and he understood it himself, and expressed his contrition.

"Bound ter look you up agin, gents!" he said. But before the hour's tramp round and about the yard was ended, a fresh charm had banished his interest in his old associates. An organ just outside the walls was playing, "Annie's got her new Cock-feathers," and Turkey, as a matter of course, added his voice to the whispered chorus from the ranks; but it was not the sentiment of a favoured air that moved him. He had seen a face and a form at a window.

By-and-by, when the organ had been trundled out of hearing, the other prisoners became aware that a woman at a window was watching them—but Turkey had seen her first.

"Seems ter me, gents," he said, smoothing his baby chin, "a bloke's gotter get in prisen ter find 'is gal too!"

In the hideous monotony of prison, a little nothing makes a monstrous stir, and it was quickly passed about that Turkey had a sweetheart, and that the girl had followed him. Turkey helped the legend all he knew.

He invented a story of interrupted love, now on the point of renewal, gave the lady a name and a blameless history, and weaved in a hint about her bit of money. That tale was the emotional sustenance of the oakum ward.

A seeming reality kept it throbbing: the face and the form were always to be seen at the window while the oakum party were on parade, and secret questions drew out the fact that they were not observed there by any of the prisoners who took exercise in the yard at later hours. Clearly, the lady was Turkey's. Having expounded her charms, and given himself out her hero, he fell in love with her, and wished he might come to know her.

But his ridiculous story held a grain of truth. The *grazioletta* at the window—a plump one, if uncertain seeing could be trusted—whom Turkey, of course, did not know from Eve, had a real interest in him. For that matter, she had an interest in all the prison, since she was engaged to be married to warder Tollit. But Miss Walker—for the lady also had a name, and Mr.

Tollit called her Rosa—had no sooner observed Turkey among the felonry of the oakum ward than her heart had gone out to him. Not that it weakened in any degree where Mr. Tollit was concerned; Miss Walker's interest in Turkey was of another kind. From where she beheld him airing his graces in the walled grey yard, he looked just the child he was, fair-skinned and fair-haired; and Miss Walker was pained and even indignant.

In a very short time she had learned from Mr. Tollit all that he could tell her about Turkey; and when she heard how he had made a slide of the stair-rail, and rifled the paper-room, and given cheek to the justices, her delight in him was great. Mr. Tollit was at pains to remark that these were serious infractions of the rules of the prison, and Miss Walker's logic rejoined that she was sure Turkey ought not to be in prison at all, and she thought Mr. Tollit should restore him to liberty. Mr. Tollit's relish of the joke was imperfect.

Under the tender smart of love, Turkey grew into exemplary behaviour. He studied prodigiously in school, for though he could read a little he was barely able to write, and he wanted to send her a letter. He sought to polish both his manners and his outward man, and went short of bread for a few days to buy soap from the outlaw next door. With soap and a pinch of dust he rubbed a faint moustache on his lip—devoutly hop-

ing she would see it—and removing the ornament as he took his last turn round the yard. He lived solely for the hour of exercise. Every day, passing under the wall at the end of the yard, he cocked his cap and threw up an eye, and he was certain she saw him and smiled on him. The oakum party sharing Turkey's constitutional enjoyed it hugely.

Then, to his extreme disgust, he caught a cold, and the weak-minded doctor confined him for three days to his apartment, and even threatened him with the infirmary. It was absurd the way that felon was pampered.

Still worse; when the three days were spent, the barometer having gone round distractedly to "fair, mild," the meddlesome medicine man decreed that Turkey should be employed for awhile in the garden, a retired spot where no draughts entered. It was a place where sensible prisoners petitioned to be sent to, for the work was light, and there was little supervision; but to Turkey in love it was banishment in a wilderness. No; he wouldn't hoe, and he wouldn't dig, and he wouldn't shove no bloomin' roller about neither. He had his rights as a criminal, he had, and why didn't they send him back to his own party? Take his gorspel he 'adn't never 'ad no cold in all his born days.

Now, Miss Walker had missed the desperado from

the oakum squad, and had inquired for him. A mother-like spinster of two-and-thirty, plump, handsome, and revelling in a legacy which meant affluence for her lover and herself, she was bent on trying the power of money in the interests of Turkey. She had wormed from Mr. Tollit (who wished Turkey in Pretoria) that if burglary failed he was willing to go down to the sea in a ship; and she had a brother who owned a smack. A very little of her legacy would buy Turkey in as an apprentice. She had it all out with Mr. Tollit, whom she wanted for her accomplice in her scheme for Turkey's escape. Give Turkey into her hands for twenty-four hours and she knew how to arrange for him. Mr. Tollit said that Turkey had served two months of his sentence and would be out in another month. Miss Walker said that if he went back to Drury Lane he would be in prison again in a week, and that he must be out before his time. Mr. Tollit said it would be as much as his place was worth—and Turkey began to be the victim of a plot.

Precisely at the same time he began to revolve a very fine plot of his own. A cracksman who had just come in on a long sentence had attempted flight, and a venture of that kind is apt to be imitated. Turkey, for his part, was in no great hurry to put prison behind him, but he did desire to do as it pleased him there, and he didn't want any nonsense of gardening. What

if he were to show that he meant what he said by giving them the slip!

An escape would make a man of him at a bound, and set the seal upon his fame. The daring outlaw had broken prison to join the woman of his heart. He would be chased, would have to lie in hiding. *She* would shelter him. When the police had abandoned the pursuit they would fly together, and perhaps set up as robbers. With these high thoughts to hearten him, he saw that the garden was not without advantages. For instance, he was practically his own master there. A warder occasionally went the rounds, but nobody showed any special interest in Turkey. The chief obstacle was the man with the cutlass. This was an officer who patrolled the gravel walk circumventing the prison, at the foot of the high smooth-faced wall, and who was never absent.

Turkey could not be aware that the guardian of the path in this particular week was Miss Walker's Mr. Tollit, and it was equally impossible he should know how sincerely Mr. Tollit wished him on the other side of the wall. Compelled as he was to regard him as a foe, Turkey nevertheless felt an instant liking for Mr. Tollit, who was of great stature, and, with his cutlass on his shoulder, rather terrible to look upon.

Approaching him on the second day of their acquaintance, he said:

"Mister Tollit, oh, Mister Tollit, if you was to see a criminil cove a-shinnin' up that there wall, wot 'ud you jest about do?"

"Hey?" said Mr. Tollit. "Well, if you were the 'criminal cove,' I should say, 'Come down off that, else I'll warm your tail.' If it was anybody else, I expect I should carve him!"

"A course you would, Mister Tollit!" said Turkey delightedly. "An'," he added with unction, "I lay you *could* carve 'im!"

To himself he remarked:

"But I bet I does you in the eye all the same, Mister Tollit."

The very next day an occurrence, which was neither more nor less than extraordinary, decided him upon immediate action. How the letter came there has not been known; Mr. Turk himself is unaware at this day of the hand which delivered it. It lay among the cabbage-stalks, at the spot where Turkey must see it the moment he was turned into the garden at half-past eight. His name was on the envelope, in capitals, and the enclosure was in capitals. In a sense, it was vague as a letter from the shades, for it was dated from nowhere, and signed by nobody. Turkey hammered it out to this purpose:—

LET THE BOLD TURKEY CLIMB THE WALL. THE LADY WILL BE THERE.

Earth had seen nothing, nor has fancy devised anything, to match the astonishment of Turkey when he had spelled the letter out. The tale he had bamboozled the gang with was a true one in spite of himself! He was to escape, assisted by his donah.

What was more, with the letter in his hand to inspire him, he knew the very way that he would do it.

At five minutes past five in the evening, when all the gangs had just been marched in to supper, he was sitting astride the outer wall, his nice moleskin trousers in tatters, taking a last look at the prison. He was losing it not quite without regret, for (although he scarcely felt this at the moment) he had never run away from home before. He was bleeding at the hands, and worse at the knees; he was triumphant; he was a trifle sore at parting; and he had just strength enough to drop down upon the other side of the wall. He was faintly conscious, when he touched ground again, that a person in a hood wrapped him in a cloak, tossed his prison cap back to the governor, and lifted him into a chariot.

It was a sickening experience when, on awaking, Miss Walker threatened to box his ears, told him she

was engaged to be married, and was old enough to be his mother, and locked him into the attic to prevent him from returning to prison. From the attic window he could see the oakum party going round the yard, and he cried with rage.

He is mate of the *Rosa Walker,* and if anyone were to read this story to him he would repudiate it, with language.

THE MASTER-KEY OF NEWGATE.

All London sounded the name of Dr. Ashmole. A man so gifted, and so daring: what would become of him? In a week, half of what was known of him was in the newspapers, the other half was the table-talk of the clubs. Himself invisible, he focussed the gaze of the town. No one could get speech of him, and whispers returned upon the whisperers; for Dr. Ashmole, in his cell in Newgate, was "at home" only to his solicitor. He had been committed for trial, bail refused; and, in the quiet of the prison, he sat upon the croup of ugly expectation. His solicitor excepted, he was the only person in London who doubted that the jury would acquit him. He stood within the danger of the gallows; evading the gallows, he could not, if convicted, escape a sentence of penal servitude; and conviction seemed to him a certainty.

At thirty-five years of age—successful, handsome, envied, and admired—he had sunk to this sordid pass. Acquitted even, what were his hereafter? Fastidious and vain, he had already in resolve broken with his world, though there were women who, were he doubly

and trebly dishonoured, would have broken with theirs, to have him to friend again. With his solicitor he was cool, precise, and calculating; but his gratitude for the care with which his case was being elaborated was not unmingled with contempt. The day came when the solicitor said the case was complete, and he need trouble his client no further; and Ashmole, left alone, dwelt for a time in the darkest places of the human spirit.

The silence of the prison began to be appalling. Ashmole had read of life in prison, but this did not tally with the books. He knew that, as an unconvicted prisoner, he would not be associated with felons; that he would have no task to perform, and that, while restrained by the lock, his time would be principally his own. But was there no life around him? He had read of a host of warders perpetually coming and going; of the turning out of prisoners for inspection; of periods of exercise in crowded yards; of summonses to chapel; of the ceaseless clashing of doors; of the turning of keys in locks — all that monotonous, dull, unvaried bustle which is the outward life of prison. But here were no sights nor sounds like these. The only human footfall Ashmole ever heard was that of the man who tended him, and this man's was the only human face he saw. It was upon inquiry of him that Ashmole learned how extraordinary was the situation he lay in. He was the last prisoner in Newgate.

The Newgate of this date had passed out of the category of prisons; a place of execution, as it is to-day, but otherwise no more than a horrid shell, teeming with horrid memories. The old castle at Holloway, the gaol set apart for persons awaiting trial, was being patched anew, and the rest of it was full to the gates; so Ashmole, rejected of Holloway, went into the shades of Newgate—one live prisoner among the ghosts of countless dead ones. He and his warder were alone in Newgate.

The warder was an old man, Catlin by name, enfeebled by years of exposure in the quarries of a convict prison, and expecting without eagerness the pension which had become his due. The service, he told Ashmole, had taken too much out of him; he was, moreover a widower and childless, and when his release came he hardly knew where he should go. The prison was patrolled at night by a second warder, who relieved Catlin at ten o'clock. Of this other man, Ashmole saw nothing. He had brought breakfast to him on the morning after his arrival; and Ashmole, offended by his manner, had refused to be served by him again. He told Catlin he would wait for his first meal until ten, when the old man himself came on duty; and thereafter he saw the second warder once and once only.

The strange position they shared—a position without parallel in Newgate's history—brought Ashmole and

his keeper into relations of some intimacy. Alone with him in that uncanny solitude—the pair being isolated utterly, locked and walled in within a few yards of the ceaseless marts of London—the old man felt a more human interest in his prisoner than he would have done in circumstances nearer to the normal. He did his jailer's offices with a tact, and even with a kind of softness, hinted at this and that for dinner, rapped often to know if Ashmole needed him, and made him understand that he was ready for a call at any hour.

It was September, and very sultry; he showed Ashmole how to keep his cell as cool as possible, and insisted on having him out for exercise three or four times in the day. There are two deep well-like yards in Newgate, one of which, leading directly into the gallows-shed (a fact, however, which no prisoner would have cognisance of), is the usual place of exercise for prisoners under sentence of death. Here, for the reason that the sun scarcely touched it, Catlin most often brought his prisoner; in this also showing a kindly feeling, for the old man loved to bask in the rays. Ashmole gave him rarely a thought.

Old Catlin had paced this yard with men who would enter it again only on their path to the scaffold, but who had gossiped with him of things cheerful or indifferent, had even passed a joke. Ashmole, for whom no doom had sounded, who had life's incalculable chances still to

dally with, was dark, and fierce-eyed, and heavy-worded. Yet, despite a few days' beard, black as his glossy hair, he kept a fine appearance. If the eyes were a little too close set in the oval face, the outline of the profile was almost perfect; and he was as graceful in action as in form. He wore the frock-coat in which he had been arrested, fastidiously buttoned.

His mind had begun to dwell almost incessantly upon one fact: that Catlin and he were alone in Newgate. Brooding over this, he grew curious to know more of his surroundings; and one day he asked if there were no other places of exercise than the sunless well-yard. Catlin, eager for the sun, took him into a more open place, a square yard beyond which could be seen one of the boundary walls of the prison. From this spot Ashmole was able to estimate precisely the enormous strength of Newgate; but he perceived, also, that its dimensions were by no means so great as he had supposed. He remembered the wonderful escape of Jack Sheppard, and asked a question about it; but Catlin, reticent on all dangerous topics, said merely that Sheppard's dungeon had been destroyed years ago. The dreadful stillness was as absolute here as in every other spot within the prison; and very strange it was, under that golden sky, and so near to men, to hear no single sound. But to Ashmole the oppression of it was less than it had been; or rather, the silence of the empty

prison had a new meaning for him. Suppose a thing should happen there—the hour well found? What voice would reach the world—which sent no voice into the prison?

At first, he tried upon himself an argument of sophistry. An old man, childless and poor, is of little use to society; and this old man had scarcely any zest of life, and would doubtless leave it with very scant regret. But he put that argument behind him, realising that he cared no jot for Catlin's fate. He saw himself, past and to come, in a flash. His brilliant, gross, and selfish life had reached on a sudden its worst and highest crisis; and in his extremity—for he never swerved from the conviction that the jury would condemn him—his mind accepted murder readily, as the easiest way to freedom. With the gallows threatening him, the mere animal seeking escape became the monster, willing and eager to inflict the death it would avoid. He settled that point quite coolly with himself, and then considered only how best to do it. Remembering his own strength, for his sensualism was merely of the fancy, and he was always finely nerved, he took a pleasure in considering himself not too great a match for Catlin, who, if a veteran, was a stout one. The old man had told him how he had throttled to death a convict who had attacked him with a pickaxe.

A sceptic in word, Ashmole was a man who lived

much in his subjective self; who saw things that the eye is not aware of, and heard things spoken which do not enter by the ear. For good or evil, he had been guided all his life from a scene invisible, and at a crisis he waited always for the sign. Sometimes it was an instantaneous quickening of the eye; sometimes it was a hand which impelled him this way or that.

Turning his plan over in mind, his glance was caught by the shed in the corner of the yard. He had passed it twenty times without observing it. His mind fastened on it for a day. He asked Catlin, knowing what his answer would be. Catlin lied considerately: it was a lumber shed, he replied.

"You are mistaken," said Ashmole. "The Gallows is in there; I have seen it plainly."

It was, in effect, the shelter of boards which kept the gallows out of sight. In the well-yard on the other side, he had passed again and again—the voice not having reached him yet—the door which sealed the shed. This vision of the gallows was his warning and his prompting.

While Catlin led his prisoner up the stairs that evening to the cell on the first landing, which he had fitted for him in the afternoon as an ease from the heat below, Ashmole measured his distance step by step. Two feet from the landing, he caught the warder around the waist, and swung him down. Catlin fell with a

crash, but not a groan escaped him. Ashmole peered down at him quietly. The lantern, not extinguished, was turned upon the face; and Ashmole waited till the skin had whitened. Then he went down to the foot of the stairs, and bent over the body. "Concussion of the brain," he said; "the old man has had a bad fall." Safe at last, it amused him that he could carry out his part of murderer with so little feeling. Catlin lay in a heap, as if he had pitched headlong from the landing. He was cold already.

Ashmole stooped over him again, and took off the belt. To the steel chain suspended from it were attached the keys of Newgate. Then, with the keys in one hand and the dead man's lantern in the other, he stepped from the ward into the first yard. It struck seven from the great clock of St. Paul.

During fifteen days that intermittent voice of the cathedral clock had been the only signal which had reached him from the outer world. It had grown a torment to him (there are few pains in prison equal to the striking of a clock at the quarter; fifteen minutes gone from the sentence which may be for life!); but now, as he stood and listened to the beats, his heart throbbed wildly with a sense of joy: the clock awoke him from the tomb, and called him to a new existence.

It was a delicious night; a star or two twinkling down upon the prison; and Ashmole, a few paces

from the huddled heap at the stair's foot, was utterly content.

He had three hours of perfect safety, but his plan was to escape at eight, when the streets immediately around the prison would be quiet. Setting the lantern inside the door of the ward, he walked from the well-yard to the one he had but just quitted in Catlin's company. The drab-coloured execution-shed looked immense in the surrounding blackness; and the murderer crossed over to where it stood, and examined it curiously. He could see that a wide shutter was let into it at one side, just beneath the sloping roof; and he imagined that this would be thrown open when a man was to be hanged, for the benefit of the Sheriff and the officers of the gaol. He wondered how many men Catlin had helped to lead pinioned into that shed. The timbers of justice were invisible behind the shutter, and Ashmole turned from the shed and paced to and fro in the yard, swinging the keys at the end of the chain. The quarter and the half struck from St. Paul's: in thirty minutes he would walk quietly out of Newgate.

He surveyed his dress, which was neat enough—nothing there to betray him; and he thought how difficult it must be for an escaping convict to fly in the livery of prison.

A quarter to eight: freedom in fifteen minutes. He went back leisurely in the dark to where he had left

the lantern, threw the flame for an instant upon the huddle of clothes on the mat, and set forth. He had barely twenty yards to go, and he was pretty clear as to the path.

Here was a door which was locked; he remembered standing at it, while Catlin fumbled with his keys, on the day that he was brought into Newgate. It yielded to the second key that Ashmole tried, and he knew that he was now near the prison gate. Unbuttoning his coat, he hid the lantern underneath it, allowing himself just a glimmer.

One other short passage, and he stood in the small square entrance-room, with the gate of Newgate facing him. He took his keys up softly, and crossed the room on tip-toe. Footsteps were half audible in the Old Bailey, and Ashmole turned the lantern down until the light dwindled to a pencil-point. He selected a key at random, and as he thrust it into the lock, it gave to his hand. He held it there a moment with a pricking pulse, revolving his future as they say a drowning man revolves his past; then drew it towards him. Twice and three times he pulled, and at the fourth essay he put his strength into the tug; but the door held. Good: it was double-locked; there was a second key to find.

He felt above and beneath the central lock, until he touched a tiny hole an inch or two to the left. A tremor seized him, but he ran his hand again over the

keys. There was no key upon the chain which would match that pigmy lock; and with a gasp which milked the breath out of his lungs, Ashmole recoiled from the door, defeated. The first quickening sense of terror revealed a situation lost beyond retrieve. Behind him the murdered warder, and the gate of Newgate immovable in front. He had flung open for himself the shutters of the gallows.

For a moment he stood motionless, then began again to struggle madly with the door. He wrenched at the key as a panther at the bars of a cage, beat with his hands upon the door, and dashed himself against it; till at last, witless under stress of horror, a scream broke from him which ended in a wail, and he sank upon the floor in an agony of suffocation. His hour of freedom chimed from the cathedral, but he did not hear. The cry with which hope, yielding the ghost, had fled from him, reverberated through the prison, and died unanswered.

Had it found response, and had the prison been forced at that moment, the murderer, crouched against the door, would have seemed, like Catlin, to be the victim of a crime; for he lay just as Catlin lay, and in the same white guise of death. The prostration which succeeds to the paroxysm of terror had overtaken him. How long he lay against the door, inert and sweating coldly, he did not know; but his extremity of peril was

such that instinct dared not slumber, and once more he was bidden from within to take action of some sort.

He crawled from the entrance-room, trailing the lantern with him, and reaching the corridor he rose up feebly, and tried to nerve his will again. His teeth were chattering, and from head to foot he trembled and shook with cold. He had lost count of time; but he knew that it was barely eight when he had started from the ward, and he listened fearfully for the next admonition of the clock. It came, striking three-quarters.

Three-quarters after what? After eight—after nine? Had he more than an hour left, or but a single quarter? He felt the approach of another of those transports of mad, uncontrollable fear, and dug his nails into his flesh to prevent himself from screaming again.

The hour began to strike: One—two—three—Oh God! the pause that followed *Nine!* Ashmole clung to the wall, his head fallen forward; gasping, choking. But the stroke of death—*Ten*—was stayed; it was but nine o'clock; and with that certainty came back the exquisite rush of life. He arose from out of the sepulchre. One whole hour was enough to re-shape a universe.

After that ecstasy of anguish, his strength of body was now indeed small; but the hurricane had swept the inmost places of his mind, and left it clear. The night might yet be his. He found the warder's room, and searched it desperately; but the master-key, if it lay

there, refused the light. Had it, perchance, detached itself from the rest in some way when Catlin fell? Ashmole's heart was not so high now that he could think without a shudder of the spot where he had let out life and let the ghostly in, but he did not dare to spare himself that final scrutiny.

With the lantern in his hand, he set out to return to the ward. The black prison seemed more than ever dreamlike in its stillness; his footfall frightened him, and he crept stealthily along the wall.

He began to face himself with the thought that complete escape was now at best a prospect quite equivocal. Failing to accomplish flight, did any way remain of screening himself from complicity in Catlin's murder?

Yes! Yes! The voice that had lured him to the act awoke again, whispering him he need not die for Catlin. Escape from that doom—why, what simpler? Ashmole carried upon him no mark of murder; his hands were bloodless, his clothes were whole. This was the first point. The second was, that his cell on the upper landing stood open; and there was no key in the door; it would lock if he closed it sharply behind him. He had but to enter, fasten himself in, undress and go to bed: he could be released only from without. The third point, which was not less in his favour, was that Catlin when discovered would present the appearance

of having fallen from the head of the stairs. Locked in his cell, nothing but surmise could connect Ashmole with the deed: suspicion there might be, proof there could be none. And now, for the last time, to the quest of the master-key. Since nine he had lost but a quarter of an hour.

The ward opened from one end of the long well-yard, and Ashmole quaked and his feet were heavy as he passed into the yard again. He remembered how coolly he had looked upon his work two hours earlier. But for the instinct of preservation which goaded him, he would still have hung back. He crept on, forcing himself to think only how the minutes were running out, and that salvation lay in a little key, which might be hidden just inside the ward. He got quite close to the door, an uncertain sense of danger to come impeding him and yet thrusting him onward; and then, at a pace or two from the threshold, he was caught, as it were, by the feet, and stood stock still.

The sound issued from the ward. It was so faint that it dissolved almost before it reached his ear, but it was human. The murderer in Ashmole whispered him of nothing but the key, the key which must be almost within reach, the key which would pass him in an instant into the street; but the man in him, newly quickened by suffering, gathered the cry into his wretched

heart. He went forward, and held the light up at the door.

Catlin lay there, but not quite as Ashmole had abandoned him. He had come back to some feeble pulse of life, but his eyes were closed, and his face ashen and cold. With the seconds of his own life rushing past, Ashmole stood beside his victim, till what was better in him gained the mastery, and pity for the other rose above his own passionate longing to escape. With this, his surgeon's science, the desire to win back the life he had so nearly ended, took sudden possession of him. He thrust his hand into the warder's tunic, and distinguished an infinitesimal throbbing of the heart. Yes, but that was not all his hand discovered. Just over the warder's heart lay the master-key, and Ashmole quivered as he touched it. An impulse to see and handle the passport to salvation overbore him, and he drew it out. It was the key beyond a doubt, and as he held it shining in his hand, Ashmole felt all his finer purposes turning into water. There was still time for flight; he was sure that now at last he held the easy means; and Catlin scarcely lived: the ward already smelled of death. Then once again his inner ear drew in the labour of the old man's heart, treading feebly to the infinite; and letting fall the key, he took the almost lifeless head upon his knees, and gazed into the face, over which the mask of death—so terrible, so beautiful

—was even then beginning to be moulded. It held him fascinated. He laid his hand gently upon the heart; its beats responded fainter than before, and Ashmole felt his own heart ebbing with it. What ransom would he pay could he be lying there in Catlin's place!

The key shone in the lantern's light where it had fallen at the murderer's foot, but he never looked at it; his eyes did not move from Catlin. A legion of black thoughts came about him—avengers of the spirit of a wasted life—and he sat quiet, stroking Catlin's face, and let the stings assail him. Less with his lips than with his heart, he tried to pray for Catlin. The clock called him once and once again, but it sounded very far away; its summons could not be for him. In the warm night an infinite coldness came upon the ward; and after the cold, the dark.

Footsteps drew near, and the second warder, entering to relieve his friend, found a dead man sleeping on a dead man's knees.

MISS POCKET IN B WING.

I.

WHEN Miss Pocket, moving with her usual smart step, head in the air, round and round the exercise-yard, suddenly left her rank, and stopped with a curtsy before the wardress on duty, the other ladies in the prison garb wondered what would follow.

"If you please, Miss," said Miss Pocket, with her best smile, "I should like to nurse the baby."

Had she asked permission to scale the wall, the other ladies, her companions in durance, would have shown less surprise. It was, indeed, the very first time that Miss Pocket had requested this high favour.

There was only one baby in B Wing, but it was bigger and fatter and handsomer than any of the seven babies in C. Wing; and the absence of a wedding ring from the finger of the comely young woman who owned it lent an extra spice of interest to the mystery in which its origin was involved.

This plump and chirpy mite of a baby was what is called a "vital factor" in the maintenance of discipline

in B Wing. When a lady showed an inclination to "break out," or took on a brooding fit, or a fit of the sulks, a wardress was sent flying to the cell at the end of the wing, to beg a ten minutes' loan of the baby.

The effect in most cases was magical. The baby had been known to quell an incipient mutiny merely by being exhibited, asleep in the arms of the matron, at the door of each cell in succession. At morning exercise, good-conduct prisoners (the mother consenting), were allowed to carry it three times round the asphalte paths, or sit with it for a few minutes on the grass bank under the wall. Sometimes the eyes of these women were wet when they gave the baby back, and occasionally one of them would be seen in a full flood of tears all the while she held the baby, mewling or babbling, in her arms. That was a very subtle infant.

But Miss Pocket had never weakened in any way over this dimpling instrument of prison rule. Alone among the ladies of B Wing, she had never caressed the baby by word or touch, had never asked to dandle it. Her rare concessions to the softer passions were when she pulled the prison cat by the tail.

She repeated her request to the astonished wardress: "To nurse the baby."

"Well, I don't mind," said the wardress, "if the mother lets you."

The mother was not unwilling; seemed, on the

contrary, rather pleased at Miss Pocket's tardy patronage; and the transfer was made. Miss Pocket, followed by the curious eyes of the whole circle on the tramp, was allowed to retire to the bank, where she sat down and observed the baby. She did not cry over it, nor give out any token of sentiment, but it was patent to the critics in the ring (who were, if possible, 'cuter than the officers in "spotting a fake") that Miss Pocket had all at once found in the baby a live and human thing. Her dark little eyes gleamed over it. She had the air of concocting a new plot, which was to hurt nobody.

Some of the ladies looked sceptical; but Susan Tolmer, the baby's mother, did not. "*She's* all right with him," whispered Miss Tolmer, fore and aft. "I knew she'd have him presently." But the others were not convinced, and Miss Pocket was considered to be planning a "new dance."

When she had had her turn with the baby the hour's exercise for B Wing was up, and the party were marched back to work.

Miss Pocket had been promoted from solitary labour in her cell to "associated" employment in the sewing-room. It was a favoured and favourite department, the work was light, and the general rule of silence (the sorest rule to be borne in prison) was not too callously insisted on. The wardress in the chair of president had

one ear stuffed with wool; gossip in sub-tones was not reported.

Miss Pocket shared her confidences in the sewing-room with two particular intimates—Miss Rodwell, tall, fair, and slender, the most expert shop-lifter in Birmingham; and old Mrs. Pringle, who had displayed an almost mediæval skill in the illegal employment of useful drugs. The pair began at once to whisper to Miss Pocket, but Miss Pocket was mute. Whispers on the subject of the baby troubled all the sewing room, but Miss Pocket stitched and was deaf.

It was Saturday, and the next day was Sunday. In the middle of sermon Miss Pocket burst into tears. The matron glanced across at her from her seat under the pulpit.

Such scenes were not uncommon in that sad place of worship. Sometimes a chord in the voluntary, sometimes a verse of the hymn, sometimes a text read by the chaplain, or a homely word in his sermon, changing the hard present into a kinder past, brought the tears welling silently or with passion into the eyes of some poor captive.

But Miss Pocket was neither sentimental nor hysterical. Miss Rodwell and the widow Pringle, her neighbours on either side, edged closer and touched her with a sympathetic elbow.

"What's up, Pocky?" sang Miss Rodwell, for in prison chapel you can only talk on hymn-time.

"I'm in love," sobbed Miss Pocket in the fourth line of the verse.

II.

It jumped to the minds of Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Pringle that Miss Pocket had all at once given her heart to the assistant chaplain, who was conducting the service that afternoon; though this seemed unlikely, for Miss Pocket was a young woman of taste, who, in her recent capacity of maid to the Lady Lavinia Grey, had seen something of the high world, and the assistant chaplain was a small, plump, round-faced young man, without an atom of expression.

But it was not the assistant chaplain, nor were Miss Pocket's thoughts with the service. They had strayed with her to an outer court of the prison, where, faring in the keep of a wardress to make a request of the governor, some four of five days previously, she had suddenly given her heart clean out of her keeping. Until that moment, moreover, she had never in her life suspected that she had a heart to give.

"You're giving us some queer starts, dear," sang Miss Rodwell. "Who's the chappie?"

But the hymn had come to an end, and opportunity

was wanting for a further confession. Service over, every lady in the establishment was confined to her private apartment, coldly denominated a cell, for the remainder of the day.

Miss Pocket had speedily recovered herself. She was at a crisis, in which woman naturally seeks woman's wisdom, but for this the situation was against her. She heard the wardress on duty pacing the corridor with soft inexpressive foot; but to summon the wardress on such an errand would be to invite consequences elsewhere on the morrow. Instead, Miss Pocket took down the black-bound Prayer-Book with the prison stamp in it, from the small deal shelf above her head, and plunged into the marriage service. In a less emotional hour she would have found something to criticise in its precepts, but she read the service now with a glow of feverish acquiescence and approbation.

Then, as she laid the Prayer-Book down the thought darted in upon her, "He may be going out to-morrow—he may be going at the end of the week—he may have gone already!"

Love in a stone cage is surely the direst of the passions. Miss Pocket wanted to fling open her door, spring out into the sunny air, give play to her thoughts in that free expanse, and then prick some sympathetic human creature with questions. The door was fast locked from without, Miss Pocket was companionless,

and she could not, except upon certainty of punishment next day, summon a human being to talk with her.

Impulsive ladies in B Wing, sick of oakum-picking, basket-weaving, paper-sorting, bag-making, or spinning —or victims of ennui, pure and simple—smashed their cell furniture, drummed with the soles of their feet against the door, howled imprecations upon the matron or governor, or beat a tattoo with their pannikins on the window-bars, merely to bring in the wardress and ensure the relaxation of a "scene" in the governor's office at report-hour on the following morning. Miss Pocket herself, in a fit of pique, or to make trouble for and with an unpleasant wardress, had been discovered standing on her head in the middle of her cell, screaming at the top of her compass.

But these approved devices were not for a crisis such as hers. Miss Pocket no longer wished to trouble the governor, the matron, or the wardress. She was desperately concerned to appease everybody, in order that everybody might be on her side.

How she chafed and panted that afternoon within her three white-washed walls and the drab door which she could not open; clipping her small feet together, and her soft little palms that were not meant for task work; wondering, with a child's curiosity in a thing she had never known or felt before, how she should succeed in converting everybody to her service where nobody was

in the least concerned to serve her, except, perhaps, the two or three friends who could only give help at their own danger.

Then the alarming query sounded in her heart again: "What if he is going at once, or has already gone?"

Miss Pocket herself had been three months in retirement, and had yet three months to fulfil. She had seen him but once, and she might never see him again!

Altogether, the romance was worthy of its singular environment. It was not only that Miss Pocket had glimpsed but once, and for a moment, the captor of her heart; she was ignorant of his name, station, and calling. She knew nothing but his present estate, and she was moderately certain that he, for his part, had never so much as beheld her. For all this Miss Pocket did not care, if only she could be sure that he were still not far away.

Who was this gallant, was a question which greatly exercised the curiosity of Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Pringle, the only persons at present sharing a meagre half of Miss Pocket's seductive secret. The governor was out of the reckoning—a little, lean, elderly, prim creature, the very incarnation of penal discipline, and not to be thought upon with any tenderness. The chaplain? No; there was a touch of gallantry in the chaplain, but he was too unkempt. The doctor was agreeable when his fancy was moved, but too argumentative, Miss Rodwell

thought, to inspire love. The deputy governor—but all the ladies were in love with him, and Miss Pocket had said in the sewing-room once that though he was the kind of man you might go up the river with on a quiet evening, she should never think of him in a serious matrimonial way. The chief warder was a noble-looking old man with a snowy beard, but he had six children, and it was well known that his wife laughed at him. Neither Miss Rodwell nor Mrs. Pringle could think that Miss Pocket, with her upbringing and social aspirations, would cast a glance beneath the rank of chief warder.

But there was a male as well as a female side to this prison. On the male side were congregated some nine hundred or a thousand peccant individuals, whose exploits little and great had exhausted the resources of criminology. From the "grave old plodders" to the "gay young friskers" in the devious ways that lead to the seats of penance, there were many talented persons and persons of genius, very select and agreeable, at present engaged in a variety of industrial pursuits, for which they were rewarded with a maximum of eight marks per diem.

But the rules of the establishment forbade all intercourse and communication between the boarders of opposite sex. The wicket of passage from the one side to the other was perpetually barred; in chapel the ladies were divided from the gentlemen by a heavy curtain of

red baize; and not even on saints' days and holidays (of which, indeed, the prison calendar took no account) were they allowed to mingle in friendly converse. The mildest forms of flirtation were not alone discouraged, they were rendered absolutely impossible; and the governor and the matron were, as regarded their respective charges, implacable misogynists. But there are always eventualities and the unforeseen.

It was at the exercise hour on the following morning that Miss Pocket was relieved of her most immediate anxiety. Thus and thus did fortune further her. In the middle of the exercise yard stood the laundry, an outer wall of which needed some repairs. It was just at the close of the hour's exercise, and the ladies of B Wing were looking for the word to retire when a squad of well-set males appeared round the corner of the laundry in the keeping of a warder. It was a mistake on the part of the warder, who had brought his masons on the scene a minute too soon. The wardress of B Wing sounded the retreat as Miss Pocket gave a little scream of delight.

"What is it, love?" whispered Miss Rodwell, who was walking just behind her.

"I've seen him! He hasn't gone!" said Miss Pocket.

"You don't mean the screw, dear?" said Miss Rodwell, rather icily. The "screw," as the reader is aware,

is the enigmatical name for a prison warder. This was an undersized warder, with a sallow face and a hare-lip.

"No!" said Miss Pocket, in an emphatic whisper. "Five from the end, curly hair, and cap on the side of his head."

He was the smartest young prisoner in the squad, and the ladies were marched in to their quarters at once.

III.

THERE was no precedent for the situation. Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Pringle, discussing it with Miss Pocket in the sewing-room immediately afterwards, in pantomime and whispers, were agreed upon this.

Miss Rodwell, in the enforced intervals of her calling, had been boarded in all the most respectable prisons in the country, and Mrs. Pringle had been nine years in seclusion, and sedulously posted in all the possibilities of the "silent world," and neither of them could recall a case to match Miss Pocket's. Miss Rodwell's recollections included an elopement with a mad chaplain, and Mrs. Pringle remembered all the known facts of the unpublished story of the handsome forger and the governor's second wife; but there was no instance, recorded or traditional, of a case of love between prisoner and

prisoner on opposite sides of the same prison. There was, therefore, no assistance from precedent.

But this did not trouble Miss Pocket at all. She took it as an omen of success that her lover was still at hand, and her one thought now was how she should work out her little plan. Independent as her spirit was, it pleased her to know that her two principal chums looked not unfavourably on her choice. The young gentleman was of unexceptionable appearance, and carried his suit of drab and its broad-arrow embellishments with a style which Miss Pocket thought suggestive of service in good families. Miss Rodwell's experienced eye had perceived by the blue facings on his jacket that he was a first-class man.

Her friends were afraid, however, that it would take Miss Pocket "all her time" to improve the acquaintance. Miss Pocket herself was sanguine; for she had just made another discovery, which she thought might be useful to her. It was, that the principal wardress of B Wing, a well-favoured young woman not wanting in heart, had become engaged to a junior warder on the male side of the establishment. "Something ought to come of that, you know," said Miss Pocket; and old Mrs. Pringle replied, "Well, I should think so, lovey." So Miss Pocket took the occasion of the next visit of wardress Winsome to her cell to say something respectful and pretty on the subject.

"Law, Pocket, and pray how did you know that?" said the wardress, and added, "But there—if you want to know a thing, come into the prison. That's what I always say," and there was truth in it.

Wardress Winsome was not offended though, which was a point gained. Miss Pocket followed it up as deftly as might be, and then, as the wardress was about to leave her, sat down on her stool and began to cry in the most natural way in the world. Wardress Winsome must needs put a good-natured question, but Miss Pocket would only say that she "didn't w-wish to take advantage of-of Miss Winsome's ki-i-ndness. She was very g-glad Miss Winsome was so h-happy."

"But I don't see why it should make you cry, Pocket," said the wardress.

"No, Miss—only I—I'm in l-love, too," sobbed pretty Miss Pocket.

What could the wardress do but proffer such a word of comfort and condolence as the free woman would naturally find for a captive sister in a situation of the sort? The principle of government differs much on the male and the female sides of a prison; you can coerce the man where, in the last resort, you cannot possibly coerce the woman; and a wardress who knows her business does not miss a chance of conciliating one of her charges. Wardress Winsome, of course, supposed that Miss Pocket's lament was for a lover whom she had left

in the free world. Miss Pocket, weeping softly, undeceived her. The wardress was dumbfounded. She would have laughed next, but Miss Pocket, checking her tears, said it was the simple truth.

"And what makes me feel it so serious, Miss Winsome dear, if you'll pardon the liberty," said Miss Pocket in conclusion, "is that I never, no never, thought about a young man before. To think, Miss Winsome, that I should have come to a place like this to find my heart. It's hard, isn't it? And you so f-free and c-comfortable with your own man, miss, and no one to hinder you."

Then, amid the breaks in another little shower, Miss Pocket insinuated a modest request.

Wardress Winsome was nonplussed. Between her natural sympathies and her respect for the rules of the service, she found herself in a dilemma to the like of which her experience did not offer a parallel.

"It's against all the rules, you know," she said, but Miss Pocket caught the tiny note of indecision in her voice, and her handkerchief was at her eyes again.

"Very well, Miss Winsome, t-thank you kindly," she said. "We're b-both in love, and I'm the unfortunate one, that's all."

Wardress Winsome gave in. She would find out who the young man was, what he was "in for," and how long he had to remain.

Lights in the cells were extinguished almost imme-

diately, and Miss Pocket kicked off her slippers and danced in the dark.

IV.

Though she prided herself on this success, she was generous enough, in the interests of the wardress, to keep secret the promise which had been given her.

Impossible, however, to be silent respecting the result. What could be happier? The young man, John Stacey by name, was a bachelor and unattached, to begin with. Then the offence which had consigned him to her Majesty's keeping (for the first time) was quite as venial an affair as Miss Pocket's, who was also a first offender. It would be ungenerous to set down the particulars in either case. He had been valet to a baronet; so that the pair stood on a nice footing of social equality. Lastly, he was to be free to resume conclusions with the world at about the same date as Miss Pocket herself.

This grateful information was not given to Miss Pocket in a lump, as it were, but item by item, as the wardress herself gleaned it on the other side of the wicket of division. It was altogether about a week in the telling, and during these days Miss Pocket did not enjoy sight or glimpse of her hero. The repairs to the laundry wall were finished what time the ladies were

withdrawn from the exercise-yard, and no kindly accident brought John Stacey on the scene again. But something as good as this happened, or something better. Miss Pocket made the discovery that John Stacey had taken notice of her. This threw her into such a transport of pleasure that, in mere gaiety of soul, she tripped up the heels of old Mrs. Pringle at exercise next morning, was reported, and suffered a loss of marks.

"It isn't good enough," was Miss Rodwell's comment. "You'll be in chokey if you don't look out."

Miss Pocket resolved to curb her emotions, or rather to seek for them some more prudent outlet. For another week she was very quiet and self-contained; then she went into chapel one morning with a gleam of inspiration in her eye. Morning chapel seldom lasted beyond twelve or fifteen minutes—time enough, however, for surprises. Presently began the hymn—

> "The world is very evil,
> The times are waxing late."

In the third and fourth lines, high above all the others, rose the voice of a woman—

> "Answer if you know me;
> I've just nine weeks to wait."

The voice was so loud and clear, and the phrasing so nice, that the words were heard over the greater

part of the chapel; and the effect upon the congregation was electrical. The oldest prisoner present had never experienced the like. Nobody laughs aloud at anything that happens in prison, because it entails consequences; but the male side of the chapel grinned in a large quiet way, and on the other side of the baize curtain, where the ladies were, many pairs of eyes sought the chaplain's with a furtive gaze of enquiry. Every wardress tried to control her own particular charges, but none knew what prisoner it was who had addressed herself to space in that unusual manner.

The governor at morning chapel is generally the deputy governor; and that popular officer looked exceedingly angry, but could say nothing. Nothing, in fact, had happened; for the service went on to its appointed end, and nobody answered Miss Pocket's extravagant appeal. But Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Pringle could not quite contain themselves as they marched back to breakfast. Little Miss Pocket, who walked between them, was as demure as possible.

"Well, you've got a invention, lovey, if *ever* I see," whispered Mrs. Pringle.

"What price chaplain's report?" said Miss Rodwell.

But there was no report, for the chaplain had no idea who had outvoiced the rest of his congregation.

Chapel came again, as usual, on the following morn-

ing. Nobody looked for any developments in the hymn, and it opened quietly—

"Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care."

Then a rather nice tenor voice topped the congregation:

"I got your message, honey;
When time's up, I'll be there."

This time it made a kind of scare. There was evidently more in it than eye might read, and a risk that morning chapel, the chief relaxation of the day, might be suspended. The warders, on their raised seats, scanned every bench, from the governor's gallery to the red baize partition, but gleaned nothing.

"I ain't seen the like since I took service under her blessed Majesty," said Mrs. Pringle, at exercise.

"It's a record!" said Miss Rodwell. "What's the next move, darling?"

But Miss Pocket palpitated, and said nothing. She had found her man and her man had found her. She was in the lap of fate; prison had transformed itself into a bower of love. There was no hymn at morning chapel for a week; but there were two hymns on Sunday. The first passed without interruption, though there was a feeling in the congregation that any line in

any verse might be followed by a novel variant. The third verse of the second hymn made a tempting opening—

"Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains!"

Shrill and clear, as at the first of these momentous matins, rose the woman's voice:

"When you and me have lost our chains,
Address to Windsor Terrace, Staines."

As before, no wardress was able to trace that errant voice. Miss Pocket's eyes were glued to her hymn-book, and if Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Pringle chuckled above their breath, it was no more than all the other ladies did. This time, of course, an answer was looked for, and it came.

"Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King—"

And the invisible tenor responded:

"It's easy if you come to that,
But first we'll try the parson's hat."

How the service ended that day no one could afterwards have said. At the close, and as the officers were preparing to take out their several parties, the governor

rose in his pew in the gallery, piped shrilly for silence, and said: "If it occurs again, and the offenders are not reported to me, the entire prison will be placed on punishment diet for a week."

Now, in general, honour among the inmates of a gaol is a more or less fictitious virtue, but whether through voluntary complicity or because very few were in the secret, the stratagem of the ingenious pair whom the red baize divided was not revealed.

The last message was a teasing problem for Miss Pocket's understanding. How in the name of magic should she "try the parson's hat?" It chanced that the chaplain visited her the next afternoon, and so absorbed was she in contemplation of the rusty college cap which the good man wore on his prison rounds that she lost his excellent homily. The chaplain used to place his cap inverted on the floor of the cell, and generally threw into it his handkerchief. There it lay under Miss Pocket's eyes, and almost at her feet; but of what use to her she knew not. All at once an idea took her.

"Oh, Mr. Cole," she said, "just look! The lining of your clerical cap wants mending. Now do let me stitch it for you, sir. They've left me a needle and thread; I can do it in a minute."

The chaplain had a suspicion that Miss Pocket's sewing materials were contraband, but by this she had

the cap in her lap and was studying the rent. That rent had caught the eye of John Stacey not many days before. With a dexterity that Miss Rodwell could scarcely have bettered, Miss Pocket withdrew from the lining a tiny morsel of paper, and pushed it beneath her wristband. Then she stitched up the lining.

"Thank-you, sir," said Miss Pocket, as she gave back the cap. "It isn't often we are able to return your kindnesses."

The chaplain took the cap, and thanked Miss Pocket without glancing at her work. There was never an officer of the prison so blind to its little intrigues, and never a prisoner so anxious to be rid of her visitor. The chaplain gathered up his lank frame, smoothed his hair, said he must talk with Miss Pocket about her future, and left her to the examination of her prize.

At stated intervals the governor doles out a sheet of paper and an envelope to every prisoner and allows him or her to write a letter under the eye of an officer of the prison. The letter cannot be posted until it has passed the scrutiny of the governor or his deputy, and it is the only legitimate form of communication. The missive appropriated by Miss Pocket was what is known as a "stiff"—a surreptitious note generally written on the margin of a leaf torn from a book belonging to the prison library. It is seldom written with pencil, and never almost with pen.

Miss Pocket waited only for the chaplain to be on the right side of the door before opening and skimming what she hoped was a billet for herself. It looked as if it had been composed with the assistance of a nail and a blacking-dish, but the handwriting was good, and the sentiment sincere. As the margin and all blank spaces in prison books are stamped with the sign of the broad arrow, it was not too easy to decipher the message. It came out thus: "I'm acting on the square with you. Got enough to start with on going out. Try and send answer. J. S."

If Miss Pocket could not claim this as hers, who should do so?

"Oh what a clever boy he is?" she thought. "How did he manage to do it? I believe him! I believe him! I believe him! But"—and it was a large "but" —"how shall I get him an answer?"

The amiable Winsome was taking her annual holiday, and the wardress in her place was of a churlish habit. If the chaplain were to visit Miss Pocket a dozen times a day she would never succeed with the hat trick. Yet she must do something, or John would think lightly of her; and something quickly, since they had not, like poor Mrs. Pringle, a penance of years. Nevertheless, invention failed her.

Miss Rodwell's opinion of the lover was greatly en-

hanced when she heard the next morning by what means he had contrived to frank an epistle.

"I tell you he's 'wide,' Pocky!" she said. "That's the sort to work with, eh, mother?"

"What do *you* think, dear!" returned the widow. "It regular warms my heart."

Little Miss Pocket felt these as personal flatteries. Was it not for her that John had distinguished himself?

Miss Rodwell, warmer than ever in the affair, undertook to get a "stiff" conveyed through the laundry, if Miss Pocket could manage to write it in the sewing-room that morning. Miss Pocket had a morsel of paper concealed in her dress, but no writing implement.

"Silly girl," whispered Mrs. Pringle, "ain't you got your needle?" Slowly and laboriously, during the stolen moments of a morning's sewing, Miss Pocket pricked a message with her needle. Then she twisted up the paper and watched her chance to toss it over her shoulder to Mrs. Pringle, who was seated behind her. Mrs. Pringle, on the point of tossing it to Miss Rodwell, was detected and pounced upon by the wardress in charge of the room. Without a second's hesitation the heroic widow made a pill of the "stiff" and bolted it.

The tears trembled in Miss Pocket's eyes, but she restrained them. A sibilant sound of sympathy went up from the band of sewers, for by this time Miss Pocket's love-affair was known to some, and guessed by many, in

B Wing, and had indeed almost disjointed the nose of Susan Tolmer's baby. Mrs. Pringle's name, of course, was put down for report to the matron, Miss Pocket keeping quiet in response to the whispered protest of the widow that she should not "give herself away." "A few marks lost ain't much to me," said Mrs. Pringle.

The days went by, in which Miss Pocket, who fancied herself more closely watched than ever, could by no means send an answer to her Jo. It is rarely that a prisoner exclaims against the flight of time, but while Miss Pocket's term was fast expiring, she seemed every day to be losing her hold upon her lover. She would not, however, accept defeat.

One other week slipped away, and not only had Miss Pocket quite failed to establish a post, but the service on the other side was also at a standstill. The chaplain, who had but one assistant in a cure of twelve hundred souls, could not always be sitting to have the lining of his cap stitched, and he had not given Miss Pocket a call since the afternoon which has been under notice.

In this strait Miss Pocket was minded to venture one last shaft in chapel. She alone need be punished, and with her glance upon the future she cared little for the wrath of the governor. No one was taken into her confidence, and the hymn time had ceased to be a season of excitement. Consequently, when Miss Pocket once

more launched her voice into space, and supplemented the lines,

> "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
> My path of life attend."

with this improvisation:—

> "Yes, John, and let that hope be mine,
> I'm with you to the end."

the effect upon the congregation was such that they all as by one accord ceased to sing. In a moment, however, the chaplain had waved them on again. Miss Pocket's wardress stretched over and tapped her on the shoulder.

"It was you, Pocket!" she cried.

Miss Pocket, who had made no effort at concealment, said: "Yes, Miss."

The wardress glanced at the matron, and in obedience to a sign from that lady Miss Pocket was marched out of chapel.

Now this is all but the end of the story.

What would happen to Miss Pocket the other ladies scarcely dared to conjecture. The matron was something of a tartar, but the governor was tartar undiluted. Miss Rodwell and Mrs. Pringle were miserably concerned for their friend.

But courage like Miss Pocket's draws support to itself

in the sorest situations. The chaplain, in whom was no tartar, sought Miss Pocket in her cell that same afternoon. He had never seen any wickedness in this young woman, and believed that, if her reason were not lost, she had a reason for her conduct.

Whether or no Miss Pocket had relied on the chaplain's countenance, she was determined now that he should champion her. She gave the astonished parson every detail of the story, including the theft of the "stiff" from the lining of his cap. She said she had been sincere in it all; she was really in love, and she wished the chaplain would go and see the young man himself.

It was such a case as his reverence had never before encountered, but he continued to believe in Miss Pocket. He said gravely that he should lay the matter before the matron and the governor (which, of course, he must do), but that he should also see John Stacey.

Curiously or not, Miss Pocket was never punished. She had been two days confined to her cell when the chaplain visited her again, accompanied by the matron. On the following morning she was closely interrogated by the governor in his office. On the morning after that she stood in the governor's office again, with John Stacey beside her.

Six weeks later the chaplain married the pair in the Parish Church.

AS IT FELL OUT.

"SUPPOSE the plot should fail?" said Beatrice, her lip trembling.

"If it should fail?" returned Centlivre. "But," he added immediately, "it will not fail!"

"If it should?" she insisted.

"Then," answered the other, "I will give myself up to justice."

Beatrice gazed at the ring which Noriac had given her, the ring she had insisted on his placing there the day that he was tried, convicted, and sentenced as a forger.

"Alas!" she replied, "that would not aid us. It would not help Noriac and me."

Intense as was the emotion she displayed, her tone to Centlivre was cold, and her grey eyes shot darts at him, now of distrust and now of half-contempt. He sat handsome and quiet before her, in her room in the hotel in London. There was a coldness in his tone also, but something of deference went with it.

"Shall we, then, go no further?" he asked.

Beatrice did not answer, but put another question to him.

"What am I to think of all that you have just said? Am I to consider that you have—that you have made a confession to me?"

"I have confessed nothing—except this, that I have wronged both you and him."

"You tried to induce me to marry you," said Beatrice, "knowing that I was pledged to him. I answered you as I should have done, and you said that I had not seen the last of you. Then, immediately almost, came his arrest and trial. Those who knew him best knew his innocence from the first. The day he was convicted you disappeared. That was four years ago; and you return to me now with this most strange proposal."

"Which, apparently, you reject."

"No," answered Beatrice, "I accept it."

"And will face the dangers?"

"Do *I* care for dangers? Give him to me again!"

"I am here to risk myself for that," said Centlivre, as calmly as ever. "I spoke of *your* dangers, but they scarcely weigh with me, for I think you cannot easily be entangled in the plot. If I thought otherwise, I should have attempted something else."

She bent politely towards him; still quivering. "Your own risk is greater," she said.

"I assure you," Centlivre answered, "I do not feel

it. I have not tried to disguise from you that the risk is principally his. If he can play his part, I can play mine."

"He may have lost the power," said Beatrice.

"We rest on the supposition that he has not lost it."

Her head fell between her two hands, and a sob shook her. Centlivre felt the old passion stirring in him, but he dared not move; he had bound himself her friend, and he ground under his heel the rejected lover.

"Oh, if I could believe it possible!" cried Beatrice, lifting her face. "Listen! What you have done to us, how you came between us, I do not know, and I will never ask to know. Four times every year I am allowed to see him in the prison. A warder brings him in, and sits between us while we talk; we cannot touch each other; he has not touched my hand, I have not touched his, for four years. Every time I go to him he looks for the sign of good news that I have promised him. I am to wear it in my dress, and I have never worn it; and he never says a word. Do you mean what you have said? I am to see him again in a week; shall I——"

"Aid me," said Centlivre, with conviction, "and in a week he shall be free."

"Tell it me again," said Beatrice, battling to recover her self-possession.

"You have a warder in your pay, you tell me. Write to Noriac at once, through the warder. Write guardedly, but let him know that if he can still make use of the power he possessed, the way is smooth for him. Tell him that it is I who will receive him, and if he chooses to believe in me—as he will on your word—that will be sufficient; for he knows that, when the moment comes, I can do everything."

"And you will do it?"

"I will do it," said Centlivre, rising.

A week later they met again in the same room.

"We are to start to-morrow," said Beatrice.

"You have sent him word?"

"He knows everything."

"And he can do it?" said Centlivre.

"Ah!" said she. "That is it!"

She looked broken, and if there were any faith in her for the plot's success it did not show in her white face. But she was nerved, and in hand.

"Come!" said Centlivre. "It advances very well. The yacht?"

"It is there," she answered. "I had the telegram an hour ago."

"And Noriac is able?"

"He does not know," said Beatrice.

"That is because he has not yet seen you. He will see you to-morrow, and love will light him."

"You are full of hope," said she.

"Fate has stolen up to you," Centlivre answered. "I see success before you."

As they faced each other in the train the next day, on the five hours' journey from London to Trentlands, the heart of Beatrice was still in aching doubt. She believed that the man who sat opposite to her should be wearing Noriac's dress in prison, and she was only half resolved as to the motive that leagued him with her in a scheme for her lover's escape. Beatrice knew, without proof, that Noriac was working out the punishment of some other man's crime; she knew that Centlivre had been his enemy; why was he here, with an unspoken confession of guilt, to assist her in redeeming Noriac?

"Your order of admission—you have not forgotten it?" said Centlivre.

"You forget," said she, "that I go to see him four times every year."

"It is well to remember everything," said Centlivre.

"No—not everything," she answered.

"I know England pretty well," said Centlivre, "but this is my first visit to this part."

"That it may be my last!" cried she.

"Believe that it will be."

The sea came in sight, and Beatrice drew a long breath. At a bend in the line, just as the sea was

glimpsed, the towers of Trentlands Prison, crowning the height beyond, rose into view for a moment, and then vanished.

She leaned towards him, and laid her hand an instant upon his, while her clear eyes questioned the handsome face that she detested.

"You are true in this?" she said. "You are not going to betray us . . . again?"

"You doubt me still?" and he looked into those eyes.

"No," she said slowly, "I do not."

With the journey's end the first stage in the plot was accomplished. They travelled as brother and sister, and Centlivre was to engage rooms at the small hotel against the station, where one night at least must be spent. The train was late, it might be impossible to obtain admission to the prison that evening, but Beatrice's heart was on fire. A carriage was ordered for her, and in ten minutes the two horses were beginning the long and steep ascent from the townlet in the hollow to the heights of Trentlands. Up, up, and up; the white road curving sharply about the stony hill; glimpses of the retreating sea, and at one bend a momentary vision, far out in the bay, of a yacht at anchor. It sent the blood flying to her cheeks, it gave her a thrill of fear and of delight. Who else had seen, and had anyone suspected it? Was it visible from the prison towers? No, it had

been shown her as a signal of hope. A few minutes later she saw a man in the uniform of the prison coming down the hill, and recognised the warder in her pay. She was alarmed again, for when the warder observed Beatrice he touched his cap, and motioned the driver to stop.

He was a well-countenanced, fresh-coloured fellow, but his manner with Beatrice was mysterious, as befitting a receiver of unlawful moneys. His communication amounted only to this, that she would not be admitted to the prison that evening; the prisoners, he said, were already locked in for the night.

"Is he expecting me?" asked Beatrice in a low tone.

"To-morrow, miss," replied the warder.

Not knowing how far the man was in her lover's confidence, she hesitated to say more. Then she asked, "Is all well?" The warder smiled and made a sign in the affirmative. She told him at what place she was staying, and added, as low as before: "My brother is with me, but—but we do not wish it known. I shall go alone to-morrow." The warder, frugal of words, showed a sympathetic face as he bowed to her. Then, turning this way and that, he said, "I should be going, miss. We're watched up here." They were, in fact, within a short distance of the prison, for Beatrice had driven nearly three miles. The man's warning made her wish she had not stayed so long with him; she re-

membered having heard that in these great convict establishments the warders are overlooked almost as closely as the prisoners, and, had anyone observed it, their meeting must appear suspicious. She gave him a quick good-evening, afraid even to smile her gratitude, and bade the driver take her back.

"You were too late, as I feared," said Centlivre.

"Do you think there would be any reason for not admitting me?" she asked. It was the first check she had received, and, slight as it was, it fretted her.

"None, of course, except the rules of the place," Centlivre answered. "You hold the Home Secretary's order, and will be admitted to-morrow."

They dined alone, in the dull little coffee-room, no other guests in the hotel; a hot night of July, without a dew.

Centlivre's courtesy—he had ceased to speak to her of love—could revive nothing between them.

"You are tired," he said at last. "Go to bed and think of to-morrow."

He wondered at his own restraint; for Beatrice, four years a stranger to him, was still the woman of his life, and he knew how he held her now. But he knew also that her heart was three miles away from him, up on the rock-ribbed hill of Trentlands, and that she was scarcely conscious of his presence.

"Yes, I am going to bed," she said; "and even with-

out an apology for my dulness. Do you think he will be here to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? No; that is impossible!" said Centlivre. "He has not had your signal."

"He will have it to-morrow. Might he not be here to-morrow night?"

Centlivre pushed away his coffee-cup.

"Yes, yes," said Beatrice; "I will be patient. To-morrow night would be impossible. But I have lived four years on patience."

"Add a few hours only," said Centlivre.

She was in the garden at sunrise the next morning, dressed as she would go to him. Her visit was for midday. She wandered away along the beach, sat for hours under the shelter of a rock, her eyes fixed upon the yacht; then stole up the empty cliff, passing a cottage here and there. In one of these cottages she procured some milk and bread, dallied long over the meal, and then mounted again, till she came upon the highroad, and the prison-guards patrolling it. She walked up to the prison, her face pale beneath the veil, presented her order, and was admitted.

How well she remembered the dark, strong place—which struck cold on that brilliant morning; how hateful it was to her, and how passionately she prayed in heart that she might enter its gates no more. She had to wait under the high archway facing the prison, while

the gate warder sent in her card and order. She had visited the prison so often—punctual to the day assigned her by the Home Office—that many of the warders were known to her by sight, and by such of them as had met her within the walls that delicious face and admirable form were unforgotten. They were always respectful, and not always, I think, with an eye to gain; though everyone knew that the smallest service to her in Noriac's interest would be worth a week's pay to him.

Beatrice was bidden (as a visitor whom the prison was pleased to honour) to the office of the deputy governor, who informed her that the prisoner's conduct was beyond reproach, that his health appeared to be excellent, and that he complained of nothing.

Then came the ordeal her heart panted for and shrank from.

She was led to the visiting-room, a place of torture composed of two cages divided by a narrow passage; one cage for the visitor and the other for the prisoner, and the passage between for the warder, who sits and listens.

As often as Beatrice had been passed into that forbidding place her spirit had been quenched in her; and waiting for Noriac, her face against the bars of the cage, she had tried vainly to remember the little things she had treasured up to tell him, or had thought how they might jar upon his ear, echoes of the sweet world

of liberty which he was secluded from. But on this day she was possessed and all but mastered by emotions quite unique. The sufferings of four years were perhaps on the very point of passing from them both; they *would* pass if—*if*—within the next few hours Noriac could work a miracle. But of this she could of course learn nothing from his own lips; his face, his air, the tones of his voice would solely guide her.

A lock grated at one end of the room, and at the moment that a warder entered and took his seat in the passage, a man in the dress of a convict appeared at the *grille* opposite to Beatrice. His eyes leapt out at her, and hers at him as she plucked off her veil.

"Beautiful, have you come to me again?" he said, and the breath caught in his throat, and his eyes with the livid rings around them strained at her through the bars. They could not touch each other's hands; their hands had not touched for four years.

"Tell me how you are, my love!" she answered. "Come as close to me as you can. Let me look at you!"

He stood erect, and the smile he always had for her, well or ill, lighted his drawn features.

His head was shaved to the skull, his close-fitting jacket and knickerbockers were stamped all over with the sign of the black arrow, his coarse boots were stained with the dust of the quarries which he had hastily

brushed from them. But Noriac carried well the garb of his ignominy, and his thin face, with eyes blazing in deep sockets, had lost little of the beauty which had helped to win him a devoted love.

"Ah! and let me look at *you,* my Bice," he said; "for you come in a new guise to-day!"

It was true. For the first time since she had visited him in prison she was wearing colours, and in her bosom a guelder rose of good news. It was the signal.

Noriac's voice, as he proclaimed his recognition of it, rang more clearly, and Beatrice had not failed to note the change.

"Yes," she said; "but there is a reason for it to-day. We have heard something—you know what."

The mute warder, sitting at the end of the gangway, listened, but cared little. The friends of prisoners were always hearing something good for them, and prisoners were always expecting their release. While the strict rules of the interview were not infringed, the warder on duty kept a blank face and said nothing.

"What is Centlivre to do in it, Bice?" asked Noriac.

In a way, both knew that a plunge was to be taken; and so far each understood the other. Both knew also what the plunge was to be. But Beatrice could not tell how much lay in Noriac's power, and Noriac, as yet, could not see an inch beyond the prison walls. In the letters she had contrived to smuggle in to him, she had

been almost as guarded as she was compelled to be in speaking, with the warder's ears cocked between them. Puzzling her brain a moment, she said:

"It is Centlivre, who is to procure your release, dear. You know what—what influence he has."

A dry cough from the chair in the gangway: Beatrice started, dreading lest a syllable too much should betray her. The warder was thinking only what fools they were; he had known prisoners in for ten and fifteen years who always went away from an interview of this sort sure that they would be released in a week.

But a light had broken in on Noriac. He had guessed before, but was not certain, what Centlivre's part was to be.

"Are you sure, love, that he is honest with us?" he asked.

"I believe that he is true in this. You know, I had not seen him since the trial. He came suddenly the other day, said he was sure that he could free you—*he knows who did it, I am certain; but I asked nothing*—and that he would not spare himself."

"If he will do what I believe he can do," answered Noriac, "I am certain I shall obtain my freedom—at once!"

Beatrice held herself in, though she felt at that moment that she had him to her breast again; for

Noriac had told her all. He was ready. He had given the answer to her signal.

Interviews are limited to half an hour, even for prisoners in the first class; and as Noriac was going back to his cell, with her eyes in his heart, and the perfume of her filling all his senses, Beatrice was out in the sun again, dreamy with happiness, and thoughts of heaven posting after and before her.

She had forgotten Centlivre, waiting for her in the garden of the hotel, and for an instant she was chilled again as he came to meet her. But Centlivre would have gone very willingly into Noriac's cell for the look on her face before she raised her eyes to him.

"You have succeeded," he said kindly.

"I have seen him," said Beatrice.

"Yes; but that is not all."

In her heart Beatrice was sure that Centlivre—at his own high risk—was guarding her lover's case and hers, and she put a hard hand upon her dread of him.

"I believe it is safe," she said, seeking a kind accent. "I believe it is safe. At least, he understands; and he is ready for the effort. I made him think that —that you meant to do your utmost."

"Yes; and he said——?"

"He said that if you did that, he would be free immediately."

"Good!" Centlivre answered. "We have now to reckon only with the accidents."

"But it seems to me," said Beatrice, "that, even with everything arranged between us, the accidents are scarcely to be escaped."

"There is only one that troubles me," said Centlivre, "and I will tell it to you when we know the worst. By the way, did you learn that the doctor has left the prison to-day?"

"No. How do you know that?"

"We quarrelled in a friendly way over the last copy of the *Times* at the bookstall. He was starting on a three days' holiday."

When the prison was rung up at six o'clock the next morning, one man was missing from the muster. His cell was entered, and C 27—entered on the books as John Edward Noriac—was discovered cold between the sheets of his hammock. The sleep of death is feigned in prison, once or twice in a century, and the warder looked closely at the white face and rigid frame before he sent for the assistant surgeon.

The assistant was a new hand in Trentlands, but not new to the service; he had joined recently from another prison.

"Who is the man?" he said. There were thirteen hundred convicts in the prison.

"Name of Noriac, sir. Seven years for forgery."

"Why, yes—of course!" replied the surgeon, bending closely over the body. "I recognise him. He sent for me last night with a complaint about his heart. Who was on duty in the ward last night?"

The night-warder, relieved but an hour before, was fetched out of bed.

After a glance at the face in the hammock, the doctor had stripped off the clothing and thrown open the shirt. The lower limbs were cold, but the chest and abdomen were slightly warm to the touch. There was no respiration, and the pulse at the wrist and other parts had ceased. The stethoscope carried not a tick from the heart.

The doctor turned to the night-warder. "This man is dead," he said. "Was there any sound from his cell in the night?"

"No, sir."

"Did he make any complaint after I had left him?"

"Not that I heard of, sir."

"Did you see him in his hammock during the night?"

"I threw the light in on him several times, sir. I saw him turn in his hammock twice, and after that he seemed to be asleep."

The cell was searched, but it yielded nothing con-

traband; and the body showed no trace of external violence.

The governor was summoned, and the situation explained to him. At the end of half an hour the body had stiffened and cooled throughout, and the heart was absolutely pulseless.

"Not much doubt about that, I suppose?" said the governor.

"I'm afraid not," said the young doctor.

"What do you put it down to?"

"As far as I can see, sir, an ordinary case of syncope. Failure of the heart's action during sleep. I told you what I observed last night. He has been dead only a very short time."

"You've made the tests?" said the governor.

"Yes, I've not omitted those, sir," said the doctor drily; "but here is one other."

He took a match from his pocket, struck it, and held the flame over the uncovered heart. The skin changed colour, and there was a slight smell of burning, but the body did not shrink.

"H'm! Better fix the inquest for four this afternoon," said the governor.

The warder who had taken Beatrice to the visiting-room on the previous day volunteered the information that he believed the lady was still at the station hotel, and a message was sent down the hill.

The dead man was carried out in his hammock and made ready for the jury. His cell was swept and garnished for another tenant, and his effects—a packet of letters from Beatrice—were placed under seal in the office. Preparations for the inquest were completed in the swift, silent way they do things in prison. The day's mill-round, on the works, in the shops, in the work-rooms, in the cells, was unbroken; it was passed about that C 27 had "kicked the bucket," but that was all. In parties large and small the dumb convicts were marshalled and driven hither and thither as usual, searched on parade, fed in their cells, and turned out again in the afternoon: one party was one man short; that made the sole difference in the day's drama.

The coroner for the district was summoned by wire from the sea-town seven miles distant, and the twelve jurors were gathered in from the hill.

The case seemed desperately bare of interest. It was quite evidently not a prison scandal, there was neither testimony nor suspicion of cruelty or neglect, and the several witnesses were plainly speaking all they knew.

The governor stated that the prisoner had been in his charge three years and a quarter, having come to Trentlands from the local prison in London, where, according to custom, he had passed the first nine months of his sentence. The prisoner had never been in trouble with any of the officers, he was never put to severe

labour, he had never complained to the governor that he was overworked, nor, as far as the governor was aware, had he ever had a day's illness in Trentlands. He was in the first class, and had all the privileges which first-class prisoners enjoyed. Only the previous day he had been permitted to receive a visit from a lady, and this little event had seemed to put him in very good heart.

A juror asked whether the lady were present and would give evidence.

The governor replied that the lady had been communicated with at the station hotel. She was in a state of prostration, and quite unable to appear. The lady had, however, stated voluntarily that, having seen the deceased so recently, in good health and spirits, she laid no charge whatever against the authorities of the prison, and would accept the verdict of the jury. She desired that the body be handed over to her, a request which the governor was empowered to accede to.

The assistant medical officer stated the circumstances in which he had been called to the prisoner's cell the night before. The prisoner complained of a sudden weakness of the heart. Such complaints were often made by malingerers, in the hope of being relieved from labour, but he had been informed that the man Noriac bore an excellent character in the prison, and had never attempted to shirk his task. He had made a very

thorough examination, and had satisfied himself that there was some cause for the prisoner's complaint; the action of the heart was a little weak. He had accordingly given orders that the prisoner be taken from duty on the works, and allowed a few days' quiet in his cell. The surgeon went on to explain the examination he had made that morning, in order to satisfy himself of the reality of death. The prisoner had not been dead, in all probability, more than a quarter of an hour at the time his cell was first entered. Asked whether the deceased's history in Trentlands afforded any clue to the suddenness of his death, the assistant surgeon replied that he himself had but just joined the staff of that prison, and that until the previous evening nothing had occurred to bring the prisoner Noriac under his notice. He had, however, made every possible inquiry since the morning, and, so far as he could learn, the deceased had not been under medical treatment a single day in Trentlands.

The foreman of the jury asked why the principal medical officer did not appear.

The governor stated that he was on special leave of absence for a day or two, the general health of the prison being exceptionally good. He had been telegraphed for, but the governor was unable to say whether he would arrive that evening.

A juror who up to this point had been silent put the

question whether the medical officer had ever known a case in which a prisoner had feigned death as a means of escaping from prison. The doctor replied, with a smile, that his experience of escapes and attempted escapes had not included a case of that kind. A prisoner who should succeed in imitating death so exactly as to deceive the eye, hand, and ear of an expert would run the extremest risk of being buried alive. However, added the doctor with another smile, the jury would have an opportunity of seeing the body for themselves.

What, in the medical officer's opinion, was the exact and immediate cause of death?

The deceased, answered the doctor, had unquestionably died a natural death, the cause being failure of the action of the heart during sleep.

The jury were then taken to view the body, which had been placed in a shell in a room adjoining the hospital. Noriac, his eyes closed, lay cold, stark, and livid, in the attitude in which he had been extended. The jury stayed but a few moments—it was a most uninteresting case—and returned to their own room.

The foreman asked if the medical officer was satisfied that there was no need for a post-mortem.

The doctor replied that in the ordinary course a case of sudden death would render imperative a post-mortem examination. The reason he had made none in this instance was that, having seen the prisoner only

the night before, and examined him carefully, he was in no doubt whatever respecting the cause of death. If it were desired, however, a post-mortem should be made.

The coroner said he thought the medical officer's explanation quite sufficient. Did any member of the jury entertain a doubt? No reply; and the coroner asked the jury for their verdict.

The chief warder begged leave to intervene for a moment. The officer who had locked the deceased prisoner into his cell on the previous evening had just informed him that he wished to make a statement.

This man was put forward, and said that, as he was locking in the men of his ward the night before, the prisoner Noriac had called him into his cell, and told him he had been scheming to escape from prison. The prisoner went on to say, continued the warder, that he had worked such a plan as had never before been attempted, and that he had been on the point of carrying it into execution, confident it would succeed, but that he had all at once abandoned it, having received a warning that very day that he should die during the night.

The court suddenly pulled itself together, and for the first time in the progress of the inquiry showed a touch of interest.

The coroner asked whether this were all the prisoner had said. That was all, answered the warder.

Had the witness not reported the statement to the governor or the chief warder? N—no (a little hesitatingly), he had said nothing about it.

How was that? Well, he was aware that he had failed in his duty in not having made the report, but he had not attached the least importance to what the prisoner said. Since the visit he had received in the morning, the prisoner had been excited in an unusual way. He was generally very quiet, but after this visit he had seemed upset, "in rather a lively fashion," and had laughed and talked to himself over his work in the afternoon. The witness, in short, had fancied that the visit had made him a little light-headed, for he had laughed again while speaking of his plan to escape, and even when he said that he expected to die that night. He thought it likely that he should have made a report on the subject in a day or two—he certainly should have done so had the prisoner ever repeated his statement—but the deceased had always borne such a good character in the prison that the witness had felt unwilling to bring him into trouble.

The latter part of the warder's evidence had turned the edge of the jury's interest in him. A sensation which promised well had evaporated. But the other witnesses were put through their facings again, that the situation might be made to yield its best.

The governor admitted that prisoners were some-

times a little unbalanced by the visit of a relative or friend; but the effects, as he had observed them, were for the most part slight and unimportant. Prisoners did occasionally, but very rarely, announce an intention to escape. They were then always placed under special watch. He suggested that the warder should be called who had been present at the interview between the deceased and the lady.

The warder was sent for, and gave a pretty close account of the conversation. He had been present, he said, at very many interviews between prisoners and their visitors, and the visitor would often try to cheer the prisoner by speaking of his chances of release. Nothing had passed at the interview which was contrary to the rules of the prison, and he had not noticed any particular elation in the prisoner.

The doctor, questioned again, said that alleged premonitions of death were not matters which medical jurisprudence was able as yet to take cognisance of.

The interest of the court had now completely passed, and the jury were not five minutes over their verdict of "Death from natural causes, in accordance with the medical testimony." A rider was added to the effect that the warder who had received the last statement of the deceased should have reported it on the spot, in order that the prisoner might have been placed at once under special and close surveillance.

Immediately after the inquest the governor ordered the shell to be closed, and the chief warder was instructed as to its delivery.

Beatrice had lived the day out in her own room, behind a locked door. At dusk she appeared in the garden, when Centlivre at once went down to her. Her agitation was extreme, her face was colourless, and she spoke through chattering teeth.

"H—have we failed?" she said.

A brief report of the inquest and verdict had already been placed in her hands.

"Why think so?" Centlivre answered. "Has it not gone step for step exactly as we willed it?"

But she still held crushed in her hand the verdict of the coroner's jury, and the words looked terrible upon paper.

"See," she said, holding it out. "They *say* that he is dead, that he died from natural causes. Those must have been the doctor's own words; they may be true, they may be true. They must *all* have seen him—could he deceive them so?"

Centlivre was well aware of this element of real doubt, though it weighed little with him.

"You forget," he said, "that we have been dealing with people very poorly skilled in such a case as this—a coroner's jury in an out-of-the-way place, a doctor's

assistant, who, as I heard this afternoon, has only just joined the staff. If the signs were such as I believe them to have been, a mistake was easy. And their very hurry has played into our hands. The inquiry might have been delayed a day, two days, or even three, and then indeed we should have had to fear. Had they waited for their principal doctor, who must have known Noriac closely, our danger would have been trebled. Quiet yourself; expect the best; we shall have him in our hands within the hour."

He had not finished speaking, indeed, when there was borne into the garden a sound of wheels moving slowly; and every spring that fed the heart of Beatrice was dried in her, as the wheels ceased at the yard of the hotel.

"Courage!" said Centlivre gently. The moment had come. Beatrice clung weakly to his arm. "Wait here," he said, "or return to your room. In a few minutes you will hear from me."

"I will wait here," said Beatrice.

He left her and hurried to the yard. Two warders of the prison, one of whom carried a lantern, were standing beside a cart, in which lay the most unambiguous object in the world—a coffin.

"I am acting for Miss Beatrice Balfe," said Centlivre. "She has a sitting-room engaged in the hotel, where the coffin will remain for the night. Can you assist me, or shall I get help from the hotel?"

The warders and the driver of the cart were willing, and the four men lifted the coffin quietly into the hotel. It was placed under Centlivre's direction on a low couch in their sitting-room. Dismissing the men with a fee, Centlivre waited till he heard the cart moving out of the yard; then he made fast the door of the room, and, taking a chisel from his pocket, he began with all speed to prise the coffin open.

At this precise hour one Mackellar, chief medical officer of Trentlands prison, recalled by telegram for he knew not what, was being driven briskly up the hill. Mackellar was a man of five-and-forty, with a prodigious appetite for work and a passion for finding out things. The loss of two days and a half from a three-days' holiday had not even caused a pain in his temper. The governor, he was informed, had gone for his evening stroll; so he despatched a message to his own subordinate, who answered it in person.

"Now, my young friend," said Mackellar, "what's the matter? Anything wrong with the boarders? Have you physicked one of them out of the wrong bottle?"

"No; but one of them has taken himself off without my help."

"Not old 'Free-and-Easy?'"

"Oh no; he's better."

"The 'Duke?'"

"Noriac's the man," said the assistant surgeon.

"Noriac? What's wrong with him?"

"Well, he died early this morning."

Astonishment and an enormous incredulity overspread the ugly, intelligent countenance of Mackellar.

"*Noriac!*" he said slowly, and with dreadful emphasis. "Who killed him?"

The assistant explained very briefly, and with some nervousness. Like most others in the prison, he was already afraid of his chief; a good and excellent man, but terrible in the discharge of his duty.

"Let me see him. Where have you got the body?" asked Mackellar.

"It was sent out this evening."

"Sent out! Sent out this evening! Who in heaven sent it out?"

"Governor's orders," replied the assistant.

"And, by God! who is medical officer of this prison?" clamoured Mackellar.

An unpleasant pause followed.

"Now sit down," continued Mackellar, not so roughly. "Sit down and tell me more of this. Let me have every detail."

"May I ask what your suspicions are?" said the young man.

"Yes, you may—in good time," returned the elder. "Now let me have it."

The assistant related as much as the reader knows of what had happened in the prison since the discovery of Noriac's death.

"Ah—h—h!" murmured Mackellar, at the close. "And by whom was the body claimed?"

"By the lady who came here yesterday—Miss Balfe, I think the name is."

"To be sure! *To* be sure! Well, my able young friend, here is *my* opinion: this is either the very finest 'plant' I have ever known, *or* the beautiful Miss Balfe is about to bury her sweetheart alive! Now you know what Tom Mackellar thinks."

"Heaven and earth!" cried the junior.

"Understand," said his chief; "*you* may have been right, and *I* may be wrong. Listen, however;" and Mackellar proceeded to speak curiously to his assistant.

The young man sat not a little distressed.

"Still," continued Mackellar, "we shall give you the benefit of the doubt. Men have died in sleep from natural causes before now. It may have been that you sent away a true corpse. Only, you perceive, I—knowing a little more of the case than you could know—had I been in your place to-day, should not have allowed an inquest in the afternoon and dismissed my man in a shell before supper-time. Your tests—you are young at our trade, and we are speaking within four walls—were quite insufficient. The signs might have deceived you

and might have deceived me thirty or even forty minutes after death so-called. But, if my surmise is correct, there would have been *something* different—I don't say something that a glance would have detected—an hour or two later, and most certainly by four in the afternoon. Yet you made no second examination. However, there goes the governor. Follow me, my young friend; together we will put the fear of the Lord into the Governor of Trentlands."

Major D'Avity, the governor, was a person to be dreaded equally with Dr. Mackellar; a governor who ruled his prison with a breath; and Mackellar was the only man upon the staff that would stand up to him. The governor sat and heard it all, making a point of not letting his cigar go out. It was his principle never to be taken by surprise.

"I'm sorry you weren't here," he said, when Mackellar had finished; "but I saw the body myself, and as you know, it takes a pretty old hand at malingering to get round me."

"We will drop the suggestion of malingering," said Mackellar. "I don't insist on that. It may have been a plot, a 'fake' on the man's part, or it may not have been. But, don't you see, if the thing were involuntary as far as Noriac was concerned—a view which I haven't had time to explain to our young friend here—we may still be responsible for burying a live man."

"I must repeat," said the governor, "that, having seen the body twice, I cannot take your point of view. The man was dead. If he were not dead—if it were a plot—if we had sent him out alive, I am not at all sure (speaking between ourselves) that we have any power left to us. We have sent away a corpse, let us say; we go down to the station hotel, suspecting we have made a mistake, and we find the corpse at *table-d'hôte*. Upon my soul, I don't know what our rights over him would be, for his name, with the date of his death, is chalked on the coffin we sent him out in; and we have on our books the verdict of the coroner's jury that he died this morning from natural causes."

"As plain as day," said Mackellar. "Sorry I troubled you, sir. Sorry I wanted that holiday. Good-night, sir;" and he left his junior to make his own adieus.

Pulling his pony out of the stable, Mackellar pelted down to the hotel. "You took a coffin in here from the prison this evening, didn't you?"

"Yes, doctor; sent down after the inquest."

"The lady in who claimed it?"

"Ill in bed, sir. You'll find her brother upstairs."

"Thank-you; just show me up."

The lid of the shell, scarcely nailed, gave to a touch of the chisel; and Centlivre raised it and looked in.

There had been no post-mortem, the only accident he had feared.

The sheet stripped from the body, he surveyed it critically. There is a part of the circle of life, lying just between spirit and matter, which remains a puzzle without a key. The links of the chain that connect the two are few and short, but science has no name for them, because it has no knowledge of them. What list of vital functions is veiled under these abysses of incertitude, we cannot tell.

Centlivre was astonished first at the aspect of the face, which, in fact, had undergone a change. It had taken on the crystal purity of death, the first or second day of death—

> "Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

It looked so like the sleep unfeigned that—with Beatrice trembling for his word in the garden—he was half-afraid to seek a proof. The body was absolutely still from head to foot. Conquering his unwillingness, Centlivre laid his hand on Noriac's arm, and compressed the flesh gently between his finger and thumb. In a dead body, if any part of the surface be compressed, the skin will remain flat and inelastic. Noriac's retained its elasticity, returning to shape immediately. The skin was cold, but Centlivre's hand was warmer than usual.

He dipped it in water, dried it, and tried again. The skin seemed warmer now. He laid his ear against the heart, and thought it moved. His stethoscope was at his hand, and he applied it; the beats of the heart were faint, but quite distinct.

From the window of the sitting-room there were steps leading into the garden, and Centlivre passed behind the blind, threw up the sash softly, and called. Beatrice was sitting motionless at the foot of the steps.

"He has done it!" whispered Centlivre.

An inarticulate response came up to him.

"There is only my part now," said he. "Let everything be ready. Is the boat close?"

"Yes."

"Send it out to the yacht at once. Let the men tell the captain you are coming, and return here immediately. It may be an hour yet, but I think it will be much less. You had better—but no; I have time for that myself."

He stepped into the garden and walked round to the front of the hotel and into the landlady's room. "We shall be leaving by the first train in the morning," he said, "and I may as well settle our account to-night. My sister has gone to bed, but she has asked me to thank you for her. We did not expect to tax your kindness in this way, but we shall not forget it."

In his room again, he turned once more to Noriac.

The idea of a possible pursuit from the prison had not presented itself to him, but escape during the night seemed imperative, and Noriac still lay in the trance which his power of will had induced. Centlivre knew, however, that time was now the only thing in question. The face had already lost its muscular rigidity, and the trunk and limbs showed a certain relaxation. The life was struggling back into the veins. The limbs twitched a little, and the chest began to heave. Centlivre chafed the feet and the palms of the hands, but they were as cold as before. He had laid on an opium plaster, and from a case in his chest he took a small battery and sent a slight current through the limbs. The muscles quivered, and the movements of the chest grew stronger, but the eyes remained closed. In a few moments the body became warm throughout, the vibrations of the heart were visible, and the pulse throbbed at the wrist.

Centlivre laid his hands hard upon the eyes. "Wake!" he said, "wake! It is Beatrice who calls you."

Noriac's eyes opened, and he rose half up in the coffin.

"Take this," said Centlivre, and he held a little warm milk to Noriac's lips, chafing his spine gently.

"Beatrice is not here," said Noriac. "It was not she who called me, but I heard her name." His voice was weak, and he spoke like a man in a dream.

"She will be here immediately—when you are ready for her."

"Yes," said Noriac; but it was clear that he did not comprehend. "When I am ready for her."

"You are free, Noriac," said Centlivre. "You have escaped from prison. I am Centlivre. Don't you remember now?"

Then Noriac saw himself in the crude coffin and remembered.

"Beatrice is waiting," continued Centlivre. "If you are strong enough, it is time to prepare. We are not yet very far from the prison. You are to leave here—with Beatrice—to-night—at once. Come, Noriac!"

He was awake now, and knew it all.

"Help me, Centlivre! Help me!" he said. "Let me go to Beatrice."

Everything was in readiness, to the suit of his own clothes which Beatrice had kept and brought away with her. The mental strain of the resuscitation having passed, Centlivre realised that their situation in the hotel, scarcely three miles from the prison, held innumerable dangers. But he was now seconded by Noriac, who, weak as he was, began hastily to dress. When he had finished, Centlivre had heated a bowl of soup for him over a spirit lamp.

The preparations had taken but a few minutes. Centlivre lowered all the lights in the room, and, pushing aside the blind, he drew up the window.

"She is *there!*" he said.

The two men looked in one another's eyes a moment, and Noriac held out his hand.

"Thank-you, Noriac; thank-you!" said Centlivre, as he took it.

And Noriac stepped out into the arms of Beatrice.

A minute later Centlivre walked back to the window. "Good-bye," he whispered. "I am going." But neither of them heard him.

"This the room?" said Dr. Mackellar. "Thank-you; I'll introduce myself."

His tap on the door was not answered, and he turned the handle and went in. The room was in perfect order, and showed nothing unusual except a coffin which stood on the floor. The coffin was closed, but a chisel lay upon the lid. Dr. Mackellar crossed the room, took up the chisel, and examined it.

"Of course!" he said.

He thrust it under the lid of the coffin, which opened quite easily. Replacing the lid, he put the chisel in his pocket, and walked out again.

"Dr. Mackellar," he said to himself, "I am inclined to think it will be a long time before you want another holiday."

SMALL TALE OF A TUB.

I.

THE Criminal Register at the Home Office contains, among others, this brief history.

Office Register Number.	Name and Aliases.	Description.						Prison from which Liberated and Date of Liberation.	Offence for which Convicted.	Sentence.
		Age.	Height.	Hair.	Eyes.	Face.	Trade or Occupation.			
B 204	Henry Spaine	36	4.9	red	bl.	pa.	Solicitor		Forgery	5 years.

A red-haired, pale-faced lawyer, of the grotesque stature of four feet nine. An old lady and a will had sent him on his travels from a court off Chancery Lane to Wardlock Prison, where there was a good deal of very respectable society, if the members had had leave to talk.

Mr. Spaine had never been known for a sentimental or a sensitive man. He had stood in the dock with a smile while the judge made it plain to the jury that he

must be devoid of heart (for it appeared there had been other old ladies and wills in his career), and he had passed into prison without abating a jot of his good humour. And if he did not show himself shamefaced or downcast in a position which asks some degree of mental and moral fortitude, neither did he give himself airs before the warders, or with the prisoners, when he mixed with them in chapel and on parade.

Years of disreputable practice had taught him some of the foibles of his kind, and, in general, how to use them to his profit. He had entered prison with scarcely a shilling to his credit, but when he made the discovery that the warder immediately over him was a poor man with a young family, he thought it no harm to insinuate that "Harry" Spaine could always touch money, and that "Harry" Spaine's friends knew where to come at it. As for giving himself airs among the convicts, he could not do such a thing. He never gave himself airs anywhere. In prison, moreover, it was quite unnecessary, for he had a very kind and even a flattering reception when he first appeared at exercise, thanks to his recognition by several old clients, who made his presence known to the squad.

Briefly, the sordid little cheerful man found that the grim environment of prison did not go ill with him. This kind of criminal is not long in learning that prison and penal servitude are penalties which depend a good

deal on the way you take them. The convict who is without shame and complacent under a sentence which disgraces him, has got over the worst of it when he can swallow skilly and dry bread with an appetite, sleep without feeling the plank through the mattress, put in a day's "graft" with no particular wish for a drink, and resist the awful longing to rush for the wall in the exercise yard.

Mr. Spaine was a gross little man in his way, but he had never sacrificed business to appetite, and his cravings were not severe. He liked to go to bed with a sense of rum in him, and he slept best on a late cigar; but the plain fare and extremely ordered life of prison kill the thirst in a month, and the tobacco hunger, which is much more persistent, was not strong with him. He could sleep anywhere and on anything, and for two reasons the notion of escape did not tempt him; he believed it impossible, and, having been struck off the rolls, he was temporarily without a future.

He settled down to improve the situation.

The pains of a long sentence are not realised at once. At the end of a fortnight the prisoner who has five years to serve adds up on his slate the fortnights that are left, thinks they will be shorter than the first, and begins to notch the days off on his table, day by day, just before the gas is put out at bedtime. Spaine

being a convict in knicker-bockers, lived apart from the short-term men in trousers, who are politely called "convicted prisoners;" but he saw them at times, and he had been greatly struck, in his cheerful mood, by the dejected look of a young man whose sleeve-badge showed that he was "in" for a mere nine months. In Mr. Spaine's own party on the exercise-ground there were ten-years men who cracked jokes in whispers; and a young murderer, reprieved from the gallows, who wore on his sleeve the "L" which stands for "Life," and which the lags call a "seven upside-down," gave excellent imitations of the judge whose summing-up had saved his neck. In this company Mr. Spaine thought nothing of five years.

Work? Yes, a convict has to work, of course. But there are many varieties of labour in prison, and the task demanded of the solicitor would scarcely have kept him, even in brown bread and skilly, at sweater's wages. He ought to have done his month in the oakum ward; but the doctor exempted him, and they put him instead to stitching bags for the Post Office. If the Post Office were in a hurry for bags, Mr. Spaine was not told. He put in stitches as the warder showed him, and it seemed to him that he earned a quite surprising number of marks for "industry." This toil for Government should have employed him hour after hour in his cell, with no one to speak to and nothing to cheer his

solitude; but in the afternoon he was allowed to join the "open-air party" for an hour, for the good of his health, which was excellent. The open-air party picked over the grounds with hoes, to no advantage; raked the paths in front of the chapel, without shifting a pebble; or, harnessed in fours to a cart which a child would push, drew little loads of nothing in particular to nowhere of consequence. It was mild, sunny weather, the grounds which the wall enclosed were wide and green, and Mr. Spaine, from the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, had never beheld so much of peaceful nature.

The tragedy of prison meant nothing to him; he walked through it unheeding. A man in the cell next to his, sick with apprehension for his wife and children, would start from his bed at night and cry, "Oh, will no one go to them and help them?" and this disturbance was most unpleasant to Mr. Spaine, who thought everyone had enough to do to help himself. The air of suspicion and distrust in which all the prison was enwrapped was rather grateful to him than otherwise. It seemed that everyone was a spy upon his neighbour, that even the warders were as distrustful of one another as they were of the prisoners; and to Mr. Spaine, who had lived all his life, as it were, with his eye and ear at a keyhole, this atmosphere was quite agreeably professional. "If you want to know a thing, sir," he whispered in the ear of his warder, "you just

come to me. Harry S. don't mind doing a bit of detective for a gentleman like you."

Yet the people with whom he herded (if that term may be applied to prisoners who live for the most part in separate confinement), far from avoiding him as a "screw's nark," or warder's spy, had a whole belief in Spaine for a safe and straight man. Out of his cell he was always on the smirk, and no one thought him such a kind, good-natured chum as the poor, broken-down creature in the next cell, whom he hated for disturbing him at night.

Men, who have never faced prison before, are generally good prisoners at the beginning. They are stunned and cowed by the sentence, or they are timid and eager to learn the rules, or they are tractable by nature, or they are merely indifferent and take things as they come. A man of a certain intelligence and not much feeling finds something to contemplate in the dull, mean, narrow life of the place. No other life in the world is like it; and Spaine, while no one interfered with him, was a man to relish its ignoble humour. He watched with a quiet enjoyment the shifts and struggles of old hands to ease themselves in their tasks, to wheedle out of the doctor another ounce or two of bread *per diem,* to coax the chaplain into taking up "my case, sir," and to sneak into the favour of some principal warder who

had soft berths to allot or recommend for in the hospital, the kitchen, or elsewhere.

So the weeks of Mr. Spaine's probation drew out into months.

Every convict, whatever his behaviour in the prison, is in the lowest or probationers' class for the first year of his sentence. Nine months of the twelve he spends, or should spend, more or less in separate confinement, seldom quitting his cell, and debarred from all social intercourse. He has only just enough to eat, and the fare is penitential. Unless he be very sick, no one from without may visit him, or even write to him. His isolation from the world that has rejected him is complete. This is the period, in a word, in which justice seeks to make the criminal very sorry for himself, and very anxious "not to do it again."

Mr. Spaine underwent five months' chastening on this wise and was not a penny the worse for it. The chaplain, a wise old man not easily played upon, was rather puzzled by him, but thought the discipline was telling in the right direction. In truth, however, the discipline was not giving Mr. Spaine the smallest concern. He was thinking steadily that the pains and burden of prison had been overstated.

The first thing that happened to make him shift his point of view a little was the accident of meeting in a corridor a man in convict dress who was strange to him.

He was a tall, big-framed man, who looked as if the flesh had dried up on him. He stood at the door of a cell, with a warder beside him—a great, dumb, fierce creature, whose aspect of hunger and hate set all the little lawyer's nerves vibrating as he passed before him. Locked in his own cell, Spaine could not rid his mind of the ugly image. He inquired of his warder. The warder could not say, but believed the stranger had been brought up for some purpose from one of the convict prisons South or West. Little Mr. Spaine had been really alarmed, the man had seemed so terrible; and even at the hour of exercise next morning he was less serene than usual. By signs and whispers it was possible to communicate and to learn a good deal while tramping the asphalt for an hour. In fine weather the convict barber often did his cropping out there, and he was very clever at talking without moving his lips. He named a prison down South, wholesomely feared by all old hands, and suggested that the man who had fluttered the nerves of Mr. Spaine had been fetched up from there. "And Gawd 'elp you, Mr. S., if you finds yourself the wrong side o' *them* doors when you leaves this here. Lor', my dear sir, this here's a drorin'-room," he added, passing the clippers finally over the bare poll beneath him. Mr. Spaine returned to his place in the ranks less pleased with prison than he had been.

Now, as it happened, the lags in his party were

exchanging notes that morning on the favourite subject of escapes. Mr. Spaine was wont to listen, but as a hearer who could smile and smile and still retain his doubts. But mention of the stranger who, for some reason, had been suddenly transferred to Wardlock, and of the prison from which it was suggested he had come, gave the argument a lively turn; and one man said killing would be no murder to get him out of *that* hell.

Then, two or three days later, Mr. Spaine beheld another sight which turned his thoughts back into the same channel—a long file of prisoners, chained together by the wrists, armed warders with them, and two omnibuses waiting in the yard. These men, having finished their "nine months' separate," were starting for a public works prison up country, to begin the second stage of penal servitude. How happy was little Mr. Spaine that he was not a party with a bright steel bracelet on his left wrist! For now all prisons other than Wardlock were peopled in his fancy by persons whom hunger and dire usage had made gaunt and fierce; and, with this prospect, the four years and a half that lay before him lengthened to a cycle.

But, unless something pleasant intervened, Mr. Spaine, in his turn, would certainly find himself under marching orders before many months had passed.

His discomfort increased. They must needs remove to another part of the prison the warder—a person of

his own kidney—whose favour he had bought by some little acts of sneaking which it had given Mr. Spaine much pleasure to perform. In his place came a man who did not require any lag to help him in his work, and who was very soon "down on" Mr. Spaine. When things take a wrong turn with you in prison, getting into trouble is particularly easy. Mr. Spaine learned things which surprised and pained him—as, that his cell was imperfectly scrubbed, that his bags for the Post Office were under-stitched, that he was too leisurely at his dinner, and so on. Prison was hardly worth living in at this rate. The warder was at him continually, and, a warder's disfavour being a much more serious matter than a governor's, Mr. Spaine began to lose all sense of peace. His cheerfulness departed; he had a spite against everyone.

But something came to pass which did very greatly revive his spirits, and filled the whole prison with envy and with longing. A man escaped from his cell, cleared the wall with a pole, and got away.

"Ho!" thought Mr. Spaine. "So you *do* get out sometimes!"

They keep these exploits as quiet as can be, for the example does no good to the rest; but, as far as could be learned, the prison-breaker had made a fine, old-fashioned flight, squeezing through his barred window and descending by a rope of bed-clothes.

Very fine indeed, but there was a sequel: in three days they caught the man, and brought him back. Presently came the director on his monthly visit, who said, "Twenty-five lashes;" and when horrid screams were heard from the oakum-shed Mr. Spaine remarked, "H'm! Bring 'em back and flog 'em, eh?"

Nevertheless, the fact had been proved that one *might* contrive to get out. That was something worth turning over in one's mind, especially by a legal gentleman who had been rather disposed to flout the notion of escape. Consider, then, the advantages of the situation. The prison was on the edge of London, and Mr. Spaine was essentially a town mouse, a native anywhere among bricks and mortar, an alien in green places. Freed from a prison on a tract of moor, he would find no hiding, would be barren of resource; but set him just beyond these walls, with London's myriad burrows conveniently nigh, and he would make a rare bolt for one of them.

But oh! the hard way out! Mr. Spaine looked up at the little grating which served him for a window, but he knew that salvation could not lie that way, for his cell was very high up, on the third landing, and not all the stuff he was possessed of would make rope enough to lower him. He had heard of persons clever enough to pick the locks of their cells, but *how* did they manage to do it? Moreover, there would be a

warder in the corridor, who might ask you to go back. The more he thought about it, the more clearly did he realise the limitations of his talent as a possible smasher of prisons.

Half a mile from the prison gates a band was playing on the green, a County Council band playing to free people. Even nearer seemed the whistle of a locomotive, carrying free people away to holidays. These sounds of liberty, how horrible they were in the cell on the third landing!

Then Mr. Spaine reflected that it might be better, after all, to wait for the chance of escape until his transfer to another prison. Flight from this cell was impossible. But it might be just as impossible in the other place, that other place where convicts grew less than human, as Mr. Spaine imagined. Here it must be contrived, if anywhere.

Now there are warders who can be induced to serve a prisoner in this way and that, but assisting him to escape entails a risk which is seldom worth incurring, and few flights are accomplished nowadays through an officer's connivance. Besides, one warder's help would carry a prisoner but a very little way, unless every chance were apt, for prison is full of wards. Mr. Spaine, moreover, had lost his trusty friend.

In the last shift, how would it answer to take into partnership a brother in captivity? Two might manage

it where one should fail. What would be better than all, thought Mr. Spaine, would be that a partner should have the planning of it and he the profit; and on this generous conviction he proceeded to act.

They were very friendly in the open-air party, and the warder in charge was of the easy-going sort who would stand a little talking.

Of the two likeliest men in the party, one was a tall, raw-boned man of middle age, who had been in hospital with an ague, and the other was just such a diminutive creature as Mr. Spaine; an imp of the slums, going on for thirty, who had three years to serve for housebreaking. Mr. Spaine was aware that both these men were thinking of escape. Nearly everyone in prison does that; but there is all the difference between the vague aspiration towards liberty and the fixed resolve, if possible, to secure it. The long man talked like a person of resource, and was evidently a schemer who meant business; but Mr. Spaine was rather afraid of him. He looked the kind of man who might kill you if you got in his way at the critical moment. The child of the slums was of a more accommodating temper, and he, besides, was proud of his acquaintance with Mr. Spaine, who could often do so much for "pore innocent chaps" whom the police would not let alone. He was inclined to be confidential, a habit Mr. Spaine had always made it his business to encourage.

"You know my game," said he, in the muffled half-tone which becomes the natural voice in prison. "Mine's a waiting game. No risks for H. S. He's got friends working for him outside. Now it's different with you, my lad."

"You're right, as us'l, Mr. S." said his friend. "W'en I got a fing to do, I got to do it myself."

"Well now, my dear young friend, do be careful. Remember that poor unfortunate chap the other day."

"'*E* was a mug," said young Slums. "Onst let me git out, and if vey catches me agin, w'y vey can bash me till I'm silly."

"Yes, but the getting out, my lad——"

"You two are going to get into trouble there," said the warder. "Keep further apart. I can't have you talking all day."

"It will take some getting at, at this rate," thought Mr. Spaine.

But, though impatient, he was full of patience: watched his chance every day; got a quiet word now and again; and kept egging his man on. "Partner" suspected nothing, had not a notion he was partner at all. What Mr. Spaine wanted was the young man's plan, that he might consider how it would work. But either no plan presented itself or it was still maturing: Mr. Spaine was getting no nearer to what he sought, while

the date of his departure for some unknown place of torment drew on amain.

One afternoon the open-air party—for whom, in truth, it was not too easy to find little jobs that looked like work—were set to rolling barrels. The barrels had been emptied of molasses, and were to be shifted in readiness for the van. They were rolled from the kitchen to a trap-door at the end of the corridor, and there bestowed; a task not over-stimulating, but who knows where the open mind will find its inspiration! Mr. Spaine heard young Slums chuckling as he rolled the barrels.

"Mr. S." he whispered, "'ow bloomin' 'igh should you reckon me?"

"Same as myself, to an inch."

"Jesso! Guess wat I'm a-finkin' of?"

"Can't say I do."

"Ah! Us little chaps 'as our charnces after all. See the 'eight of vem barrels? Now look 'ere. Vey don't lift vese barrels, vey rolls 'em down. T'over side o' vis trap there's a slopin' plank. Down I rolls on it. Twig?"

Mr. Spaine's mind was suddenly illumined.

"What! Trust yourself in one of those barrels?" he whispered. "Why, the risk's awful!"

He was thinking that one of them would hold him very nicely, the mean little man.

"It's worf tryin' of," said the other. "If ve could on'y get ve screw's back on us, I'd be in."

The warder was looking on at a distance of a few yards, and occasionally lending a hand. Young Slums trembled exceedingly.

"I've see 'em fetch ve bloomin' fings away," he whispered. "Vey stands the cart underneaf ve slopin' plank, and just rolls 'em down. It's as easy as anyfink."

Was Mr. Spaine going to stand idly by, and see his dear young friend escape?

All at once there was a cry from the warder, who was seen to turn faint and reel against the wall. There were eight men in the open-air party, and seven of them scrambled to help the warder, who had fallen to the ground in a fit. The kitchen was close by, and in a moment the warder-cook and his convict aids were in the corridor. Other warders, thinking the lags were making a rush for it, hurried up, blowing their whistles, and the corridor was all in a fuss. What a beautiful, an ideal, chance for Mr. Spaine's young friend!

But all was apparently right, with the exception of the warder whom the heat had overcome, and he was presently being carried to the hospital on the first landing. Another warder gathered up the seven of the open-air party, inquired of each man what hall he belonged to, and very soon the seven were on their way to their respective cells.

Now the seven, of course, knew quite well that they should have been eight; but nobody blabbed, though one of them looked murder.

The eighth man lived in a hall in which he alone had the privileges of the open-air party, and as no tidings of what had happened below had reached the officer on duty there, he took no notice of the unlocked cell. By-and-by, however, he looked at his watch. Then he called to an officer on the lower landing: "Where's that open-air party?"

"Oh, they're in some time. Ridley was took with a fit."

"Hello! But, look here, my man ain't in. Sure about Ridley?"

"Sure."

"Then, *where's that Spaine?*"

There was only one person in the prison who could have answered this question with complete certainty, and he was a young man from the slums doing "three stretch" for housebreaking. He sat scowling over his tea, and wished his sympathetic friend might choke in the treacle tub.

The alarm was given quietly (for two escapes in six months would be an awful example to the lags), and the search was begun. They are just as clever in prison as elsewhere at looking in all places but the right one; and while the grounds were explored in every corner,

and the yards, and the offices, and scouts were sent beyond the walls, nobody thought of the molasses tubs. There was only one man who had business with those tubs, and he had not arrived. But he came. He came in the quiet evening; a dark, quiet evening; just the nice dark, quiet evening to roll a prisoner comfortably out of prison.

Mr. Spaine's partner had, however, made one mistake.

These molasses tubs were a new kind. The man who took them away had merely to press them at the top, when they collapsed and fell to pieces; they were so much more easily packed in that way. Thus a mere molasses tub may feel the march of progress in the arts; but the sort which collapses is not the sort in which to escape from prison!

"SAVE ME! OH SAVE ME!"

"THIS is some dream," was the man's first thought: "Oh, if I could prove it real!"

He lay there in the long cold grass afraid to move, although the night was so dark. What stirred him chiefly was a wonderful sweetness of the air; a clean, fresh savour that he had not known for years. "It was never like that *in there,*" he thought.

Without lifting himself, he turned half round, and his eyes strained at the darkness. Then it was that he began to think he was alive and awake. Behind him, not twenty yards away, rose the huge black mass of the prison.

God! it was true, then; he *had* escaped: he was free. All the others were *in there,* locked in their cells, and every gate and every door locked; and he, he who had endured six years, was free. The liberty that God destined for all His creatures was his at last. He rocked himself for joy, rolling to and fro in the sweet, moist grass. It seemed, all at once, so natural. He had longed

to escape, he had dreamed of escaping, and he had escaped.

Then he wondered how he had done it, but he could not in the least remember what had happened since he had quitted his cell for work in the carpenter's shop in the afternoon. It puzzled him, yet it did not seem too strange. He thought he must have slipped in letting himself down from the wall, and fainted on falling. But he was not hurt in the least; he had never felt such strength in him, such lightness.

It was a dark, rich night of summer; no moon, and scarcely the shimmer of a star; it was the very night he had hoped to escape in. He sat up in the grass, and considered what he should do; turned it over in his mind comfortably, without the least anxiety.

He would go Home. Home, that had seemed so far when they locked him in at night—every night of six unending years—seemed now no farther than the edge of this warm, dark, quiet field, where no one was stirring. He was sure he could be Home before daylight.

He crept to his feet, and then, dark as it was, he fancied that he stood very high. He missed the white-washed roof of the cell, which he could almost touch with his head, reaching on tiptoe, and the sense of space above gave him a feeling of greater height, and he asked himself if it were possible for him to be seen.

All this time he had been utterly alone, and this

sense of solitude made him think that he had put the prison leagues behind him; but as he stood up he heard a voice, or voices, not very far away. The echo of the voices shook him; he remembered that, when his flight was discovered, he would be pursued. He threw himself in the grass again, and began to steal away, crawling. Then he rose, ran, and stopped.

There were no lights about the prison. He stayed, panting; perhaps they had not yet found out. But he could see shadow-figures growing in the black beyond; he was certain that he saw them; they made marks upon the darkness. If they were warders, there should be lanterns with them; but perhaps they were scouting with their lanterns hidden, and would form a cordon round him, and close in on him. He forgot the hope of Home, and ran blindly for safety. He wished, in his terror, that he were back again in prison.

The whistle of an engine sounded; it seemed not very far in front of him, and he ran towards the sound. He remembered that the prison was quite close to London: the train, if he could reach it, might carry him there, or far out into the country.

He was quite sure now that he was being followed, and he ran headlong, with no thought but of saving himself. If he could but reach the railway!

Now and again he stumbled, and once he fell heavily; but he felt no hurt, and was scarcely conscious

of the shock; but he believed he could run through the night without fatigue. He thought of what would happen to him if he were taken; he could hear the warders' chuckle of revenge as they hammered round his ankles the irons he would have to wear waking and sleeping for six months.

The scrub that he was traversing had no end, and in the dark it was as trackless as a desert; yet in the cell the man had sometimes heard sounds of life out there, music even, and far-off echoes of laughter; and he knew that, desolate and black as it was, he must even now be almost at London's edge. Streets were lighted, and people going to and fro in them, and shopmen at their doors, it might be not above a mile away.

Then, as he continued running, there traced itself against the obscurity of the night an irregular large outline right in front of him; and the man went weak, thinking he had been moving in a circle, and had reached the prison again. Stealing closer, he saw that this was a place with a low wall, and iron rails above it, and trees overhanging; and he bore in mind the great cemetery of London, and guessed that this was it. More, he was now certain of his whereabouts.

He had stopped right against the cemetery gate, and could see lights in the lodge inside; and he moved away and crouched in an angle of the wall, and fell

again to listening. It was so still that the man's heart ceased knocking: he had not lost his freedom yet. Then, again, he heard the siren whistle of an engine, heard it more clearly than before, and knew that he was drawing closer to the line.

He moved along, hugging the wall of the cemetery, which was a definite means of guidance. But the wall seemed to stretch out interminably, and he fancied that if he could climb into and strike across the cemetery he would come out within a little distance of the railway.

With scarcely an effort he clambered over—himself surprised how swift and agile he was grown—and stood amid the dense leafage of the burial-ground. Innumerable white paths showed faintly around him, but he avoided these, and began at once to steer a cautious way among the tombs and gravestones, seeking always the straightest course. He had made but a short distance from his point of entrance, for every step was felt and groped in the utter darkness of the cemetery, when again he had a vivid sense of the nearness of another presence. He stopped instantly, and cowered to the ground. This time he was not mistaken: feet were on the gravel path quite close to him—whether in front or behind he could not tell for certain.

He had reached a space where the soil was as yet untenanted: there was not so much as a headless mound

to shelter by. How foolish he had been in entering the cemetery; they would send there at once to search for him. He could still hear the feet moving softly on the gravel, and now they were so near that, though he himself could distinguish nothing, he thought he must surely be perceived. The suspense of this became all at once intolerable; it would be less easy to be taken if he were upright and able to grapple with his opponent; and he rose to his feet and turned round. Another man stood there, so near that he could hear the quick beats of his breath. His own breath almost ceased.

Neither of them moved, and the man in flight wondered if the other man were afraid of him. It made him the more determined to fight hard; if the other man were a warder he would be armed, but the prisoner would try to get to his neck and throttle him.

"Let's know who you are," said the man on the path.

The voice was rather conciliatory than threatening, and the prisoner did not recognise it. What if this other man should be escaping too? They might fly together.

"It's all right," continued the voice. "I ain't doin' no harm, mister."

What a wild, happy feeling welled in the convict! He felt strong and light-limbed as before.

"All right," he said.

Common speech, the speech of free men which he had not used for years, was strange and difficult to him. It was hard not to say "sir" to the man, who was evidently a tramp.

"I thought maybe you was a cop," said the other, "though I don't see the harm of a chap turnin' in here for a bit o' sleep. I ain't no grave-robber. I'm on'y a tramp."

How the convict wished he could change places with this homeless creature, who had crept in to sleep among the graves! With the wish came the thought that he stood within the danger of the man, who must presently perceive his prison suit. If the man informed against him at the prison, they would give him a reward, and one must be miserably poor to come here for lodging. He stole a cunning glance downwards at himself, and observed amazedly that he was wearing, not the prison clothes, but his own, the suit that he had worn six years ago, on the day he was arrested. He could not imagine how he had effected the change, which gave him so much security, but it increased greatly his feeling of elation. He drew nearer to the friendly tramp, who had addressed him as a superior.

"You wasn't a-goin' to sleep here, I reckon, mister? Maybe lost your way."

The prisoner caught at the suggestion.

"Yes," he said, "I thought this might be a short cut to the station. Isn't there a station over there somewhere? To tell you the truth, I'm in a hurry, and got over the wall."

He felt confident and even safe, wearing his own clothes, and spoken to with deference by this poor outcast. In six years he had scarcely had a word that was not a command.

"Take this path I'm on, and keep straight ahead," said the tramp. "If you climbs the wall at the end, you can see the railway lights. Say, you ain't got a copper or two, sir?"

Money? He had not known the touch of money all the years of his imprisonment. Once, about a year ago, he had seen a warder take some silver out of his pocket, and since then he had never even looked upon a coin.

"I hope you will believe me," he said; "I have not any money whatever with me—not a penny piece. I shall have to beg a ticket at the station."

"All right, mister," returned the tramp. "I believe you. They'll give the likes of you a ticket easy."

"Good-night, and thank-you," said the convict.

"Good-night, mister."

As he turned to go, the convict saw something shining on the path behind the tramp. He stooped swiftly, unobserved, and picked it up. It was a six-

pence, and he thrust it into his pocket with a feeling of triumph and delight, and no sense at all of guilt. The tramp had reminded him that he needed money; it was not for him to ask how the sixpence had come there. Perhaps it had fallen from his own pocket; it might have been missed when his clothes were searched.

He now began to move with silent speed along the path, abating nothing of his watchfulness of ear, yet with better courage than he had hitherto felt. He thought more and more that his flight had not yet been discovered in the prison.

The wall at the opposite side of the cemetery was reached, and scaling it he beheld the lamps of the railway, as the tramp had said, burning on the high embankment but a little way beyond. He footed it quickly to the embankment, crawled up with stealth—for he was now afraid of the lamps—and lay down in shadow to shape his programme further.

The glare of light some two hundred yards along the line—that must indicate the station. Only two hundred yards, or less, from a railway-station, and money in his pocket! He felt for the sixpence; yes, it was there; a fortune in silver. If he bought a ticket for two or three pence, he could pretend to sleep in the train, and be carried far out into the country; or an outlay no greater would probably suffice to bear him into the heart of London.

But he reflected thereupon that since this was doubtless the station nearest to the prison, warders and police would to a surety be looking for him there if it were known that he had broken out. The station-master and his staff would have been warned; not one pair of eyes there but would be spying for him; all good people would hunt the convict down. He gnashed his teeth and swore they should not take him.

It would be prudent, however, to retreat a little way up the line. There might be another station within an easy walk; if he lay in hiding just outside it he might contrive to slip into an empty carriage when the train stopped.

He crossed the line, drawing himself over it inch by inch, so as to have the embankment betwixt him and his pursuers.

His peril notwithstanding, it was still most sweet, this sense of liberty under the soft dark sky, and the air blowing so gently on his face. Fancies and images of Home came before him again. There would be no one in the room except his mother; she would be sitting at the open window, looking out across the soundless fields, —thinking of him. He would see no change in her the next day, unless her hair were just a little whiter. She would walk up and down the garden with him, pretending that nothing had happened; but he would have to guard against the suddenness of the shock to

her. He had never let her visit him in prison, but he had kept himself in the first class, so that he could receive the letters she was allowed to write him every three months. He remembered every word that she had written him.

He had started running again; he wanted to be Home before daylight.

A train clattered past him, going out from London. He was on the country side of the line, and would stick to that. He ran steadily, and other lights grew in front of him; he was nearing the next station. He faltered in towards the platform, just as the train was starting again; sprang at the handle of the last carriage; and there he was, quite comfortable on the cushions. It was a long, open, third-class carriage, with rows of seats in front of him, but no other passenger. He would be carried out into the country; he would slip away from the carriage as he had slipped in—for he was quite aware that he was riding without a ticket—and then he would run hot-foot across the fields, and be Home by daybreak.

He did not know at all at what station he had got in, but it was so large that he thought it must be a junction; and he reckoned that the train must travel far before it stopped again. He did not want to sleep, but he settled himself restfully and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again the carriage was full

of people, and they were all watching him. Such, at least, was his first impression; but when he ventured to take stock of his fellow-passengers, it did not appear that he was specially observed. There were women in the carriage, and their presence thrilled the man who had not looked upon a woman's face for years. Most of all was he fascinated by a child in a white frock, nursing a doll affectionately on her knee. He would have given anything to speak to her, but he had lived so long in silence, and the dread of being reported for a word, that he scarcely knew how to talk. There were men reading newspapers and others chatting together; they were free and had no fear. He liked all these people; he felt secure among them; he did not think they would betray him.

The train stopped again, and the man looked out curiously for the name of the station. He did not recognise it, but that gave him no uneasiness; he was confident that all was going right. Then, as the train moved out from the station, a sickening terror fell on him, for in the other corner of the carriage a warder was sitting. The convict had not seen him get in, but was sure he had not been there before.

The warder was in plain clothes, as if he were enjoying an evening off duty, and he held a pipe in his hand. He did not look at the convict.

The convict had a momentary impulse to act

defiantly, and engage in talk with the people near him, as if he were free like them. Perhaps this would deceive the warder, who might think he had been liberated; it was even possible the warder might not know him in his gentleman's clothes. But his tongue would not move, and his mind was quite vacant. He had run into a world wherein he was totally a stranger; even if he were able to talk, he had no food for conversation; he did not know what was happening anywhere. He shrank against the door with his face turned to the window.

The seat opposite to his was empty, and the warder moved down the carriage and took it. Now at last he was recognised! Still the warder said not a word.

The train rolled slowly on. It was not, as the convict had persuaded himself it must be, an express, but a local train, making the tour of the suburbs. When it began to slacken speed again, the man tried to brace himself for a rush; but he found that his limbs had no power to obey his will; he sat under the horrid spell of the warder opposite, and could not move.

The train creaked into the station, and stopped; and, as in a dream, the man beheld his fellow-passengers leaving the carriage one by one, the little girl in the white frock and all of them; he sat and watched them go, and dared not and could not follow them. The guard slammed the door, the train was once more in motion, and the man and the warder were alone. This

must be the situation the warder had been waiting for.

He held up his pipe and said: "Can you give me a light?"

Why would people torment him by asking for things which they must know he could not possibly possess? A convict has no money and no matches; if a match were found on him he would be severely punished. But this reflection was at once driven from his mind by another and much more vital one. It was, that this warder did not belong to the prison from which he had just escaped. That had never struck his thought until the warder spoke. This warder was attached to the staff of a great prison in the South, where the runaway had served three years of his sentence. Perhaps, after all, he had forgotten him; perhaps he did not even know him.

"No," the man replied, he had not a match about him. Now, would his voice betray him?

"Seems to me," said the warder, looking him full in the face—"seems to me I ought to know you. What's your name?"

How horrible! the man could not recall his own name. This must be fatal, and he gave himself up for lost.

"You're Barrington, ain't you?" continued the warder.

Barrington! Charles Barrington! Yes, that was his name. He nodded.

"Ah! Just so. Let me see, was it five years or seven, your little lot?"

The man bethought himself that if his sentence had been only five years he would have regained his liberty before this; and he answered "Five."

"Kept out of trouble since, I expect," pursued the warder. "You weren't the sort to come back to us. Why, I remember you at Trentlands. You were in the stone-cutters' party for a goodish bit. Did your time well, too; though you gentlemen lags often give a deal of trouble."

All this time the convict was in a very agony of tremor; should the warder's memories carry him a point or two further he might still be unmasked. He must quit the train at the next station.

He had now no notion where he was, but his main hope lay in the distance to which the train must by this time have carried him from the prison.

As it slowed once again, he viewed the scene beyond with all the hope that he could muster. Below the line of railway, on one side, a long street stretched, yellow with flaring lights, booths and stalls on either hand; an open-air market crowded and bustling. On the other side all lay dark, as though fields began there. Suddenly the warder said: "There's no hope for Gladstone, I suppose?"

"Gladstone?" said the convict, "is he ill?"

"Aha!" exclaimed the warder, "I thought so. Gladstone's dead and buried last year. I just began to suspect something. My man, you've got loose from Wardlock! You'll come with me."

The prisoner wrenched open the door and leapt from the carriage. The platform, as he alighted, was perfectly quiet, but he thought it swarmed with people who had rushed to help the warder. His senses had left him; his plan had been to make towards the left, in the direction, as he supposed, of the open country; instead, he sprang across the line, flung himself over the wooden barrier of the platform, and slithered down the steep bank into the teeming market.

His name was hissed into his ear at every step; he *felt* all about him the pursuers whom he could not see. The market, as he thought, was thronged with faces hostile to him; under pretence of buying, the people had come out to look for the convict who had escaped. Yet how should they know it, at this infinite distance from the prison? For now the flaming street, with its huddled noisy market, had taken on the lineaments of a little town, leagues away, in the dark north country, where he had lived as a boy.

He looked at no one, yet he saw everybody. The people put themselves in his way as he walked, for he did not dare to run; they were afraid to arrest him, but they were doing this to hamper him, until the warder

should come up. His mind ran wildly on the best means of getting unobserved into the country; he knew the market street should terminate in a bridge across a river; and just over the river were fields, and there was a wood not a mile away. But the market extended much farther than it used to do, and the people kept putting themselves in front of him.

He tried to think of those whom he had known in the town; it was so odd there should be no one friendly to him. Then he remembered what disgrace he was in; he had brought shame upon his family; he had no business out of prison; they all wanted him to be sent back.

He burned with shame; it was monstrous of him to have returned where he was so well known on the very night that he had broken out of prison. Just then he caught a glimpse of a man whom he knew, and tried to get near him. The man was standing at a stall, and as he turned half-round the convict recognised the tramp he had spoken to in the cemetery. Perhaps if he were to give the tramp the sixpence he had found on the path he would be friendly to him again, and help him away. He pushed forward and touched the tramp on the shoulder.

The man turned and stared at him, then shouted: "This is him! This is the man that's wanted. He

robbed me. He stole sixpence off of me. Stop him! Stop him!"

For the convict had taken to his heels and was flying through the market between the double line of booths and stalls. In an instant the cry was caught up, and the whole market ran with the tramp. Fast as he went, he scarcely seemed to move, and it amazed him that he kept always in front of the crowd. But the voices at his heels gradually died away, the blazing street melted on either side of him, and he was coursing through fields again.

He began to sob and choke, his tears were like a rain that blinded and impeded him; they made the ground slippery under his feet; and he cried aloud to the night for shelter and for safety.

The night lifted, and a vague black form of stone that filled the whole horizon rose and grew in front of him; he saw it rising up out of the ground as he ran, helpless, towards it. He knew what it was. He had returned to the prison: and he fell headlong under the conning-tower with a scream.

Waking in sweat, he struggled up weakly. The room was full of sun, and his mother stood over him, stroking his face and crooning to him as she had done when he was a child. It broke slowly on his mind that he had been released from prison the day before.

HOW FAIRFAX DID NOT ESCAPE.

I.

THE QUARRIES.

EIGHTY degrees in the shade—and there was no shade!

"Old" Remnant perceived by a stealthy movement of his head that the warder's back was turned, and setting down his barrow he pulled off his cap and wiped his steaming head and face. The younger man went on swinging his pick as steadily as ever.

The outdoor gangs had been at work nearly four hours under that smiting zenith, and the grey-white quarries were as beds of fire. Civil-guard Tuck went to and fro on his sentry-beat against the wall, the sun gleaming from the barrel of his rifle. Except for the rifle on Mr. Tuck's shoulder, that boundary wall would have seemed small enough; "Old" Remnant was certain he could take it at a vault. But Mr. Tuck had once severed with a bullet the spine of a man who was curious to know just what height the wall was. I sup-

pose the man also wanted to know what was on the other side of the wall, for in seventeen years he had not passed beyond it.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and those horrible quarries under that vault of fire would grow yet more Promethean hot.

"Old" Remnant went forward with his barrow; a brawny convict of five- or six-and-forty; as fine as steel, the skin of his face, neck, arms, and hands burned almost walnut. He had a long irregular face, with blue eyes, straight nose, and a beautiful square mouth stocked with the whitest teeth. What hair the convict barber had left him was just passing from deep brown to grey. His arms were tattooed profusely, and he was especially proud of the death's-head on his right fore-arm. His knickerbocker suit of drab had the yellow facings of a second-class prisoner, for "Old" Remnant could never stay long in the first class, and the figures on his sleeve-badge told that he must wear that suit for ten dreadful years.

He cast a look beyond the wall, the look of a man who would do very indiscreet things if chance would but give him the very tiniest opening. For, just beyond that paltry barrier, lay the fair world of freedom: cribs to crack, racecourses where you could bet the odds, flash-houses to drink and gamble in all night, music-halls with fine yellow-haired women and quiet pubs south

of the Thames where you could enjoy a bit of cock-fighting at your ease.

But, above everything else, it was the thirst that plagued him; and "Old" Remnant's eyes were fixed upon the green signboard at the door of the "Plum and Feathers," right in the middle of the village street, which was just visible from the purgatorial quarries. Free men were in there, out of the accursed sun, drinking what they pleased. "Old" Remnant almost fancied he could hear the ale flow frothing into the pewter pots. Five years since he had raised a pewter to his lips!

The younger man continued steadily to swing his pick.

"Matey!" whispered "Old" Remnant.

"Well?" and you could tell by the voice that the younger one was a "gentleman lag," a "toff." *His* sleeve carried the figure 5.

"How does teetotal stand it, matey?"

"Oh, pretty well!"

"Damme! I c'd drink the bloomin' silver Thames!"

"Now then, old un!" cried the warder, "you'll catch a cold if you take it so easy there."

"Right, sir!" chuckled "Old" Remnant, who could swallow a hint proffered jest-wise.

The officer in charge of the quarries put his whistle to his lips and blew the "Cease work."

"Slops on, and fall in!" said the warder of "Old" Remnant's party.

The sun smote him sorely through his stiff cap and serge tunic, and the sword at his belt seemed to scorch his leg; but not a muscle of him was relaxed.

Drawing on their slop jackets, the men of each party formed in double file; party advanced to join party; the military guard, sweltering in their scarlet tunics, came behind; and the civil guard, with their guns to shoot down lags, brought up the rear. Then the long drab column began limply to march through the burning quarries.

Beside "Old" Remnant walked Fairfax, the one with the 5 on his sleeve. He stood two inches above his comrade, and was reckoned the best-looking of H.M. convicts in Longstaff. "Old" Remnant, who was fastidious in his choice of a pal, had frozen to Fairfax, who had sacrificed his liberty for five years in an hour of political sleep-walking in Ireland. He was the only "political" on the roll of Longstaff, though there were two or three scores of "gentlemen lags," with very ungentlemanly records at their backs. In all that drab-coloured column, moving slackly through the fervid dust of the quarries, Fairfax was, perhaps, the only one who had never stained his inmost self through the eight-and-twenty years of his Quixotic life.

From the broiling grey-white quarries to the blistering grey yards of the prison, and up the asphalte slope to the parade-ground. Search parade: caps off, slops unbuttoned, arms outstretched,—as if (novels excepted) you could smuggle in a hook, or a file, or a saw from the quarries of Longstaff!

The deputy governor, in from his canter by the river, fanned himself with his straw, and clicked a spur against a buttress of the clock-tower. He nodded to the chief warder as the parties were checked off, and said "Hurry up," at intervals.

"Ah! you're wantin' that whiskey and soda, *ain't* you?" muttered "Old" Remnant. "Ain't goin' to put *me* alongside of one, I expect!"

"Remnant," whispered Fairfax, "what's wrong with you this morning? Don't get in trouble."

He had known his gang-companion only as the wariest and most prudent of prisoners. The warders, having a longer acquaintance with him, knew the "old un" as a very tough member when his foot itched for liberty.

"I'm all right, matey," he said when the search-warder had passed down the line. "A bit of trouble would do me good just now. I can do five stretch comfortable, but I gets the hump after that. Matey, I've a notion I'm going to sling my hook."

"Don't be a fool," said Fairfax, *sotto voce*. "No one has ever got away alive from Longstaff."

"Ah! That's where the am*bition* comes in, matey. Oh, he's *am*bitious, is the old un!"

Three times had "Old" Remnant broken prison, but never from Longstaff. From Longstaff, as Fairfax said, no one had ever got away alive.

II.

"FREEDOM-HUNGER."

THE next day was Sunday, and Sunday brought with it always one blessed relaxation. The prisoners, tongue-tied on week-days, were allowed to talk at exercise.

"Old" Remnant seemed pleased with himself that morning; he was sedately jocular.

"Enjoy your breakfas', matey?" he inquired of Fairfax.

"I always do."

"Ah! Ever think of a steak-and-onions, matey?"

"Well, not for breakfast."

"H'm! It's queer, but I thought this mornin' I c'd do a steak-and-onions all round the clock—breakfas',

lunch, arfternoon tea, and seven-thirty dinner in my nice white choker. You ain't seen me in a white choker, matey. Now, you're a chap that thinks, and I *ex*pect you've had dreams; believe in dreams, matey?"

"What sort?"

"Never mind! *I* dreamed of a steak-and-onions, matey, two nights before I got out of Borstal."

"You're on that tack still, are you?" said Fairfax.

"Ten years 's a long stretch, matey."

"You've done five," said Fairfax.

"Five's a stretch you can do on your head. It's when you turns the corner, and sees another blasted five!"

"Pull yourself together," said Fairfax. "You can't get out of Longstaff."

"It's a sad waste o' time," mused "Old" Remnant; "and if you come to think, it's rough on the pore old Queen. We cost her one-and-eight a day, matey, and she's got a tidy big family to find for."

"Perhaps we should have thought of that before we came upon her charity."

"I don't say but we should, matey; though it's never too late to mend, as the croaker told us this blessed Sunday mornin'."

"Well," said Fairfax, "now that we're in for it, I

fancy we had better accept her Majesty's charity for the time she has been good enough to impose it on us."

"It don't seem quite the square thing. She's gettin' on in years, an' got a blame ex*pen*sive fam'ly, an' you an' me's a-fattenin' on her victuals. I'm puttin' on flesh myself, and who's a-feedin' me? Whose table am I robbin'?"

"So you're going to try it, then? Well, what's your plan?"

"I ain't ezackly fitted out the expedition, matey; but I'm a-studying the chart."

These Sunday talks have been disallowed—perhaps not quite without reason.

Fairfax did not much believe in "Old" Remnant's project, for the impregnability of Longstaff was a kind of proverb in all H.M. prisons; but the face of that able burglar and prison-breaker was very studious as he sat in his cell through the afternoon of Sunday, with the Bible across his knees.

"Old" Remnant was aware that every chance was against him, but he had seen freedom in a vision, and he could see nothing else. This fierce freedom-hunger is the chief disease of convict prisons, and all the prison people know it well, from the governor down to the commonest little sneak of a convict in his keeping. Day

and night, the lag hopes and pines for liberty; there is nothing but this longing, and the dull hope of its fulfilment, that solaces his bondage. For the years do not roll with him, they trail and slug along, and seem perpetually to lose their course, as if some cruel hand put back the clock a little and a little every day. But most prisoners lack the energy, and a yet greater number lack the courage that is wanted for the great attempt. For prison-breaking is not what it was. A Cellini, a Casanova, a Trenck, a Latude, a Sheppard, could scarcely eat his way out of the thin modern prison that is watched and haunted at every point, moment by moment, through every hour of the twenty-four. But —old prisons or new prisons—every prison has its master. Bastille or pound, there is always one genius who has the Open Sesame.

"Old" Remnant knew that he had the freedom-hunger very badly, and knew that it would get the better of him. When it gnawed like this, he had always made his rush; and three times he had succeeded; but here, for the first time, he had neither plan nor inspiration; he was ignorant of everything that was to come. His time was at hand for another leap at the bars; he must make that leap; but intuition lighted him no farther.

At bed-time he was as empty of ideas as at dinner-time, and he wanted another twelve hours for quiet me-

ditation. He had thought out his last escape in a punishment cell at Chatham. On the Monday morning, accordingly, he refused to muster for chapel, and was promptly marched to "chokey."

"I'll get it here," said "Old" Remnant, as the door closed upon him in the dark cell.

III.

THE BELL.

BOOM went the bell, the great bell in the tower; and twelve hundred convicts, less one, sat bolt up in their hammocks, and listened. Not a warder patrolling his hall in felt shoes, lantern in hand, but stood and listened to the bell. No sound ever moves the prison as that does, for the screaming message of the bell was this: "PRISONER ESCAPED!"

It was perfectly dark in the cells, so, being mid-July, it could be nowhere near the morning; who had got clear in that short span of darkness?

Fairfax alone, perhaps, divined aright.

Every warder on night-duty in every hall glanced nervously at the cells around and above him. He knew

that in each of those cells a convict was sitting up wide-eyed, and with both ears straining; and whilst that bell was clanging, none could tell what next might happen.

Happy the warder who could say, "It ain't one of my birds!"

No prisoner durst quit his hammock, no warder could leave his hall until the door was unlocked from the other side by the officer of the morning.

But every hall was silent and secure, yet still the bell kept shrieking: *"Prisoner Escaped! Prisoner Esca-a-a-aped! Prisoner Es*-CAPED!"

IV.

THE NIGHT WARDER OF D.

THE new punishment cells were in the south-east angle of the prison. They had been built against an outer wall of old Longstaff Castle, at the base of which, some twenty feet below the level of the prison, ran the small swift river Tene. This outer wall, almost the sole upstanding portion of the castle, was fashioned of enormous granite blocks, and its thickness throughout was nearly four feet.

The five new punishment cells occupied a short corridor, one end of which was enclosed, while at the other end an iron wicket led into a little circular yard with very high walls, where prisoners in close confinement were exercised separately during one hour of the twenty-four. This yard communicated, by means of a stone passage and two other wickets, with D hall of the prison, and the night-warder in D patrolled the far corridor every fifteen minutes.

That night-warder had just discovered that the dark cell into which "Old" Remnant had been locked in the morning was empty. He had seen him, a quarter of an hour earlier, apparently asleep on his plank. If this were strange, stranger a hundred times was the sight which the cell presented. It was flawless in every part! Not a brick had been displaced, the floor and the ceiling were whole, the fastenings of the door intact.

It is little to say that the warder was dumbfounded. His feeling of the matter went deeper, for he saw how desperately black it looked against himself. Miracles suspended, a prisoner does not pass unaided out of a double-proof cell and leave not a trace behind him. He floats magically through four feet of granite wall, or—somebody lets him out!

During twenty beats of his watch, the night-warder passed in review his seven years' untarnished service,

and reckoned up his very certain chances of punishment. Then he did his duty, and pressed his finger on the electric button at the wicket.

On the heels of the chief warder came the governor, and they both looked askance at that clean cell out of which "Old" Remnant had whisked himself in fifteen minutes, with neither chip nor filing to betray his flight.

It was then that the big bell in the tower laid its tongue to that tearing message of "PRISONER ESCAPED!"

The night-warder, an old salt with a faultless record in the navy, and a faultless one in Longstaff, stood a little on his dignity. The governor and the chief warder knew him for a very safe hand; but—here was a strong cell with not a stone displaced in it, from which a prisoner had vanished in fifteen minutes. Is prison broken and not a brick loosened, not a bar severed? It is impossible to credit miracles in the service: the night-warder disappeared under arrest.

V.

FAIRFAX FOLLOWS "OLD" REMNANT.

WHEN a prisoner has escaped, the governor and his staff expect to be busy. The small percentage of dangerous convicts, found in every prison, grows very warm. It is angry and envious, ripe for mutiny, and sore inclined to follow in the footsteps of the fugitive. And every class in the prison—except, perhaps, that of the "blue-dress men," whose release is near—feels the disturbing influence of a bold escape.

Great that day, among all the brotherhood of the broad arrow, was the fame of "Old" Remnant.

Fairfax was a prisoner of approved behaviour. He kept himself a man, as far as one may do under that Egyptian sway; and having sense enough to ignore the waspish incivilities of the type of warder who likes to "put the gentleman lag in his place," it was rare for him to be in trouble. In two years he had not once tried to find out the weak places in the rules—a favourite sport in that unsportive arena.

But Fairfax had a livelier and more personal relish

of "Old" Remnant's flight than any other man in Longstaff, since he alone had been privy to the design; and Fairfax the self-contained had the fidgets as badly as anyone that morning. He hoped he was not going to lose his head.

A man in one of the quarry parties struck work, and said they might as well let him out as "Old" Remnant. No one except Fairfax believed that he had broken unassisted out of Longstaff.

"We'll run you in instead," said the warder of the mutineer, and off they marched him.

Fairfax himself was twice bidden to be brisker with his work; Fairfax the diligent. It annoyed him, for he *was* working below his form.

All the warders were inclined to show their teeth, and when a much-fretted warder does this it may be nasty for the lag within his reach. Fairfax had no mind to take fire if he could help it, but all tempers were touchwood that morning, and the pricking heat did not soothe them.

"Keep step there, won't you! What's come to *you* this morning?"

This was addressed to Fairfax on the march off from the quarries. Fairfax was aware that his step was perfect.

"Be hanged to you!"

The imprudent answer had left his tongue almost before his mind had framed it.

"Very well, my boy!" came the ominous retort.

Early as it was, the chief warder had dealt with a number of petty cases (the governor holds his court later), and *his* temper, too, was on the down grade. "Abusive language" to an officer, as striking too deeply at discipline, is never condoned in prison. But Fairfax had a very clean bill of conduct, and the grey-bearded chief warder, despite his unwonted irritation, was not disposed to make this a case for the governor.

"A prisoner of your station and education," he said, "is expected to keep a civil tongue in his head, even when his temper is a little tried. Perhaps twenty-four hours' solitary confinement, with plain fare, will be long enough for you to get this lesson by heart."

As penalties are meted out, this was a mild one; many a man has been tied to the triangles for a hot retort upon a warder.

Fairfax, then, instead of returning to his own cell, was haled away to "chokey." Chokey, the punishment cell, is no longer the "black hole" of the old days, but it is very still and dismal, and twilight reigns there through all the gaudy noons of summer.[1] A deal plank

[1] *All* dark cells have been abolished since this was written. —T.H.

is the only furniture, there is nothing to read, and "plain" is a generous description of the fare. Chokey was unusually full that day (thanks, in the main, to "Old" Remnant's example), or the apartment which had been assigned to Fairfax might have been sealed—for particular reasons.

As he took in its solid proportions, his eye growing reconciled to the murk, his spirit within him did obeisance to the genius of "Old" Remnant. What a man, to have eluded such a fastness! Fairfax examined the iron-plated door, sounded the cement flooring with his foot, and smote the walls softly with his hand. How was it done? *Had* "Old" Remnant bribed his warder after all? If not, then the annals of prison-breaking held no feat worthy of a place with this.

It struck Fairfax as curious that the wall facing the door, which appeared to be of granite, was not white-washed like the other walls; but he remembered that these cells were scarcely out of the hands of the convict builders.

A trap in the door fell inwards, and dinner was served: 1lb. of bread with water; the sybarites in the ordinary cells were feasting on stewed mutton and hot potatoes. Fairfax stretched himself upon his plank, and contemplated the luxury of a noonday's sleep. He had eaten only half his bread, and he was hungry; but he

was also wearier than he had supposed, and sleep came easily.

As he slept he dreamed that a voice rose from beneath him, and even in his dream he was conscious that he turned over and strained his ear. Then the voice grew clearer, and it said, close to him and quite plainly—*"Remnant! 'Old' Remnant!"*

Still dreaming, he beheld "Old" Remnant lying in a swoon on a narrow, spiral stairway, between two walls, and it was pitchy dark. Dreaming, he arose, and groped his way downwards, touched Remnant, and passed him, until, at a bend in the spiral passage, he saw, far below, a point of light like a pin-hole. He cried aloud cheerily, and awoke.

He must have slept away ten hours of his sentence, for the cell was as black as the stairway of his dream, and he could see the twinkle of the gas in the corridor. Hearing the warder coming on his round, he lay still upon his plank.

If he had known at that moment that he was in the cell from which "Old" Remnant had escaped the night before!

The warder passed and returned along his beat.

Then Fairfax sat up and listened, certain that a call was coming. It came, rising as it had risen in his dream, from some spot beneath him. Scarcely audible

at first, it mounted higher, and became a distinct cry of—

"Remnant! 'Old' Remnant!"

"It's the man himself!" said Fairfax, under his breath.

A pause, and the cry was repeated:

"Remnant! 'Old' Remnant!"

It was no spook. Fairfax knew the voice; "Old" Remnant, alive, but still imprisoned, lay somewhere underneath.

The warder had evidently heard nothing; the voice had made no sound beyond the ribbed and plated door of the cell.

When the warder had passed a second time, Fairfax slid down from his plank bed, and went cautiously on hands and knees over the narrow area of the floor, pressing it closely, inch by inch. Then he moved both hands slowly over the surface of the granite wall. But what he looked for he did not find.

He spent half an hour at this task, creeping back to his plank at the sound of the warder's foot; and twice again he heard "Old" Remnant calling.

For a last move, when the felt shoes had shuffled off a third time, Fairfax set his back close against the granite wall, and edged his way inch by inch along it.

Midway between the two side-walls, the wall at his back seemed to give. He laid all his weight against it,

and the granite sank behind him like a cushion. Turning round, he pressed one finger on the spot that gave, and the solid wall opened to his touch.

The mystery was solved; the two prisoners had happened on a secret spring which no finger had found for three hundred years.

VI.

HOW FAIRFAX DID NOT ESCAPE.

FAIRFAX reckoned that he had from ten to fifteen minutes for the business of exploring. Stuffing into his pocket the half-loaf of bread he had preserved (for "Old" Remnant, if he had trapped himself below, must be hungry as a rat), he pushed open the solid door in the solid wall, and peered down. It was as black as he had dreamed it, but he could just make out the narrow stairs.

Stepping out, he drew the door close, but was careful not to shut it, as "Old" Remnant must have done.

Time was everything, and Fairfax called softly upon the burglar by name. No answer. The "old un," if he were there, was evidently in doubt. Again Fairfax called,

and this time he added his own name. Somewhere from the dark below, the answer came—

"It ain't you, matey, is it?"

"Yes, where are you?"

"Slipped down the steps, and thought I'd broke my blooming back. Fairly nabbed this time, matey!"

"We'll see about that directly," said Fairfax, who knew that the hidden passage must issue somewhere.

He felt his way down until he came upon "Old" Remnant at an angle of the stairs.

"Are you badly hurt?" he asked.

"No, I seem all right now; but I'm that sharp set, matey!"

Fairfax produced his half-loaf.

"What made you call?"

"Well, matey, I reckoned the 'cat' was better than buryin' alive."

Fear, hunger, and that narrow passage of darkness had almost cowed "Old" Remnant.

"Where's the 'screw?'" he asked again.

"He had just passed when I slipped out. At the worst, we can go back, but we've a few minutes yet."

"But how the 'ell did *you* get here, matey? Fancy you in chokey!"

"I'll tell you that when there's time; I'm going to see where we are first."

As he spoke he made another step downwards.

"Old" Remnant, losing his foothold, falling, swooning, and coming to his senses with the frightful conviction that he had buried himself alive, had shouted in the desperate hope that he might be rescued and retaken.

But at the moment of his fall he was within a few feet of liberty.

Some half-dozen steps brought Fairfax to the bottom of the flight. Here, however, the way was barred by another mass of stone; but Fairfax, remembering the point of light his dream had revealed to him, groped until he came upon a small round hole in the wall. Was this another door with a spring? He pressed, and it yielded as the wall of the cell had done!

"Quick!" he whispered to "Old" Remnant, but before the burglar had descended, Fairfax had the second door open. In another moment they stood together by the swift-running Tene. The governor's boat lay moored at the bank. Liberty at last!

For both?

No; for one only.

Even as he stood there, Fairfax had taken his resolve. For the burglar, at war with all authority, freedom at any price; but the course which was natural to "Old" Remnant was denied to the political. For a moment, with the sweet air of freedom in his nostrils, and the

thought of the quarries on the morrow, flight tempted him—but he could not steal away with the felon.

He judged that he had still some two or three minutes left him.

Silently pointing to the boat, he held out his hand to "Old" Remnant.

Astonishment was writ in capitals on those not-repellent features, but Fairfax gave his man no time for words.

"Good-bye, old chap, and good-luck!" he said, and slipping behind "Old" Remnant—whom he never saw again—he made fast the door in the wall.

Then he mounted to his cell, and closing noiselessly behind him the second of those magic doors, he stretched himself once more upon his plank.

The night-warder approached the door on tip-toe, peeped in, and passed on.

THE FOOTPRINT OF PRINCESS TRUBETSKOI.

Two things were to note in respect of the round which Captain Strode, Governor of John Howard Prison, N.W., made on a gusty morning of March. The first, that it was an early hour for him; the second, that he had put on his uniform in place of the old tweed shooting-jacket which he wore in ordinary. These things being observed, the staff concluded that Somebody was coming.

The common tourist of prisons arrives with a printed order from the Home Office, which allows him to walk through the building at a stated hour in the company of a "principal" warder, who shows him the clean corridors, the cleaner cells, and the prisoners, who are cleanest of all. The visitor may not speak to the prisoners and the prisoners may not speak to the visitor, who goes away thinking that prison is a very clean, quiet place—which it is. But the governor does not put off his shooting-jacket.

Having finished his round, Captain Strode called a parade of the warders who were not on duty and inspected them carefully in the outer square of the prison. Dismissing them, he turned to his chief warder and said: "I will go through C again."

"Yes, sir."

Chief warder Sykes, stout and florid, his grey beard trimmed to a point, knew no more than the rest who was the Somebody that was unquestionably coming.

The steel-barred gate of C hall was unlocked again, and the governor and the chief warder entered. Oh, the silence and the cleanliness of those halls! If one could shout or sing out once, or spill a bucket of water over that spotless concrete! The noiseless, shining hall, with its three tiers of cells on either side, had the faint smell of clean but caged humanity. There were three hundred prisoners locked in C—three hundred all but the half-dozen whom a warder was teaching to stitch bags at a table in the centre of the long narrow ward.

The governor stopped at a cell on the left side.

"Open Orloff's door," he said to the chief warder, and the key turned in the lock, and the governor went in.

A sallow little wiry man sat at an iron hand-loom weaving towels. He let the beam go and stood up

to attention, his hands at his sides, as the governor entered.

"Any complaints, Orloff?"

"No complaints, sir," answered the prisoner, who wore the knickerbocker suit of a convict as distinguished from the trouser suit of a short-term man. "Your English prisons are too comfortable." His English was fluent, with a foreigner's stress on the wrong syllables.

"More comfortable than the Russian ones?"

"Much more comfortable than the Russian ones, sir."

"Then I hope you won't be making the change again just yet."

Sentenced recently for a crime of violence in England, the prisoner Orloff lay under suspicion of complicity in a worse affair in Russia. He smiled.

"It will be time for me to think of that, sir, when I have finished my sentence here. I am very comfortable here."

Returning to his office, Captain Strode said briefly to his chief warder:

"A lady to visit the prison this morning. The Princess Trubetskoi. Russian. She will be here at eleven."

It is a rule of the Home Office, very rarely departed from, that no lady may visit the male side of H.M. prisons. If she is unhappy enough to be the wife, sister,

or lover of a convict she sees him at an interval of months in the visitors' room, with a warder at her elbow —she is never admitted within the prison proper. During the service of chief warder Sykes one very august lady had been conducted as a visitor through the halls, and no other.

But the chief warder had taken to himself the governor's habit of silence. He waited for a further word, but Captain Strode walked ahead and said nothing. Mr. Sykes followed him to the door of his office under the colonnade, with the pretty little garden plot in front, just against the boundary wall of the prison. Captain Strode passed into his office without a word.

"Very well, sir," said the chief warder, and withdrew.

Within, as without, there is no superfluity of ornament in prison (an economy which is, perhaps, not wholly of the wisest), and except for its pieces of strictly utilitarian furniture, the governor's room was only less bare than the cell he had just quitted. The unpapered walls, tinted a feeble mauve, had for their sole embellishments a map of England, a copy of the rules, and the tables of the warders' hours; and the contents of the bookcase of varnished deal included nothing more alluring than a Blue-Book. The governor's table was heaped with papers, and the papers, like the books,

were mostly blue. Unlocking his drawer, Captain Strode took from it a letter (blue again) and a telegram.

The letter, which carried the printed address of the Home Office and the legend "Private and Confidential," was exactly a fortnight old; the telegram had been received by Captain Strode that morning. The letter, to which was affixed a signature well known in the service, ran to the effect that H.M. Commissioners of Prisons had granted special permission to the Princess Anna Trubetskoi to visit John Howard Prison on any day and at any hour of her choice. One sentence in the letter was given the dignity of a thin underline:—"The Princess may express a desire to speak with the convict Orloff, and if this request is made it need not be refused." The letter was at once a formal mandate from the Home Office and a word of friendly instruction to the governor, who stood in favour at headquarters as a safe old watch-dog of the service.

The telegram, addressed from Claridge's Hotel, said briefly that Princess Trubetskoi would visit the prison that morning.

It wanted fifteen minutes of eleven when the governor had given a final glance at these dispatches, but he had no further orders to issue. His prison was ready for inspection.

He felt a rather special interest in the coming of the Princess Anna Trubetskoi, but it was in no sense the

interest of gallantry. The governor was a bachelor of fifty, with nothing of the beau in his appearance—short, thick-set, and small-eyed, but with a skin of diamond clearness. There was no thought in his mind of an æsthetic appeal when he put off his shooting jacket for his uniform. The interest of the governor in the Princess was strictly and entirely professional. She was known to him merely as an amateur of prisons, who had visited (with the especial approval, it was hinted, of the Imperial Government) every gaol of note in Europe. Her hostility to Nihilism was equalled only by her zest of penal reform, and Captain Strode was entertaining himself with the assurance that she had seen no prison which would bear comparison with his.

On the stroke of eleven the gate-warder presented himself at the governor's door, saluted, and tendered a visiting card. Scarcely glancing at it, Captain Strode rose and followed his messenger to the outer gate of the prison, where a small neat brougham with dark blue wheels awaited permission to enter beneath the archway. Captain Strode, standing at the wicket in the great double door, signalled the coachman to advance; the door was thrown open, the carriage passed in, and the door was closed and locked behind it.

An upright, soldierly young man, with his dark moustache brushed out straight, stepped from the brougham and bowed to the governor as he handed

out the lady. She was not an inch above the medium height, and the loose sack jacket with the collar that came above the ears seemed rather to accentuate than to conceal the slimness of the figure within. What a pallid face showed through the light veil, and how strained the look it wore! Seemingly, the Princess had not passed emotionless through the prisons of Europe. The straight, black-brown hair that showed a little underneath her toque was slightly touched with grey, and the ivory cheeks bore two little lines, running from the corners of the eyes to the corners of the mouth. Yet the face was that of a woman below thirty. She had the eyes, thought the governor, of the Nihilist Orloff.

He doffed his cap of office as he said to her: "I have your card, madame; and you, doubtless, have your passport."

"Ah, you are so strict, monsieur le gouverneur," and the wan face was lighted by the sweetest smile. "I did not know that I should need it, but I brought it."

The Princess drew from an inner pocket, and handed to the governor, a long blue envelope. Captain Strode, through his gold spectacles, skimmed the enclosure.

"And this gentleman, madame, is your brother, Captain Poniátieff, who is mentioned in the letter?" It was the customary missive in the fine round hand of

the Home Office, signed with the spreading quill of the secretary of H.M. Commissioners.

"My brother, monsieur," said the Princess Trubetskoi. "You make me feel as if I were in St. Petersburg."

"A compliment, madame! I think, however, that we are now quite in order."

He handed the official letter to his chief warder, who passed it to the gate-warder, who gave it to the warder at the door of the reception-room on the right, who doubtless did the proper thing by it. The chief warder opened the light iron gate just beyond the big outer door of the prison, and the governor and his visitors passed through. At once the Princess became an animated being. Not often before had the governor of Sir John Howard Prison been so famously catechised.

"This is the model prison of London, monsieur, is it not?" She paused on the gravel path, her eyes everywhere.

"It is the newest, madame, and the best that we have been able to build so far."

"Who built it?"

"Every stone was set up by convict labour."

"*Vraiment!* But how did you secure your prisoners before the wall was raised?"

"We had a little wooden hoarding enclosing the ground, madame, and a wise governor."

"And nobody escaped?"

"Nobody attempted."

"You have notions of discipline," said the Princess.

"We have been trying for fifty years to better them, madame," returned the governor.

Wherever they stopped the Princess renewed her questions. Captain Poniátieff, who had scarcely any English, said little but observed keenly, and required his sister to translate most of the governor's replies. The military bearing of the warders seemed greatly to impress him, and he made his sister ask whether, in the event of an assault, they relied solely upon their *bâtons*. The governor assured him they had no other weapon. In the great airy kitchen the white-capped and white-aproned warder-cook presented them with pannikins of the soup that was being served for dinner. "Ver' fine soup!" said Captain Poniátieff, his first complete sentence in English. The comparative cheerfulness of the cells (into each of which, the governor observed, the sun penetrated at some hour of the day) pleased the Princess. Captain Poniátieff thought them not quite solid enough.

"Yet we have no escapes, sir," said Captain Strode.

"Pas d'évasions, mon cher," interpreted the Princess, and her brother smiled politely.

The Princess asked whether there were no worse cells in the prison than the ones they had inspected.

She was aware that the English Government no longer tolerated dungeons, but she had heard of punishment cells called "black holes." A punishment cell was promptly unlocked. It was bare, except for a plank bed, and very dim, but the torture of darkness was not felt there. The cell chanced to be tenanted by a middle-aged Malay, who was seated on the edge of his wooden bed twirling his thumbs.

The patience of the governor endured all questions and all criticisms, for the further he led his visitors the more was he convinced that the triumph of John Howard Prison was great. The Princess, indeed, made no scruple to say that she had not seen its like. The workshops, where trades were in progress or in course of being taught, were inspected; and last of all, the library, among the contents of which a few volumes in French and a Spanish grammar attracted notice.

The Princess was curious to know whether books in foreign languages were often asked for.

"Our educated prisoners," answered the governor, "read everything they can get hold of; here is a French history which, as you may see, has passed through many hands. The librarian, our chaplain, is asked now and then for a book in some language almost unheard off."

"I do not suppose you have any books in Russian?" said the Princess.

"I think not, madame. Your country does not supply

us with many prisoners; though, by the way, we have a Russian in our keeping just now. I don't know what his taste in reading is, but he reads English as easily as I do."

"A Russian?" said the Princess. "Who is he, monsieur?"

"The man Orloff is serving the first months of his sentence here."

"You do not mean!" The Princess flushed angrily.

"Tu entends?" she said to her brother. "Ce villain d'Orloff est ici."

"Tiens!" he exclaimed. "We have seen him?"

The governor explained that a convict spent the first nine months of his sentence in separate confinement, leaving his cell only for chapel and exercise. "But we passed the cell," he continued, "not five minutes ago. You shall see the man, if you please."

From the moment that Orloff's name had fallen the Princess had shown all the excitement of indignation.

"This man, monsieur," she said to the governor, "is *canaille,* base, vile. He is of the Nihilists, and in Russia we know what he has done. What he has done here is little, but in Russia——!" To her brother she said abruptly, "Veux tu le voir? M. le gouverneur nous accorde la permission."

Captain Poniátieff, less moved than his sister, seemed

not over-eager to embrace the offer. "For you to say," said he, shrugging his shoulders.

"Are you sure, monsieur, that it is Orloff?" asked the Princess.

"For myself," replied the governor, "I never set eyes on him till he was brought here. As far as I know, this is his first sentence in England. I may tell you, however, that since his admission here he has been seen by Russian, French, and English detectives, two of whom are prepared to swear that he is the Orloff who is wanted in Russia for the affair which the Princess seems to hint at. There has been some talk of raising the question of extradition; but I don't quite see how that can be dealt with until he has settled his account in this country. He was sentenced at the Old Bailey to five years' penal servitude."

"Allons!" said the Princess with an effort. "I will see him—but I wish I had not known that he was here."

"Come, then, madame," said the governor. "We have not twenty steps to go. The man is lodged in the hall we have just passed through, quite close to the door."

They descended from the library, a room near the governor's office, to the colonnade or covered way which communicated with the first hall of the prison. Rain was falling, but there were not six yards to traverse in the open. The gate or grille of light iron bars which

shut off C hall from the rest of the prison was unlocked again, and Captain Strode stopped at the cell marked twenty-three.

"It is a matter of form, madame," he said, as he shook out a key from his bunch; "but I must ask you to give me your word that you will hand no written message to the prisoner, nor any tool or weapon."

"Monsieur," said the Princess Trubetskoi, "I gave you the only paper that I had; I never carry tools, and I have no weapon."

"You see," said the governor, with a smile, as he turned his key in the lock of cell twenty-three, "in prison, we are the most timid of people. The maxim of the Home Office is, that 'Suspicion sleeps at wisdom's gate.'" It was Captain Strode's one quotation from the poets.

As he threw open the door of the cell, little Orloff looked up from his loom.

"*Là, Là!* I not moch like," said Captain Poniátieff, as his sister went in alone. "Orloff? No; I trost him never."

The Princess had left the door ajar; but the nerves of Captain Poniátieff, who had held himself so reserved, seemed now on edge. He fluttered in a fidget to and fro in front of the cell door, drew the governor away, led him back, and said perpetually, "You think safe? Orloff! In Russia we should tie some chains at him."

Then, as if ashamed of his nervousness for his sister, Captain Poniátieff, with a Herculean effort at English, launched desperately into praise of the prison.

"Ver' fine preesen! We viseet many preesen—France, Jairmany, Eetaly, Swedain. The Princess, she go all the time in preesens. But Zhon Hovard! No; it is not to make compareesen. C'est la prison des prisons. Dam splendid!"

"Canaille, va!" And there was a sound from cell twenty-three as if a blow were struck.

"Parbleu! I knew!" said Captain Poniátieff, but the governor was first at the cell's door.

The Princess Trubetskoi stumbled across the threshold, leaving, through the half-opened door, a glimpse of Orloff crouched in a corner of the cell.

The governor swung-to the door with a crash. The breach of discipline had changed him quickly into the offended gaoler.

"Madame," he said brusquely, "I do not allow one of my warders to lay a hand upon a prisoner. If you were insulted, your remedy was with me."

"Pardon," murmured the Princess. She had thrown herself, trembling from head to foot, upon her brother's shoulder. "Pardon," she repeated. "He knew me, and insulted me, and I struck him." The very timbre of her voice was altered.

But the governor, too, had been insulted, and his dignity was impenetrable.

"Allons!" said Captain Poniátieff, raising his sister. "It must an apology to monsieur le Gouverneur. A woman—*mais,* that acts *toujours trop à la hâte!*"

"Madame will probably not wish to stay longer," said Captain Strode.

The Princess remained silent and quivering on her brother's shoulder.

Captain Strode led the way to the gate of the ward, and thence straight towards the outer door of the prison. The rain had not ceased; it was a dull procession; and the Princess, her arm tight in her brother's, let her fine skirt trail over the sodden path. Under the archway, between the inner and the outer gates, the brougham waited for them.

At the inner gate stood the chief warder, and as he opened it the Governor stood aside to let his visitors pass. In the act of following them, his attention was arrested by a very curious mark upon the wet gravel. Captain Strode's eyes blazed, and a terrible look crossed his face, but in a moment he was cool again. By a gesture scarcely perceptible, he showed the chief warder what he had seen on the path; then quietly to him: "The black case from my cupboard—quick!"

What Captain Strode had seen was that each step the Princess Trubetskoi had taken, between C hall and

the gate she had just passed through, had left upon the wet gravel the impress of the broad arrow, which is cut in the sole of every convict's shoe!

Captain Poniátieff had already handed his sister into the brougham.

"I believe I must detain you one moment longer," said the governor, approaching the door. "It is the rule in our prisons for visitors to sign their names. The book is here in the reception-room," indicating a door immediately opposite to the door of the brougham.

The Princess seemed to hesitate, but as the governor offered her his hand to alight she roused herself and stepped out.

As they entered the reception-room, where the visitors' book stood open on the desk, the chief warder entered behind them. What did he hold which caught the eye of Captain Poniátieff, whose hand went like a flash to a pocket of his overcoat?

"Hands up! You're covered!" said the chief warder.

The Princess, who had taken up the pen to write her name, turned swiftly and looked along the barrel of Mr. Sykes's revolver. With a cry, half-horror and half-despair, she threw up her hands and reeled against the desk. The governor stepped beside the chief warder, took from his other hand the fellow of the pointed weapon, and raising his whistle to his lips he blew a

summons. The gate warder was on the scene in a moment.

"Handcuff and bring here at once the prisoner in C 23," said the governor.

"I don't know what birds we have trapped, Mr. Sykes," he added, "but in a minute or two we will ask the lady to remove her veil."

At this point the Princess found a strained and feeble voice. "What is it?" she said. "What does this mean?"

"Madame or sir," returned the governor, "for at the moment I will not swear to your sex—it is a simple question of the shoes that you are wearing. I fancy that your bootmaker has somehow contrived to identify you with one of my prisoners. A mistake? We shall clear it up in a moment."

A tap on the door, and two warders led in a grotesque little figure. He or she was correct in the tunic and knickerbockers of the convict, but his or her legs were cased in silk, and the feet in patent leather shoes.

The lost game told its own disastrous tale.

"H'm!" said Captain Strode, "not quite quick enough at the change, eh? Very sad. Very sad, upon my word; but these little matters *are* difficult to bring off neatly. Has either of you any statement to make

here, or will you wait till we get to Bow Street? Plenty of time before the court rises."

They are used in prison to the aspect of suffering, but the tragedy of the three was rather pitiful to behold. The handcuffed and disrobed "Princess," limp between the two warders, turned a face of passionate sympathy upon the "Princess," standing quite as limply at the desk. Wrecked — wrecked and grounded! But the little creature in the handcuffs was thinking only of the little creature against the desk, for whom freedom had been so nearly won.

"Captain Poniátieff" still held himself defiantly, and looked as though—had his companions been armed as he was—he would have led a rush for the gate. As it was, there were two very ready revolvers to be reckoned with, and warders were now swarming at the door. To make the attempt would be like smiting the sea with a sword.

"Come," he said to Orloff and the "Princess." "It is done with us. We fight not to-day."

A noise of heavy wheels rolled in under the archway—the first prison van with prisoners from the police-courts.

"Handcuff Orloff and the other," said the governor. "The van will wait. What, Orloff"—as the steel circlets were slipped upon the little figure in the Paris jacket—

"and you found John Howard so much more comfortable than the Russian prisons!"

As the prisoners were led out from the reception-room, the gate warder handed a telegram to the governor.

It read: *"Scotland Yard.—Orloff's brother will visit the prison to-day disguised as Princess Trubetskoi."*

MISS CULLENDER'S LAMB.

"Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."
TENNYSON.

"I'M very sorry to see you back again, Bone," said the wardress.

"Don't you go gittin' your hair off about me, miss," returned the prisoner.

She was getting her own hair off, not in the sense of metaphor, as she spoke. It may be superfluous to observe that the rules do not allow a prisoner to address an officer in this style; but when the officer is a little bit of a thing, and the culprit an impenitent giantess, it is not well to be always thinking of the rules.

"You promised us you were going to live quietly; you know you did."

"Changed me mind."

"And I'm really afraid, Bone, that you have not learned better manners."

"Come back to get a hextra polish on 'em, p'r'aps. Oh, it's a rare shop for manners, ain't it, miss? An' I reckon you've about took enough off of me."

"I shall finish sooner, if you will sit still. Well, now that you *are* back, I do hope, Bone, you are not going to be very troublesome."

"Ah! That depends, miss. I'm goin' to be'ave accordin'. If they comes any of their tricksy-wicksies; if they don't let me wear me cap same as I fancies it; if they gits messin' of the vittles; if they keeps back my letters to the 'Ome Sekkatary; if they don't jolly well let me have my little smash when I feels like it; if they reports me more than once a week; if they starts me schoolin' agen with a blame spellin'-book; if——"

"There, Bone, I think that will do. You know quite well the rules about talking."

"An' *hif,*" continued the prisoner, with asperity, "I ain't never allowed to finish me little say same as any other lady——"

"Bone," said the mild-voiced wardress, "do you remember what you promised Miss Cullender the day you went out?"

"Lor' bless me, miss, if I hadn't clean bang fergot her! Fergit Miss Cullender? Well, I'm a black bad 'un, an' no error! Miss, my dear, how is me angel Miss Cullender?"

"I'm sorry to tell you she has gone, Bone. She left

us a month ago. Now do try and behave as you used to do."

But the entreaty was ill-timed.

"What!" cried the giantess. "I don't believe it! Where is she? Where's Miss Cullender—me own Miss Cullender?"

"Hush, hush! Be quiet, Bone, do! The matron will be here, and I shall have to report you on your very first night."

"Rip-port me!" with a scream of contempt in crescendo. "*Go* and report me, you low little hussy! A dam lot I care! Ain't I made 'em report me and report me till they was sick on it? Where's Miss Cullender? Fetch the men in and run me into the darks.[1] Put the waiskit on me, and the darbies too. If Miss Cullender's gone, I lay I make a smash of it to-night!"

The great swarthy creature was upright now and bellowing, her hair lying in black wisps about her feet. The little wardress, not a bit afraid, was considering her course. She knew that Bone would very likely fall to biting when she had finished barking, but on the female side they are more familiar with parleyings than on the male side, where the "cat" is always under the

[1] Officers from the male side are occasionally summoned to the female side, to take a violent woman into charge. "The darks" are the old-fashioned punishment cells, the use of which, I have said, has been entirely discontinued.—T. H.

governor's coat-tails; and the wardress, although very angry now, was still for a *via media*. A door at the end of the long, bare room opened, and Madam Bone wheeled about, flaming, for a re-encounter with her old enemy, the matron. But the matron did not appear.

Instead, there drifted in two wardresses, carrying between them the flaccid figure of a young prisoner in a swoon. Like Bone, she was evidently a fresh arrival, for her light brown hair was still untouched under the prison cap.[1] She seemed not above twenty years of age, small and slender, with rather pretty, irregular features; and the brown serge dress under the blue check apron seemed maliciously to mock a virginal soft outline. There were tear-stains on the face.

"There's a cruel sight for you!" said Bone. "Started on the pore young thing already, have you? Send her 'ome to her mother."

"Hold your tongue!" said the first wardress. "If you speak another word, you'll be reported, as you deserve to be.—Why have you brought this girl here?" she inquired.

"She's just passed through reception," said one of the two wardresses. "I was bringing her to have her hair cut, and she fainted in the corridor. Miss Bronston helped me carry her in."

[1] It is as well to state that the horrid practice of cutting the hair of female prisoners has been quite discarded.

The first wardress—herself such another little countrified slender thing as the fainting prisoner—glided across the room, and stooped over the unfortunate with a sister's face of pity, not noted of the defiant Bone.

"She must not stay here. You must please take her up to the infirmary, and let the doctor see her at once."

The other two wardresses raised their weak burden again, the door closed behind them, and the interruption was at an end.

"Give us quite a turn, miss, didn't it?" observed Bone, but no answer was accorded.

"Ho! Leastways it give *me* a turn," continued Bone; "but I expect I'm kind of soft. We ain't all built the same, an' that's a fact. An' now, miss, if you're done makin' a holy show of me, I'll withdraw to me apartment, *if* you please; and just a slice of buttered toast an' a kipper to me tea."

There was a moaning in the officers' mess-room upon the word of Bone's return. It was two years since she had gone out, in a mood of elegant humility, taking with her a prayer-book, the gift of her good genius, Miss Cullender. Where was that prayer-book now? Or, what was more to the point, where were the fruits of Miss Cullender's ministrations, which, dating from her first black eye, closed in the hour of grace which saw

the gates shut on Bone, with infinite promises of good on her part?

"Oh!" said a wardress, dipping into the jam which made a treat on pay-day, "if only Miss Cullender would come back!"

"Well, that's no use, because she won't," from the other side of the table. "You don't give up being matron to come back and play angel to Bone. Has anyone seen the brute?"

"It's enough to have heard her for the present. Miss Aylmer was cropping her hair, and she roared out she'd make a smash of it to-night because Miss Cullender had gone. I vote we keep her in the darks all the time. Do you remember the fashion she set in suicides?"

"Gracious, yes!" cried a chief wardress at the head of the table. "I had her hall. Tied her stay-lace round her neck, and sat down to wait the next comer. The night after, just as I had come off duty, I was called down again, and there were thirty-five idiots sitting on their beds, their eyes out of their heads, half-throttled in their stay-laces. Ugh! I wish I was out of it."

A young wardress entered the mess-room in a flurry, and took the nearest chair. "There's a beast just come in from reception," said she, "thirty feet high, as big as a town hall, and as black as blacking. She's on her back in the cell, pounding the door with her feet, and yelling for Miss Cullender. Who's Miss Cullender?"

"This was Miss Cullender's lamb, my dear," replied somebody. "Miss Cullender was the only one on the staff who could put a ribbon round her neck, and Miss Cullender's gone."

But in the course of the evening Bone had once more forgotten her Miss Cullender, and was vociferating a new grievance. The tenant of a neighbouring cell had voiced a shrill protest against the uproar, and Bone, having recognised the voice, had promptly demanded the ejection of its owner.

"It's that Tib!" she shrieked. "Tut her out of it. D'ye 'ear, some on you screws? Strike me blue! Put that convick somewheres else. I won't *'ave* the toad next door to me. Where's the screw that should be sneakin' this ward? You're there right enough when you ain't wanted,—blast the lot on you! Shove that Tib in the darks, an' gag her! Ain't I goin' to get no sleep? *I'll* show you!"

A new demonstration followed against the door of Bone's cell, which those soles of brass hammered and battered until the prison seemed in danger of collapse. The whole hall was now aroused, and the defeated, weary wardress went up and down vainly entreating quiet. The mute sink of womanhood was become a hell of she-devils.

The matron was fetched from bed. It was clear that such a breaking-out was imminent as is known only

upon the female side. The ringleader must be put away, for the din was spreading, and a hall in revolt on the female side means, sooner or later, a prison in riot. The matron gave the word, and the signal-bell was rung for help.

In less than a minute two warders presented themselves at the light iron gate of the hall, and were passed in.

The cells here were furnished with two doors, the outer one an iron grating, the inner solid. As the wardress on duty passed her hand through the grating to draw the bolt of the second door, Bone rose exultant from the floor.

"Said I'd make a smash of it, didn't I! Have the boys come? That's all right. Ain't set eyes on one of 'em this two year. I 'ope they're pretty fresh, 'cos I means business with 'em. Lor', Miss Stewart, ma'am" —to the matron—"to think that there 'orrid Tib should ha' fetched you out of bed! The rubbish as comes here, I never!"

"Take this woman to the punishment cells, please," said the matron.

Nothing Bone liked better than to get a warder under one arm and use him as a weapon of offence upon his fellow, a scenic feat without its parallel in that theatre. But one of the knights in waiting that evening was old Master Makewell, Johnny Makewell, who had

an asthma on his chest and a heart passing weak; and Bone knew him very well.

"It's never Johnny?" says she. "Well, Johnny, I always did say, and always shall, that the woman as would lay a hand on you—and who's your pal, my dear? I couldn't never set about one pore chap by hisself; there must be a pair on ye, or it ain't fair. So come along, me blokes; we'll go a little quiet walk together."

And yielding herself up, Bone went forth, like Miss Cullender's lamb, to the darks.

Her cell, finely disarranged, was locked; the matron returned to bed; and the tired wardress gave herself to the task of soothing the raging tenants of the other dens.

This is what it is sometimes like on the female side. Over the way, where the shorn-heads of the other sex abide, it is seldom if ever thus. The rules are alike, or pretty nearly alike, on both sides of the wall; but whereas on the male side rules are framed for most inevitable observance, the same rules on the female side are for somewhat other and looser application, by those who must "construe the times to their necessities:" on this side, ribs of steel; on that side, bands to draw tight or to relax at need.

Madam Bone, with the strength of two ordinary men

and the passions of the jungle, could flout and rail upon authority, and at the last reduce it to a mock—being a mere woman. Little crazy Benjamin Cudd could be scourged red till he spelled authority like his primer—being a lord of creation.

In the ward from which Bone had been escorted there lay that night a murderess whom the commotion had greatly moved. It was her first evening in prison, and she shook and sobbed under her coverlet. Within an hour or two of her arrival she had given Bone what that wicked beauty called a "turn," by being carried inanimate into the hair-dressing department. Her own light-brown locks had been taken from her since then, and she thought this was a punishment added to the sentence of the judge because she had killed her baby. She was twenty-two; her name was Meadows; and the lover who had left her to the law had called her Elsie. There is always an Elsie Meadows in some ward of the prison. Sometimes she is witless, sometimes flinty and phlegmatic, sometimes very pleased and gay at having missed the gallows, and sometimes listening day and night for the bells of childhood.

For a fortnight Belle Bone kept the strictest seclusion of the darks, whereby the staff got a little ease of her. For the darks were a dwelling apart, in a kind of lobby shut off from the prisoners' wards; and though the officer

on duty there could, and generally did, have a dour time of it, echoes of the explosions which burst at intervals or incessantly from the little black caverns had but a narrow range, for the walls were thick and the doors were thickly padded.

Bone's energy and invention in the darks would sure have "got the voice in hell for excellence." She worked incredibly to entertain herself and harass all her keepers. Fed almost entirely on bread and water, she must have nourished herself from within, for her strength abated nothing from day to day. An hour together she would use her head as a battering-ram against the concrete wall, and would spend an hour or two afterwards springing from the floor to the grating above and wrenching at the bars. She played football with her pint tin, and maintained a running comment on the game in bolted language. Punctually, once a day, she hanged herself in her laces or a strip rent from her gown. Fresh bed-stuff must be passed into her every night, for in the morning she made ribbons of it. She rehearsed in her biggest voice memoirs of the matron, in which that overwrought and sober-sided woman was credited with above a dozen gallant pasts. In the same style, and that all might hear who would, she arraigned herself before the visiting director, an elderly magistrate, at once the fear and the butt of the female side, who

wore a cherished lock of reddish hair on the summit of a thinly-covered scalp. Bone played her own part and the director's, in tones that would have filled a colosseum, turning the tables on him at the fall of the curtain with this invariable tag: "An' that's what I thinks of *you,* old Ally Sloper with a top-knot!"

These vociferous and studied efforts, issuing from the total dark of the penal cell, at all hours of the day and often in the dead middle of the night, had an evil effect on the nerves of a listener, and were not calculated to make the artist remembered in her orisons by the scape-goat who chanced to be on duty.

Nearly all these wardresses were overworked, and many of them had their nerves continually on edge. It was a fifteen or sixteen hours' day three days a week, and a twelve hours' day the rest. The female side holds all the vices that are, and others; and the vehement savage who was always ready to fling a stool, a pint, or a pair of scissors at the convenient head of her officer, had her parallel in the sullen, quiet schemer who would plot for days to bring trouble or disgrace upon the wardress that had been her steady friend. Lying, lewd, cruel, and full of all uncharitableness—of such gifts compacted were the animals who kept the darks in tenants, and the staff upon the rack.

They have not to use on the male side that variety

of effort which is needed to discipline the female side. On the male side the day goes mostly, as it were, by clockwork; no departing from the rules; and very curious it is that the criminal man, who can by no means discipline himself in freedom, becomes in prison a very model of obedience and self-restraint, under the harshest code our social system knows. But the fallen, lawless woman, who, by all history's showing, is closer "in Belial's gripe" than the most wicked man, is often worse in prison than ever she is out of it. The silent cell, the ordered work-room, the drear, walled yard, where she must trudge with even steps along a measured strip of asphalt—these are settings of the life of prison which teach her not patience but revolt; and one day she makes what they call a smash of it, after which it is the mischief and all to cajole or coerce her back to steadiness, for she has learned that she can give worse than she can get.

Hence, on the part of the staff, that ceaseless sounding of the depths of compromise, those efforts to win over, to interest, to humour, to appease, to tame, to make the rules apt to the case; for on the male side they govern masses by a word, and on the female side they seek to lead the individual. They tell me that the little pension—so long to wait for—is rarely able to be earned in full by the wardresses in this dreadful service.

At the end of a fortnight's "solitary," Bone expressed

herself ready to join the other ladies. There were times when she announced her intention of going to the darks, to "have it out with herself," and it was usually politic to let her go; and if, when sent there in disgrace, she thought to put a period to her penance by a promise of behaviour, it was, in general, the part of wisdom to release her.

So, on a Sunday morning, there marched to chapel with about six hundred other daughters of the night——thieves, burglars, shop-lifters, murderesses, swindlers, and beautiful harpies who had put off their furs in the reception-room—Belle Bone the magnificent, Miss Cullender's lamb, with her cap trimmed in defiance of the rules, and her gown fixed quite in the style of fashion. She swept to her place, very big and fine, ignoring the frown of the matron, and heeding as little the prisoners' titter of delight. The wardress who sat beside the gigantic woman did not cease to regard her with apprehensive sidelong glance, but Bone's conduct was exemplary.

Right in front of her was the little, fragile Meadows, whose face never lost its look of fear, and who was evidently very close on tears during the hymns. Bone, rejoicing in her thews, and in the knowledge that she could do almost as liked she in the prison, eyed the frightened neophyte with a measured glance. Bone

had never been frightened in prison, and had never felt in the least like crying; but she had come as near to being shocked as was possible with her when she had seen this girl carried in fainting on the night of her arrival. As a class, prisoners on the female side are without kindness for one another; but, when friendships are made, these storm-tossed creatures are sometimes quite demonic in their jealousies. As they filed out of chapel, Bone whispered to the girl: "Don't think you ain't got no friend, honey. There's one a-watchin' you."

The girl, who seemed to draw each breath in terror, neither looked up nor answered, and probably did not know who had spoken to her; but as Bone went in front, she started with new alarm at the back view of that colossal convict.

On Sunday evenings the wards showed a curious sight, when the women sat at the doors of their cells in a dim light and heard prayers read. Bone had observed with a satisfied sniff that the enemy Tib had been removed, and she was now to scheme for the company of the *protégée* who did not know her. But the girl was far away at the other end of the ward, her eyes, as usual, chained downwards.

Bone was an adept at scrawling on a bit of paper an ungrammatical challenge to an enemy or a fierce

protest of affection to a friend; and, with all the vigilance of the wardresses, it was not difficult to get such messages conveyed from one end of prison to the other; but she was shrewd enough to guess the risk of trying this kind of communication with that little shivering Meadows.

There was yet another plan. Prisoners of approved behaviour were allowed sometimes to share a cell during working-hours; and now and then a woman of gentle ways (many such on the female side) was sent to use them in the cell of some poor distracted or passion-riven sister. Bone was going to be good, that she might have that white-faced little Meadows to live with her. Bone would call her by her Christian name.

But Bone's aspirations towards nice conduct were so much interfered with! The next day, at exercise, it was the enemy Tib who had prepared a surprise for her. It was December, and the women were muffled up for their hour's sodden tramp, and the wardress was shaking in her bearskin cloak. Presently Tib, a squat-framed vixen with a mouth like a crater, produced something from beneath her cloak and held it up. It was a rag doll, which a lenient fancy might accept as an effigy of Bone. Down the ranks it went, from hand to hand, to the tune of a guffaw, until it stayed with Miss Cullender's lamb.

Then was that lamb transformed, oh terribly! She bounded from her place, gathered the doll-maker in her arms, rushed with her across the yard to where the snow had drifted deep, flung her in there, and then set about her with two efficient hands. The wardress blew her whistle, and others came running, but this was eminently Bone's morning out, and they could not drag her from the prey. Last of all came the men, and it was a pity that the one with a beard had not stayed to shave it, for Bone's grip was fatal to those appendages.

But as the procession fared tussling and tossing through the corridor, who should be encountered shrinking fearfully against the wall but Elsie Meadows? Bone looked full at her, and grew silent; but the girl remained cowering, with her hands over her face. The lamb went lamb-like to the darks. More than that, when the bolts of the door were shot she was just as quiet, and the astonished wardress doing sentry-go at that usually harassed outpost, heard not a sound to fret the dragging hours. Night came, and the silence night should own was felt throughout the darks.

It was reported in the wardresses' room, where they thought it more ominous than reassuring.

"She's saving it up for a bit later," one of them remarked. "I'm glad I'm not on there to-night."

"She *may* have gone and hanged herself, you know," observed another, and there was a visible brightening of faces, until the wardress who had come off duty in the darks stated that the prisoner was "all there."

The officer on night-duty in the penal ward must knock every hour at every cell in occupation, and, if the inmate will not answer, she must put her arm through the outer grating and open the trap in the second door, to make sure that nothing awkward has happened. Sometimes the lamp in the wardress's hand showed a prisoner hanging by the neck; most often the victim in the darks was snug on her plank, and ignored the challenge merely to give the wardress the trouble of opening the trap, when she would be ready with her, "Sold again, you b—h, and be hanged to you!"

But Bone this night answered her challenges as sentry to sentry, and it was a thing most unaccountable and quite irregular.

At one in the morning, when the soft "Good-night, Bone!" came again, and the prison was uncommonly reposed, the answer passed through the doors, "That you, Miss Aylmer, my dear?"

"Yes, Bone."

"Jest shove the trap up, my dear, and put your hand in. I ain't a-going to hurt you."

Up went the trap, and through it the hand of the wardress.

"Law!" said Bone, as she took it in her own two, "I could pull you up off your feet, honey"—the trap was high in the door—"an' hold you there till you bloomin' fainted. I done it once with a screw I'd got me knife into."

"I'm not a bit afraid of you, Bone. What do you want?"

"I'm all right, miss."

"Can't you go to sleep?"

"Ain't botherin' about sleep, my dear. My, what a teeny little soft hand you got! Like Miss Cullender's. Feel mine! You can sleep any whiles in the darks; leastways, I can. Ain't never heard of Miss Cullender since, have you, miss?"

"She's matron of a prison in the north."

"Ah! I'll do me nex' 'stretch' there."

"Do you think Miss Cullender would like to see you there, Bone?"

"Blamed if you don't talk like her! I give that Tib a good come over, didn't I?"

"What has made you so quiet since?"

"Law, if you don't get at me jest like Miss Cullender! Well, I'm good 'cos I'm coming out."

"But you know you're in for another fortnight, Bone."

"Yes, an' it might be a bloomin' month; but when I feels like coming out, my dear, out I comes."

The statement made waste-paper of the rules, for Bone had received sentence of another fourteen days in the darks, but Miss Aylmer's experience whispered it to her as the raw, humiliating truth.

"Of course you won't come out, Bone," she said, "and now you must please go to sleep. I'm glad you have been so quiet to-day."

"An' when I comes out, miss, I'm goin' to have that little cotton-faced Meadows in me cell with me. I'm goin' to do her a sight of good, an' good-night, miss, an' Gawd bless you—as Miss Cullender useter say!"

Now, even as Bone had predicted, and as Miss Aylmer had foreseen, discipline and the rules went by the board again; for the next afternoon as ever was, Bone's mighty inches were uplifted in her proper cell, and over against her sat Elsie Meadows.

Bone was sewing, and the same was for a sign and signal of grace, most strange. Those unapt, indocile digits got pricked, but Bone said "Gawd blame!" and went on sewing.

Every now and then she looked hard and long at her fellow-worker, as though by strength of will she would force some impression on her, which the girl could or

would by no means receive. Elsie's face, straw-coloured and haggard, showed the old fear, but over it was laid a look of wonderment.

"An' now," said Bone, "you ain't a-goin' to tell me agen that you done it?"

"I did," said the girl slowly.

"It's a lie!" responded Bone; jabbed her thumb with the needle, uttered a parenthetic "Gawd blame!" and repeated: "It's a lie!"

This crisis had been approached by coaxings, questionings, and threats on the part of Bone, who sat now in full possession of the case, the greater part of which she had already known.

It was a case in which an element of doubt had proved the girl's salvation—so far, at least, as the gallows was concerned. The judge had clearly thought her guilty, but the prosecution was half-hearted, and the jury would not convict on the capital charge. The little broken-hearted murderess had gone out convicted of manslaughter only; but the prison, where everyone was kind to her, was doing her to death more cruelly than the hangman would have done.

Bone, who could gauge the effects of prison upon anyone, gave her six months of life. The judge, believing she was guilty, had given her "ten years."

Bone was in for twelve months.

It happened that she had been living in the same tenement with the girl—one of those barracks for everybody, on the Surrey side of the Thames—and this fact she laid stress upon to Meadows.

"Look at me, my gal," she said, and fixed her with an awful glance. "I'm a-goin' to tell you truth, an' you better believe me. It was me that done it!"

As the splendid purport of the lie broke slowly in on Meadows, she gasped, and her eyes strained at Bone with an expression terrible to watch; the pitiful hunger-look of a thing in a cage that sees the door held open just a little way. Then a better look, though not constant, and a wail from the weak, striving heart.

"Oh, for God's sake don't tempt so! Don't do it! I shall die here, and soon, but I deserve it, for I did it."

"You listen to me," began Bone again, and one overhearing her might have sworn she spoke truth, so fixed and cool her voice. "I'm a-goin' to say agen I done it, and I'm a-goin' to stick to it. It's easy. Look here: You was out of the room for a bit before eleven o'clock that night, wasn't you? Yes. All right. There comes along another party—drunk maybe; stumbles into your room—drunk, mind you; goes flop on the bed in the dark, the drunken rubbish, an' stifles the child. That's how I done it."

"It's false; there isn't a word of it true," moaned

the girl; but the wild longing for escape was in her eyes again. "I wasn't away ten minutes, and when I came back he was——"

"He was dead, by Gawd above!" said Bone, and blacker lie could ring no truer.

The wretched girl was utterly convulsed, and cowered moaning on her stool.

The black angel went on, always in the same smooth, compelling tone: "I goes before the guv'nor. I straightens things out along of him. The guv'nor writes to the 'Ome Sekkatary. It's easy. The 'Ome Sekkatary, he gits you a free pard'n. Gawd, it's easy! You ain't bin in trouble afore; they thinks it's me, natural. Me an' the guv'nor an' the 'Ome Sekkatary fakes it afore you can turn round. The 'Ome Sekkatary says: 'W'at Bone! Belle Bone! W'y a-course she done it!' and the guv'nor says, says he: 'Bone? We might ha' knowed it all along!'"

"But you didn't, you didn't, you didn't."

"An' you goes out agen, *Free!*"

"Oh, my God! yes, yes, I will. Let me go! Only let me go!"

The face of Bone blazed triumphant, majestic even. "You're a-goin', my gal," said she.

The door was unlocked, and a wardress entered to take Meadows back to her own cell.

"She says I shall go free!" cried the girl. "She says I shall go free!" then flung out her arms and fell prone on the floor of the cell.

The doctor was just going his rounds and he came in. His examination ended, he drew the coarse sheet of the bed over the girl's face.

SINGULAR CONDUCT OF C 53:

AN ABSURDITY.

It was curious, because the prisoner was so mild in his manners, so patient of correction, and so exceedingly polite to everybody. Yet the warders, one and all, were agreed that they did not like him. It was very curious.

He was a small grey man, with no comeliness about him, and as lean as a volume of minor poetry. When on parade with the other prisoners, he hitched up his left shoulder in a manner that gave offence to the deputy governor; and in his prison clothes, which fitted him indifferently, he looked as awkward as a man who has just been sentenced to be hanged. To be sure he had an eye of very piercing quality, and a habit of fixing it with disquieting effect upon persons who addressed him brusquely or with unnecessary harshness; and this power of the eye appears to have been the chief cause of the offence which the suave and gentle convict had given to the warders of the gaol.

For example, a junior warder whom the prisoner had summoned to his cell one night, on some trivial occasion, told his brother officers in the mess-room afterwards that there was "something in the look of C 53" which he "couldn't make out, and couldn't stand;" whereupon divers other warders confessed to having felt a similar influence in the presence of C 53.

Strange, too, that his fellow-prisoners as well as the warders made similar admissions to one another touching the effect which had been exercised on them by the eye or the presence of C 53. One said that he felt cold, another that he felt "queer," whenever C 53 was near him; a third that he had an itching sensation in his leg, and a fourth that he had the shivers down his back.

C 53 was a man named John McGibbon, who had passed into prison as the result of an ingenious but unsuccessful attempt to pay old debts in a new way. Being of a genuinely philosophic temperament, he bowed resignedly to the inevitable, and made himself as comfortable as he could. Among his relaxations were the occasional visits of the chaplain, a fat and pleasant man, who would listen with an air of surprise while the prisoner told him many strange tricks in cards, and the profits that might proceed from the skilful manipulation of a double pack. Not infrequently the chaplain dissented from the prisoner's views on card-playing, and

on these occasions C 53 would reply that when he alluded to the concealment of aces in the sleeve of an experienced player, he did not suggest that his hearer should resort to such practices. His object was merely to expound the possibilities of an art of which he desired that the chaplain should never become the victim. "Knowledge, even of this peculiar kind," he said, "may be of service, sir, to the best of us, in circumstances which can never be foretold." Sometimes the chaplain was disposed to get up and go while one of these discourses was in progress, but as often as he attempted this a glance from the prisoner's eye drew him to his seat again, and he was powerless to move until he felt that the prisoner by his own will released him. Thus the chaplain also was drawn within the influence of that mysterious eye.

Extraordinary things began to happen in the prison, and it became evident that the internal order of that establishment was less strictly kept than before. This made for the comfort of the prisoners and for the discomfort of the officers.

More than once the warder whose duty it was to ring the bell for rising in the morning was half an hour late at his post. The prisoners slept agreeably during that half-hour, but a very bad quarter of an hour was subsequently experienced by the neglectful warder.

The chaplain had a well-meant but tedious habit of

expanding his Sunday sermon; all at once he became very pleasantly brief, yet it seemed that his brevity was quite involuntary, for he would stop short and pronounce the benediction in the very middle of an argument.

Curious things happened to warders who had made themselves unpopular amongst the prisoners. They went to sleep quite early in the afternoon while presiding over a gang in the workshop; they forgot how to count their men on parade; they shouldered their rifles upside down; they made pointless jokes in the presence of the deputy governor, which he greatly disliked; they carried prisoners for punishment before the Governor and did not remember what they had charged them with.

Several of the warders laid their heads together in the messroom, and said they believed C 53 was the source of all this mischief. They agreed thereupon that the life of this prisoner must be made a burden to him, that he might cease to exercise his diabolical powers to the injury of the warders.

Now in this prison they had a favourite foolish way of annoying the prisoners by ordering them downstairs to have their hair cut. It was a form of persecution which no one resented more than C 53, whose hair had been in happier days his chief personal vanity. His intense dislike to come under the shears of the prison barber (who always made what he called "a smooth

job" of his victim's head) was known to an assistant warder, who laid his plans accordingly; and having his gang about him in the tailor's room on the afternoon following the discussion in the messroom, he presently called out:

"53, take yer stool and go downstairs and have yer 'air cut."

The hand of C 53 went instantly to his head, and felt it all over in a slow careful manner. There was not one particular hair upon it that exceeded a quarter of an inch in length. Everybody in the room knew his hatred of the barber, and as he had been cropped three times already in less than a month it was evident that the order was a mere piece of gratuitous tyranny on the warder's part.

The warder was a poor creature, with weak eyes and an irresolute mouth; and C 53 in his unassuming way took the measure of him at once.

He rose, and in a respectful tone requested the attention of the warder to the extraordinarily scanty condition of his poll, adding that it was with regret he felt compelled to decline compliance with the order.

The warder sat bolt upright on his perch, and looked as if something had snapped inside him.

The other prisoners were no less aghast, and fell to wondering whether C 53 would get a month's bread-and-water, or a flogging.

All this while C 53 was gazing quietly but fixedly upon the weak-faced warder.

The officer repeated his order in a voice that began in a roar and ended in a low rattle. With the eye of the prisoner riveted upon it, his countenance underwent a sudden and startling change. The eyes grew fixed and vacant, and all the muscles stiffened; then the pencil which he had taken up to write the prisoner's name for report upon his slate slipped through his fingers, and he grew rigid on his seat.

"I think, sir," said C 53 softly, "that I need not have my hair cut to-day."

"You need not have your hair cut to-day," replied the warder; but he spoke like a man in a dream.

"You are somewhat sleepy, sir. The afternoon is warm. You had better enjoy a little siesta," pursued the prisoner, who all this while had not removed his eyes from the warder's face.

"I am somewhat sleepy. The afternoon is warm. I had better enjoy a little siesta," echoed the warder; and still he spoke like one laid in dreams.

"That's right," said C 53. "You shall go to sleep like an angel in a moment; but first see whether you have any tobacco and a newspaper in your pocket."

The warder's hand went automatically to his pocket, and drew from it a tobacco-pouch and the day's journal.

He laid them on the desk before him, then his head fell forward, and he slept like a man entranced.

C 53 walked to the officer's place and took up the tobacco-pouch and the newspaper. The pouch had been newly filled; an even distribution of its contents resulted in a quid apiece for the convicts, and each man received his morsel and chewed it with a pale, astonished face.

C 53 then took up his position beside the sleeping warder, and proceeded to read aloud such items of intelligence from the criminal tribunals as he judged most likely to interest his audience.

There was a signal enormity about these transactions which, when their astonishment and alarm had in some measure subsided, the prisoners were not slow to appreciate. Few articles are in a higher degree contraband within the walls of a prison than newspapers and tobacco, and to chew the one while listening to the police reports in the other constituted a height and excess of illicit felicity such as seemed cheaply bought at the price of prospective whippings.

At the end of an hour or so, C 53 folded the newspaper and, having laid it on the warder's desk beside the tobacco-pouch, returned to his seat. The convicts resumed their work, and silence was restored.

A few moments later, the warder awoke, with the same suddenness with which he had fallen asleep; but

the aspect of his face and the air with which he glanced over the room showed at once that he was utterly oblivious of everything that had happened since the moment when he first addressed himself to C 53. Seeing his newspaper and tobacco-pouch on the desk before him, and thinking it improbable that he had placed them there himself, he concluded that he had gone to sleep for a few minutes, and that his pocket had been picked. But he held his tongue, for such things had happened before, and he was much too intelligent to lay a charge against his gang which he could only substantiate by inculpating himself.

If C 53 had previously been a man of mark among his associates, he basked now in the sunshine of a fame such as no prisoner had ever enjoyed before. But they grew desperately afraid of him, concluding, as many of the warders had already done, that he had dealings with the father of night. Meanwhile, C 53 conducted himself as he had always done, with gentleness, politeness, and good-humour, and continued as before to earn the highest number of marks per week.

The assistant warder whom he had subdued in the manner described made no report upon that affair, because the remembrance of it had (by some occult agency known only to his subduer) been utterly effaced in him. And, odd to relate, this same assistant warder became from that day kindly and almost affectionately disposed

towards C 53, and used his influence with a higher officer to have him promoted in the gaol.

His promotion brought him under the immediate authority of a "principal" warder, with whom until now he had had very little to do. This was a small sturdy man, with teeth like tusks, and an acrobatic agility of frame, who would provoke a prisoner into knocking him down for the subsequent satisfaction of procuring him a flogging.

This warder no sooner had C 53 under his control than he hated him; he no sooner hated him than he resolved to incommode him; he no sooner resolved to incommode him than he proceeded to put the resolve into effect.

He perceived that C 53 was a man of mild behaviour, and one who might be expected to accommodate himself to a course of corrective treatment.

He set him dirty little tasks of a superfluous character, and accused him of breaches of the rules which he could not possibly have committed. When on duty at night, in the corridor in which C 53 had his cell, he would hiss softly at him through the slit in the door which served as a spy-hole, and would wake him at midnight to say that he had his eye upon him.

"I thank you, sir," was the only rejoinder he could ever obtain from the occupant.

One night he unlocked the door with a snap, let himself into the cell, and said, "I've caught you, my pippin, have I?"

"At what, sir?" inquired C 53.

"You're a-chewing tobacco, 53," replied the warder.

"I am a stranger to the use of tobacco in every form, sir," said the prisoner.

"Get out of bed. I'm a-going to search you," returned the warder.

The mild-mannered prisoner obeyed, and the spiteful warder made a pretence of searching him.

In stooping to feel the lower part of his body, the warder's cap rolled off. C 53 quietly bent over the man's head, concentrated his gaze there, and breathed hard upon it. A cold shiver ran down the warder's back, and the prisoner understood that this man, like the rest, was sensitive to his influence.

"What are you a-doing?" said the warder, rising up quickly.

The two men confronted one another, and the eye of the prisoner seemed as though it would pierce the brain of the warder.

The warder's glance began to waver and shift, and his whole mien and bearing were changed.

"What is that you have at your side?" said C 53, pointing to the staff which the warder carried in his belt. His tone was no longer servile, but commanding.

The warder, however, had not quite lost himself, and he answered loudly, but not so loudly as usual:

"None of your lip now, 53. I'll run you in for this, I will."

Running a prisoner in is the euphemism for conveying him to the punishment cells.

"What have you at your side?" repeated C 53, in a calm and steadfast voice.

The warder, in obedience to an impulse which he could not control, laid his hand upon the weapon and answered:

"My staff. You know that well enough."

"You are wrong," said C 53 quietly. "It is a whisky bottle."

The warder plucked his staff from its case, and looked at it; and a spell seemed working on him.

"You see," observed the prisoner, smiling, "it is a whisky bottle."

"It isn't; it's a staff, my own staff," the warder answered slowly and sullenly; but even as he spoke a dubious look crept upon his features.

"Examine it carefully," said C 53. "What is it now?"

"It's a staff, a whis—, a staff. Yes, it *is* a staff," persisted the warder. Then a half-light of recognition stole into his face, and he added cautiously,

"But it's *very like a whisky bottle.*"

"It *is* a whisky bottle," the prisoner said again. "Smell it!"

The warder raised his staff to his face, and nosed it critically.

"It's a whisky bottle! A whisky bottle! A whisky bottle!" he cried delightedly, and made as though he would uncork it.

"Put it back," said the prisoner imperiously; and straightway, but with an appearance of disgust and disappointment, the warder returned the staff to his belt.

By a single snap of his fingers C 53 dissipated the effect, and the warder knew nothing but that he had just completed a fruitless search on him for tobacco.

"Mind how you conduct yourself, 53, else I'll run you in, I will," he said, as he quitted the cell.

"Thank-you, sir, I will be careful," answered the prisoner respectfully, and returned to his bed.

While in his state of normal consciousness, the warder remained wholly ignorant of the humiliating episode of the whisky bottle; and as he lost nothing of his antipathy to C 53 he continued to persecute him in various ways.

It resulted that the prisoner one day took counsel with himself, and decided to bring the matter to an issue. He had grown weary of the warder, and deemed it well to make an end of him. But it was never his habit to seek for opportunities, so he sat down quietly

to wait until one should come. And presently it came.

The warder appeared one evening in the cell of C 53, and charged him with some stupid offence which it would have been beneath the dignity of any intelligent prisoner to be guilty of.

By this time, C 53 had acquired such complete control over the volition of this warder that he could make a slave of him by a nod. He suffered him to set forth his charge, and then, rising from his stool, he placed himself before the officer, and with a single glance he struck him into a state of cataleptic rigidity.

When in the cataleptic state, the victim always remembered what had occurred in former abnormal situations, and he seldom failed to revert to the incident of the staff transformed into a whisky bottle.

"Let us have a little whiskey, sir—do," he pleaded in a wheedling tone, for in this condition he was a creature distinct from his waking self.

"Silence!" said the prisoner, who was now again the master.

"I'm a-waiting for your orders, sir," replied the warder submissively.

"You shall have them soon enough," said C 53. "Listen to me. In your present condition you are in my power; when I release you I am in yours. Your power you use like a tyrant, and I am sick of it, and

of you. You are a poor and despicable creature whom the accident of fortune has placed in a position of almost unlimited authority over some hundreds of unhappy criminals. I admit that many in this place are very bad men, and merit no better fate than the desperate one they suffer here. But you also are a very bad man, and the least suited therefore to have power over your natural kin. Over good men a bad ruler is a sufficient evil; over bad men his rule is an intolerable curse. You have too long abused your power here; you shall abuse it no longer. I put an end to your rule to-night."

At these portentous words the warder turned whiter than the white-washed walls of the cell. His muscles quivered, he shook in every limb.

"What are you going to do with me, sir?" he quavered.

"I am going to settle your hash," replied C 53 gravely, adopting the mode of speech best calculated to strike home to the feelings and intelligence of the warder.

"My 'ash, sir. Going to settle my 'ash. Are you going to kill me?"

"Oh no," replied C 53. "I am not going to hurt you in the least. I have thought of another and a more effective mode of dealing with you. I am simply going to request you to stand on your head for a few moments here, in the middle of the cell. I hear the Governor

coming; be good enough to comply with my request at once."

The Governor in fact was making a round of the prison that evening, and at that very moment his step could be heard coming in the direction of the cell where this unusual colloquy was proceeding.

"Stand on your head," said C 53. "The Governor will be here in a moment."

A dense sweat broke upon the warder's forehead, and glittered there in beads.

"Stand on your head!" repeated the prisoner, coldly and calmly.

"I won't!" said the warder doggedly; but his tremulous features and the rocking of his body showed him incapable of resistance to the terrible will of C. 53.

The Governor's step came nearer. The warder had not closed the door of the cell, and it gaped some six inches.

"Obey me now, I say!" exclaimed the prisoner, and his eyes shot fire into the wild and fearful orbs of his victim.

One convulsive effort to be master of himself the wretched warder made, but the prisoner held him with his eye, and made two rapid passes across the upper portion of the warder's face.

The body of the warder swung forward, he turned

a half-somersault, and placed himself heels uppermost in the centre of the cell.

The Governor, with the chief warder at his elbow, paused at the unlocked door, pushed it open, and looked in.

Spectacles of this sort were not common in the prison, and for a moment the Governor appeared to doubt what he saw before him.

He advanced a step into the cell, and there halted, speechless and confounded. The chief warder looked over the Governor's shoulder, and he also seemed very much surprised.

C 53 had risen on the entry of the Governor, and stood to attention, with his hands at his sides. His countenance exhibited an air of mild concern, merging in pity.

In the middle of the cell, the warder slept serenely on his head.

"In Heaven's name, what's this?" the Governor exclaimed at length, and he made a lunge with his cane at the inverted figure of the warder.

"Mr. Smith on his head, sir. Would stand that way when he heard you coming, sir," responded C 53.

"Get up! Atten—tion! Stand on your right end! Is this a damned skittle-alley?" roared the Governor, but the warder's ear was accessible only to the voice of the prisoner.

"What—you won't!" and the Governor struck him fiercely two or three times with his cane; but the warder was insensible to every shock.

C 53, who alone had control of the warder's abnormal consciousness, now silently exerted his will; and the warder at once resumed an upright posture, and his senses awoke. Of the situation of the previous moment he knew nothing; and seeing the Governor he concluded that he had just entered the cell, and saluted him in the usual manner.

"Follow me, sir," said the Governor with suppressed fury, and the warder went out after him, perceiving that something was amiss, but being quite without a clue to the situation.

The next day it was whispered in every ward of the prison that C 53 had worked another miracle, and that warder Smith had lost his office.

Yet wonders did not cease, and there was no ease for the warders. A subtle, imponderable force, to which no material barriers could be opposed, issued from the cell of C 53, and passed silently, swiftly, invisibly, into the cells of other prisoners, creating the strangest effects upon the occupants. Some were troubled with distressing dreams; others spoke of snakes, caterpillars, and lobsters in their beds; and not a few saw the disembodied spirits of persons to whom they had owed money. A

great many became suddenly deaf, dumb, or incapable of movement when at work in the daytime, and remained so until the magical influence which seemed to surround and overpower them was removed. One man was fined 200 marks for saying that chocolate and cold quail would be a wholesome substitute for bread and cheese on Sunday, and another was put on bread-and-water for a week for complaining to the Governor that he saw blue flames playing about the head of the apothecary.

Formerly, none but the officers of the gaol had been subjected to these extravagant experiences; but now the prisoners and their officers were victimised together, and about one-half of the population seemed to have run clean mad.

The persons who were afflicted in these peculiar ways were such as had rendered themselves burdensome to the mild-mannered C 53:—warders whose treatment of him was more zealous than tender; prisoners whom he could not endure because of their extreme ugliness; cooks of the prison who baked, boiled, or roasted the rations in a slovenly manner; and all those whose crimes seemed to call for a weightier punishment than that prescribed by law.

C 53, in a word, was rapidly acquiring complete ascendency over the volitions, sensations, perceptions,

memory, and imagination of all in the prison on whom he chose to cast the resistless spell of his glance.

It should here be stated that the doctor of the prison was absent on sick leave, an orderly of the medical department having administered poison to him in a moment of annoyance. The doctor's place had been taken by a young and futile man from a London hospital, who distributed pills on a principle of his own, and gave cough-mixture to a prisoner who complained of the gout. He saw nothing in the madness of C 53's innumerable victims which could not be cured with the assistance of the warder who was usually appointed to flog.

But the warders, one and all, began to be horribly frightened. It had been their endeavour hitherto to hoodwink the Governor touching the supposed origin of these strange and woeful visitations, but in this they had not been entirely successful, for the reason that some of the cases which had to be brought before him were so unparalleled in the record of prison delinquencies that his worship began to be suspicious, and some searching and awkward questions were the result.

Now, however, the officers decided that the time had come when the Governor should be put in possession of such facts as they knew, and the chief warder and his immediate subordinate were deputed to wait upon him. They had an interview with the Governor,

and put him in possession of the facts. But there was really only one fact, and it amounted to this, that extraordinary things had happened and were happening in the prison. The rest was conjecture, and the conjecture of the chief warder and his subordinates reduced itself to this, that, in some way which they could not explain, prisoner C 53 was accountable for everything that had arisen to disturb the peace of the gaol.

The Governor said this was odd, for the warders had been compelled to admit that so far as his own conduct was concerned C 53 was an exemplary prisoner. But the Governor perceived from the statements told to him that the credit if not the salvation of the gaol was at stake; so he swore once or twice to clear his mind, and having finished swearing he ordered the prisoner to be brought to him.

In the same breath he countermanded the order, swore again to show that he knew what he was about, and said he would see the prisoner in his cell. He was conducted thither at once, and went in alone.

C 53, in accordance with his regular habit, was spending the half-hour before bedtime in a little quiet meditation, and had just been speculating as to the simplest and least troublesome method by which he might effect his escape, for the monotony of an unprofitable confinement began to be irksome to him.

He read the purport of the Governor's visit in his face, and readily divined the causes to which it was owing: the warders had sent the Governor to interrogate and intimidate him.

What then? "Pooh!" said the prisoner to himself. "Pooh!"

"You are accused of creating disturbances in the prison," said the Governor, and went on to lay his charge.

While he spoke the prisoner's eye was engaged in a quiet but rigorous scrutiny of the Governor's features, and such points in his character as discovered themselves there were quickly noted.

"Pooh!" the prisoner said to himself once more, for he had satisfied himself that the Governor also was susceptible.

The Governor finished his harangue, and swore once or twice to show that he meant what he said. He was a man who did not swear except upon occasion.

"I am going to take you in hand, my man!" said the Governor, at the conclusion of his charge.

"And I you, my man!" responded the prisoner, in dulcet but penetrating tones.

The Governor's first thought was that he had a madman to deal with, and his hand went behind him in an instinctive search for the door.

"Remain where you are," said the prisoner, observing

the Governor's movement. "I will show you the door by-and-by!"

The Governor, who was a bulky man and full of blood, crimsoned from one ear to the other, and his throat and the bald space on his head grew red as well. There was a rattling in his throat, and then he said:

"Do you know that I can have you flogged to the bone for this, prisoner?"

"Yes, yes; but we will not talk about that. You and I are going to be excellent friends," said C 53.

"Do you know who I am?" The Governor's eyeballs were red now, and he was but just able to articulate.

"Perfectly. But do *you* know who you are? Come now, tell me your name."

The Governor made an effort to shout for assistance, but his tongue clave to his palate, and he could not get speech.

"Tell me your name," said the prisoner soothingly, and as he spoke he waved both hands gently before the Governor's face.

"I am Major George Alexander Fordyce. I will have you flogged to death," responded the Governor.

"Why will you talk of flogging?" said C 53, with a smile. "Let us leave all that. We must be pleasant. I like your name, but suppose I give you another. Tut,

tut! you must not glare at me like that. I will make you call yourself by whatever name I choose."

He made another pass over the Governor's face, and the fury vanished from it, but a dull and sullen look came in its place.

"Sit down here upon this bucket while I think of another name for you. So"—for the Governor's muscles had tugged him down, though he resisted with the whole force of his will. "Now let me think. I must give you a name which shall be quite absurd and meaningless. It will be such fun, you know; and you shall accept it delightedly. See now, I'll call you Tickle-toby the Tenth. Isn't it fun! Now, once more, what is your name?"

The Governor sat silent upon the bucket, but an expression the most piteous imaginable overspread his features.

"What is your name?" repeated the prisoner.

"Don't!" pleaded the Governor. "*Any* name but that! It is so very, very foolish."

"Your name, sir, your name!" said the inexorable prisoner.

"Tick—— No, no, *please!* Any name in the world but that!"

"Resist me further, and I will dissolve you where you sit! Now, for the last time, your name!"

"Tickle—to—by the—the Tenth," murmured the

Governor, from whose lips the foolish words were wrung by the sheer will-power of the prisoner.

Two passes more, and the Governor smiled on him, and pronounced the name quite cheerfully.

"Good!" exclaimed C 53. "I told you we should be excellent friends. One word more and I have done with you. You are my slave at present, but in five minutes I shall be yours. We are very friendly now, and I insist that you remain my friend in your waking state. Do you understand me? I will it to be so."

"I shall certainly remain your friend," replied the Governor in a tone of the most emphatic willingness.

"Very good. Get off the bucket. I can't have you sitting there when you find yourself in authority again, for you look very ridiculous, and would wonder what had been happening."

The Governor rose smiling, and the moment he stood on his feet he was the same man who had entered the cell twenty minutes earlier.

C 53 was in a deferential attitude before him, and had, as the Governor imagined, just concluded a statement which made it clear that he had been maliciously accused.

His feeling towards the prisoner was kindly, and when C 53 asked some slight favour of him, he granted it, and wished him a good-night.

C 53 went to bed and slept tranquilly.

The next day he decided finally that he would quit the prison, for, despite the conquests he had made within its walls, he was very tired of it. In no long time he had evolved and shaped his plan.

It was an adroit, and even a brilliant, plan. It fascinated the author himself. Two whole days he dwelt upon it, pored over it, toyed with it, and hugged it to himself; for the cunning of it flattered his vanity. He felt a scientific interest in it, apart from all question of its probable or possible issue, for this plan involved the submission of his powers to a great and decisive test.

Briefly, it was this: he was to procure his release from prison without the lifting of a finger or the utterance of a syllable in his own behalf.

Did such achievement lie within the compass of human skill?

At this time there was residing in well-appointed chambers in Cork Street, Piccadilly, a young man favourably known to the best society as the Hon. Alan Bede FitzGibbon. He was a well-bred and gracious young man, for whom family connections, transparent permanship, and an unusual reverence for the Constitution had combined to procure the post of junior assistant secretary to the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

One evening, some three or four days after C 53 had resolved on obtaining his freedom, this young man dressed himself for a ball, and entered the cab which was to take him to the house of his entertainer in Kensington.

It was late, and the night was cloudy; and as the cab passed through a dim and half-deserted square in the neighbourhood of the park, there appeared suddenly to the startled vision of FitzGibbon, mirrored and flaming in space right ahead of him, this brief surprising legend:

PROFESSOR JOHN MCGIBBON,
C 53 IN H.M. PRISON AT ——,
WRONGFULLY CONVICTED.

The words hung before him in space for some five or six seconds, and melted into darkness. In five or six seconds more they reappeared, burned in the air level with his gaze for about the same brief period, and again vanished. But by this time they had impressed themselves upon his brain.

All that night, at intervals, the freakish words continued to assail him. They pricked his brain, made onset at his ear, and multiplied themselves in a thousand shapes and colours before his eyes. He had no joy at all that night, of woman, or of wine-cup, or of valse.

He quitted the ball, and called a cab to drive him home.

There was the legend still, painted in quivering yellow letters upon the curtain of the night. Alan went to bed like one in a nightmare; for the thing had no sensible import for him; he could not pick the ghost of a meaning out of those dubious words.

When he awoke they were still before him:

PROFESSOR JOHN MCGIBBON,
C 53 IN H.M. PRISON AT ——,
WRONGFULLY CONVICTED.

And now appeared for the first time four new words, in the form of a postscript:

HE MUST BE RELEASED.

"The devil he must!" said Alan, and fell to thinking. "Who *is* Professor John McGibbon, and why did they convict him wrongfully, and what in the name of Mesmer has it to do with me?"

"Mesmer!"

No sooner had he said this word than his mind began to be faintly illumined. He thought again, and having thought awhile he remembered somewhat.

John McGibbon, erstwhile Professor, was the name

of the famous mesmerist, who, during a little summer of renown, had startled the town by his performances. He had once, at an evening party in Belgravia, mesmerised Alan himself, with unequivocal success. He recalled the Professor's words on that occasion. "I believe that I could do anything I pleased with you," the Professor had said; and certainly he had done strange things with him that evening. He had, on the same occasion, mesmerised the Home Secretary, and made him declare that his watch was a baked potato, much to the annoyance of the Prime Minister, who was of the company.

Still cogitating, Alan next bethought him how the meteoric career of the Professor had been miserably cut short and blighted by a certain sensational trial at the Old Bailey, in which the Professor himself had occupied a position in the dock. The jury returned a verdict of guilty without quitting the box, and the judge passed a heavy sentence, as the public had said that mesmerism should be put down.

FitzGibbon was an assiduous youth when his interest was aroused, and he now set to work to find and read the reports of the trial, together with the comments of the newspapers upon it. When he had finished his study of the case, he could not but agree with the writer of a leading article in a morning journal who expressed his opinion that the verdict against McGibbon had been

obtained less upon the evidence offered to the Court than upon the speech of the prosecuting counsel, who had made himself painfully jocular at the expense of the occult arts and their exponents.

What to do now?

Waiting upon the Home Secretary the same morning in the ordinary course of his duties, he found that trusty and well-beloved servant of the Queen in a very nervous condition. The home Secretary complained that he had been plagued two nights by dreams about a person called John McGibbon, who said he had been wrongfully imprisoned, and must be released at once.

The private secretary turned pale. "This is very remarkable, sir, for I also have been troubled with visions about the same man."

"Then," said the Home Secretary, in evident uneasiness, "this must be the person calling himself a professor who played such impertinent tricks with me at Lady F——'s one night, making me, as I was afterwards told, declare to a very distinguished company that my watch was a baked potato."

"It must be he, sir," replied FitzGibbon, "and he did very extraordinary things with me the same evening."

"What is he in prison for?" inquired the Home Secretary.

Alan told the story to his chief as he had read it

that morning, and emphasised the weak points he had discovered in the case for the prosecution.

"I have it on my mind," said the Home Secretary, "that unless this person is released from prison he will do something singularly unpleasant."

"There is no doubt that he is a man of preternatural abilities," replied Alan.

"He is capable almost of bringing about a change of Government," said the Home Secretary, nervously drawing a ghost on his blotting-pad.

"He might, indeed, effect our removal, sir," said the young man.

"He might bring on a Revolution," said the Home Secretary.

"I believe he could do anything he pleased," said FitzGibbon.

The Home Secretary without further words took a sheet of paper, and began to write in a tremulous hasty way.

"What are you writing, sir?" FitzGibbon ventured to inquire.

"I cannot help it, FitzGibbon," answered his chief very nervously, and writing as hard as he could. "Something controls and impels me. I am not master of myself. This man must be a vehement and unmitigable villain, I know he must, and yet I am moved to write that, having inquired fully into the circumstances of his

trial and conviction, it has been borne in upon my mind that he is the victim of a desperate and dastardly conspiracy. There—don't interrupt me; I feel sure that they were all in league against him. The judge was his enemy, the jury was packed, the counsel was a mere scoundrel. Oh, to think that justice should be so perverted in a country like ours! But he shall be released, though I lose my office for it."

And the Home Secretary (a phlegmatic and sceptical man at most times), who now wore the air of a person suddenly and completely possessed, finished his letter with an effort, and addressed the envelope to "The Governor of H.M. Prison at ——."

"Alan," he said then, with forced jocularity, "I am going to give you an afternoon in the country. These foolish events have upset you; you want a breath of fresh air, my boy. Take this letter, and travel down by the afternoon express, and give it into the Governor's own hands." His manner changed, and he added sadly: "This is a most deplorable business, but I feel that I shall not rest till it is settled. Let me see you the moment you return."

That afternoon, as he sat in the prison workshop, diligently stitching waistcoats, a strange calm stole over the spirit of prisoner C 53, and in the same moment he knew that his will had triumphed, and that his hour of release was at hand.

Late that night Alan arrived at the prison and demanded to see the Governor on business of the Home Secretary. He was shown at once into the Governor's presence, and gave him the letter that he bore.

The Governor read it and looked surprised, but said he was not sorry.

The next day C 53 was a free man.

THE END.

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Contents:

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Series for the Young . *Page* 29 | Students' Series . . *Page* 30. 31

German Authors . . . „ 29. 30 | Manuals & Dictionaries „ 31. 32

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Sacred Allegories 1 v.

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Home Influence 2 v. — The Mother's Recompense 2 v.

Hamilton Aïdé.
Rita 1 v. — Carr of Carrlyon 2 v. — The Marstons 2 v. — In that State of Life 1 v. — Morals and Mysteries 1 v. — Penruddocke 2 v. — "A nine Days' Wonder" 1 v. — Poet and Peer 2 v. — Introduced to Society 1 v.

W. Harrison Ainsworth, † 1882.
Windsor Castle 1 v. — Saint James's 1 v. — Jack Sheppard (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Lancashire Witches 2 v. — The Star-Chamber 2 v. — The Flitch of Bacon 1 v. — The Spendthrift 1 v. — Mervyn Clitheroe 2 v. — Ovingdean Grange 1 v. — The Constable of the Tower 1 v. — The Lord Mayor of London 2 v. — Cardinal Pole 2 v. — John Law 2 v. — The Spanish Match 2 v. — The Constable de Bourbon 2 v. — Old Court 2 v. — Myddleton Pomfret 2 v. — The South-Sea Bubble 2 v. — Hilary St. Ives 2 v. — Talbot Harland 1 v. — Tower Hill 1 v. — Boscobel 2 v. — The Good Old Times 2 v. — Merry England 2 v. — The Goldsmith's Wife 2 v. — Preston Fight 2 v. — Chetwynd Calverley 2 v. — The Leaguer of Lathom 2 v. — The Fall of Somerset 2 v. — Beatrice Tyldesley 2 v. — Beau Nash 2 v. — Stanley Brereton 2 v.

Louisa M. Alcott (Am.), † 1888.
Little Women 2 v. — Little Men 1 v. — An Old-Fashioned Girl 1 v. — Jo's Boys 1 v.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (Am.).
Marjorie Daw and other Tales 1 v. — The Stillwater Tragedy 1 v.

Mrs. Alexander (Hector).
A Second Life 3 v. — By Woman's Wit 1 v. — Mona's Choice 2 v. — A Life Interest 2 v. — A Crooked Path 2 v. — Blind Fate 2 v. — A Woman's Heart 2 v. — For His Sake 2 v. — The Snare of the Fowler 2 v. — Found Wanting 2 v. — A Ward in Chancery 1 v. — A Choice of Evils 2 v. — A Fight with Fate 2 v. — A Winning Hazard 1 v. — A Golden Autumn 1 v. — Mrs. Crichton's Creditor 1 v. — Barbara, Lady's Maid and Peeress 1 v. — The Cost of Her Pride 2 v. — Brown, V. C. 1 v. — Through Fire to Fortune 1 v. — A Missing Hero 1 v. — The Yellow Fiend 1 v.

Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse, † 1878.
Letters to Her Majesty the Queen (with Portrait). With a Memoir by H. R. H. Princess Christian 2 v.

Lizzie Alldridge.
By Love and Law 2 v. — The World she awoke in 2 v.

Grant Allen, † 1899.
The Woman who did 1 v.

Author of "All for Greed" (Baroness de Bury).
All for Greed 1 v. — Love the Avenger 2 v.

F. Anstey (Guthrie).
The Giant's Robe 2 v. — A Fallen Idol 1 v. — The Pariah 3 v. — The Talking Horse and other Tales 1 v. — Voces Populi *(First and Second Series)* 1 v. — The Brass Bottle 1 v.

Mrs. Argles, *vide* **Mrs. Hungerford.**

Author of "The Aristocrats."
The Aristocrats 1 v.

Sir Edwin Arnold.
The Light of Asia (with Portrait) 1 v.

Matthew Arnold, † 1888.
Essays in Criticism 2 v. — Essays in Criticism *(Second Series)* 1 v.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton (Am.).
American Wives and English Husbands 1 v. — The Californians 1 v. — Patience Sparhawk and her Times 2 v. — Senator North 2 v. — The Doomswoman 1 v.

Jane Austen, † 1817.
Sense and Sensibility 1 v. — Mansfield Park 1 v. — Pride and Prejudice 1 v. — Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion 1 v. — Emma 1 v.

Author of "Autobiography of Lutfullah," *vide* E. B. Eastwick.

Richard Bagot.
A Roman Mystery 2 v. — Casting of Nets 2 v.

S. Baring-Gould.
Mehalah 1 v. — John Herring 2 v. — Court Royal 2 v.

Lady Barker (Lady Broome).
Station Life in New Zealand 1 v. — Station Amusements in New Zealand 1 v. — A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa 1 v. — Letters to Guy, and A Distant Shore—Rodrigues 1 v.

Frank Barrett.
The Smuggler's Secret 1 v. — Out of the Jaws of Death 2 v.

J. M. Barrie.
Sentimental Tommy 2 v. — Margaret Ogilvy 1 v. — Tommy and Grizel 2 v.

Author of "Miss Bayle's Romance," *vide* W. Fraser Rae.

Rev. Robert H. Baynes.
Lyra Anglicana, Hymns and Sacred Songs 1 v.

Lord Beaconsfield, *vide* Disraeli.

Averil Beaumont (Mrs. Hunt).
Thornicroft's Model 2 v.

Currer Bell (Charlotte Brontë—Mrs. Nicholls), † 1855.
Jane Eyre 2 v. — Shirley 2 v. — Villette 2 v. — The Professor 1 v.

Ellis & Acton Bell (Emily, † 1848, and Anne, † 1849, Brontë).
Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey 2 v.

Edward Bellamy (Am.), † 1898.
Looking Backward 1 v.

Frank Lee Benedict (Am.).
St. Simon's Niece 2 v.

E. F. Benson.
Dodo 1 v. — The Rubicon 1 v.

Sir Walter Besant, † 1901.
The Revolt of Man 1 v. — Dorothy Forster 2 v. — Children of Gibeon 2 v. — The World went very well then 2 v. — Katharine Regina 1 v. — Herr Paulus 2 v. — The Inner House 1 v. — The Bell of St. Paul's 2 v. — For Faith and Freedom 2 v. — Armorel of Lyonesse 2 v. — Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, etc. 1 v. — Beyond the Dreams of Avarice 2 v. — The Master Craftsman 2 v. — A Fountain Sealed 1 v. — The Orange Girl 2 v. — The Fourth Generation 1 v. — The Lady of Lynn 2 v.

Sir Walter Besant, † 1901, & James Rice, † 1882.
The Golden Butterfly 2 v. — Ready-Money Mortiboy 2 v. — By Celia's Arbour 2 v.

M. Betham-Edwards.
The Sylvestres 1 v. — Felicia 2 v. — Brother Gabriel 2 v. — Forestalled 1 v. — Exchange no Robbery, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Disarmed 1 v. — Doctor Jacob 1 v. — Pearla 1 v. — Next of Kin Wanted 1 v. — The Parting of the Ways 1 v. — For One and the World 1 v. — The Romance of a French Parsonage 1 v. — France of To-day 1 v. — Two Aunts and a Nephew 1 v. — A Dream of Millions 1 v. — The Curb of Honour 1 v. — France of To-day *(Second Series)* 1 v. — A Romance of Dijon 1 v. — The Dream-Charlotte 1 v. — A Storm-Rent Sky 1 v. — Reminiscences 1 v. — The Lord of the Harvest 1 v. — Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875—1899 1 v. — A Suffolk Courtship 1 v. — Mock Beggars' Hall 1 v.

Ambrose Bierce (Am.).
In the Midst of Life 1 v.

Mabel C. Birchenough.
Potsherds 1 v.

E. Bisland, *v.* Rhoda Broughton.

Prince Bismarck, *vide* Butler.
Vide also **Wilhelm Görlach** (Collection of German Authors, p. 29).

William Black, † 1898.

A Daughter of Heth 2 v. — In Silk Attire 2 v. — The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton 2 v. — A Princess of Thule 2 v. — Kilmeny 1 v. — The Maid of Killeena, and other Stories 1 v. — Three Feathers 2 v. — Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories 1 v. — Madcap Violet 2 v. — Green Pastures and Piccadilly 2 v. — Macleod of Dare 2 v. — White Wings 2 v. — Sunrise 2 v. — The Beautiful Wretch 1 v. — Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands; The Four Macnicols; The Pupil of Aurelius 1 v. — Shandon Bells (with Portrait) 2 v. — Judith Shakespeare 2 v. — The Wise Women of Inverness, etc. 1 v. — White Heather 2 v. — Sabina Zembra 2 v. — The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat 2 v. — In Far Lochaber 2 v. — The New Prince Fortunatus 2 v. — Stand Fast, Craig-Royston! 2 v. — Donald Ross of Heimra 2 v. — The Magic Ink, and other Tales 1 v. — Wolfenberg 2 v. — The Handsome Humes 2 v. — Highland Cousins 2 v. — Briseis 2 v. — Wild Eelin 2 v.

Author of "The Black-Box Murder."

The Black-Box Murder 1 v.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore, † 1900.

Alice Lorraine 2 v. — Mary Anerley 3 v. — Christowell 2 v. — Tommy Upmore 2 v. — Perlycross 2 v.

"Blackwood."

Tales from "Blackwood" *(First Series)* 1 v. — Tales from "Blackwood" *(Second Series)* 1 v.

Isa Blagden, † 1873.

The Woman I loved, and the Woman who loved me; A Tuscan Wedding 1 v.

Countess of Blessington (Marguerite Gardiner), † 1849.

Meredith 1 v. — Strathern 2 v. — Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre 1 v. — Marmaduke Herbert 2 v. — Country Quarters (with Portrait) 2 v.

Baroness Bloomfield.

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Lady Audley's Secret 2 v. — Aurora Floyd 2 v. — Eleanor's Victory 2 v. — John Marchmont's Legacy 2 v. — Henry Dunbar 2 v. — The Doctor's Wife 2 v. — Only a Clod 2 v. — Sir Jasper's Tenant 2 v. — The Lady's Mile 2 v. — Rupert Godwin 2 v. — Dead-Sea Fruit 2 v. — Run to Earth 2 v. — Fenton's Quest 2 v. — The Lovels of Arden 2 v. — Strangers and Pilgrims 2 v. — Lucius Davoren 3 v. — Taken at the Flood 3 v. — Lost for Love 2 v. — A Strange World 2 v. — Hostages to Fortune 2 v. — Dead Men's Shoes 2 v. — Joshua Haggard's Daughter 2 v. — Weavers and Weft 1 v. — In Great Waters, and other Tales 1 v. — An Open Verdict 3 v. — Vixen 3 v. — The Cloven Foot 3 v. — The Story of Barbara 2 v. — Just as I am 2 v. — Asphodel 3 v. — Mount Royal 2 v. — The Golden Calf 2 v. — Flower and Weed 1 v. — Phantom Fortune 3 v. — Under the Red Flag 1 v. — Ishmael 3 v. — Wyllard's Weird 3 v. — One Thing Needful 2 v. — Cut by the County 1 v. — Like and Unlike 2 v. — The Fatal Three 2 v. — The Day will come 2 v. — One Life, One Love 2 v. — Gerard 2 v. — The Venetians 2 v. — All along the River 2 v. — Thou art the Man 2 v. — The Christmas Hirelings, etc. 1 v. — Sons of Fire 2 v. — London Pride 2 v. — Rough Justice 2 v. — In High Places 2 v. — His Darling Sin 1 v. — The Infidel 2 v.

Lady Brassey, † 1887.

A Voyage in the "Sunbeam" 2 v. — Sunshine and Storm in the East 2 v. — In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties 2 v.

Author of "The Bread-Winners" (Am.).

The Bread-Winners 1 v.

Bret Harte, *vide* Harte.

Rev. William Brock, † 1875.

Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B. 1 v.

Charlotte Brontë, *vide* Currer Bell.

Emily & Anne Brontë, *vide* Ellis & Acton Bell.

Shirley Brooks, † 1874.

The Silver Cord 3 v. — Sooner or Later 3 v.

Lady Broome, *vide* Lady Barker.

Rhoda Broughton.

Cometh up as a Flower 1 v. — Not wisely, but too well 2 v. — Red as a Rose is She 2 v. — Tales for Christmas Eve 1 v. — Nancy 2 v. — Joan 2 v. — Second Thoughts 2 v. — Belinda 2 v. — Doctor Cupid 2 v. — Alas! 2 v. — Mrs. Bligh 1 v. — A Beginner 1 v. — Scylla or Charybdis? 1 v. — Dear Faustina 1 v. — The Game and the Candle 1 v. — Foes in Law 1 v.

Rhoda Broughton & Elizabeth Bisland.

A Widower Indeed 1 v.

John Brown, † 1882.

Rab and his Friends, and other Papers 1 v.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, † 1861.

A Selection from her Poetry (with Portrait) 1 v. — Aurora Leigh 1 v.

Robert Browning, † 1889.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 4 v.

Frank T. Bullen.

The Cruise of the "Cachalot" 2 v.

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, † 1873.

Pelham (with Portrait) 1 v. — Eugene Aram 1 v. — Paul Clifford 1 v. — Zanoni 1 v. — The Last Days of Pompeii 1 v. — The Disowned 1 v. — Ernest Maltravers 1 v. — Alice 1 v. — Eva, and The Pilgrims of the Rhine 1 v. — Devereux 1 v. — Godolphin and Falkland 1 v. — Rienzi 1 v. — Night and Morning 1 v. — The Last of the Barons 2 v. — Athens 2 v. — The Poems and Ballads of Schiller 1 v. — Lucretia 2 v. — Harold 2 v. — King Arthur 2 v. — The New Timon, and St. Stephen's 1 v. — The Caxtons 2 v. — My Novel 4 v. — What will he do with it? 4 v. — Dramatic Works 2 v. — A Strange Story 2 v. — Caxtoniana 2 v. — The Lost Tales of Miletus 1 v. — Miscellaneous Prose Works 4 v. — Odes and Epodes of Horace 2 v. — Kenelm Chillingly 4 v. — The Coming Race 1 v. — The Parisians 4 v. — Pausanias, the Spartan 1 v.

Henry Lytton Bulwer (Lord Dalling), † 1872.

Historical Characters 2 v. — The Life of Viscount Palmerston 3 v.

John Bunyan, † 1688.

The Pilgrim's Progress 1 v.

Author of "Buried Alone" (Charles Wood).

Buried Alone 1 v.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (Am.).

Through one Administration 2 v. — Little Lord Fauntleroy 1 v. — Sara Crewe, and Editha's Burglar 1 v. — The Pretty Sister of José 1 v. — A Lady of Quality 2 v. — His Grace of Osmonde 2 v.

Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay), † 1840.

Evelina 1 v.

Robert Burns, † 1796.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Richard F. Burton, † 1890.

A Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina 3 v.

Baroness de Bury, *vide* "All for Greed."

A. J. Butler.

Bismarck. His Reflections and Reminiscences. Translated from the great German edition, under the supervision of A. J. Butler. With two Portraits. 3 v.

Mrs. B. H. Buxton, † 1881.

Jennie of "The Prince's," 2 v. — Won! 2 v. — Great Grenfell Gardens 2 v. — Nell — on and off the Stage 2 v. — From the Wings 2 v.

Lord Byron, † 1824.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, (Iota).

A Yellow Aster 1 v. — Children of Circumstance 2 v. — Anne Mauleverer 2 v.

Hall Caine.

The Bondman 2 v. — The Manxman 2 v. — The Christian 2 v. — The Eternal City 3 v.

Verney Lovett Cameron.

Across Africa 2 v.

Mrs. Campbell Praed, *vide* Praed.

Rosa Nouchette Carey.

Not Like other Girls 2 v. — "But Men must Work" 1 v. — Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters 2 v. — The Old, Old Story 2 v. — Herb of Grace 2 v.

Thomas Carlyle, † 1881.
The French Revolution 3 v. — Frederick the Great 13 v. — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. — The Life of Schiller 1 v.

Alaric Carr.
Treherne's Temptation 2 v.

Egerton Castle.
Consequences 2 v. — "La Bella," and Others 1 v.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle Charles, † 1896, *vide* Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."

Maria Louisa Charlesworth, † 1880.
Oliver of the Mill 1 v.

Mary Cholmondeley.
Diana Tempest 2 v. — Red Pottage 2 v.

Princess Christian, *vide* Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" (Mrs. E. Rundle Charles), † 1896.
Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family 2 v. — The Draytons and the Davenants 2 v. — On Both Sides of the Sea 2 v. — Winifred Bertram 1 v. — Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevylyan 1 v. — The Victory of the Vanquished 1 v. — The Cottage by the Cathedral and other Parables 1 v. — Against the Stream 2 v. — The Bertram Family 2 v. — Conquering and to Conquer 1 v. — Lapsed, but not Lost 1 v.

Alfred Clark.
The Finding of Lot's Wife 1 v.

Samuel L. Clemens, *vide* Twain.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.
Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman 1 v. — Aunt Anne 2 v. — The Last Touches, and other Stories 1 v. — Mrs. Keith's Crime 1 v. — A Wild Proxy 1 v. — A Flash of Summer 1 v. — A Woman Alone 1 v.

Mrs. Caroline Clive, † 1873, *vide* Author of "Paul Ferroll."

Frances Power Cobbe.
Re-Echoes 1 v.

C. R. Coleridge.
An English Squire 2 v.

M. E. Coleridge.
The King with two Faces 2 v.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, † 1834.
Poems 1 v.

Charles Allston Collins, † 1873.
A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.

Mortimer Collins, † 1876.
Sweet and Twenty 2 v. — A Fight with Fortune 2 v.

Wilkie Collins, † 1889.
After Dark 1 v. — Hide and Seek 2 v. — A Plot in Private Life, etc. 1 v. — The Woman in White 2 v. — Basil 1 v. — No Name 3 v. — The Dead Secret, and other Tales 2 v. — Antonina 2 v. — Armadale 3 v. — The Moonstone 2 v. — Man and Wife 3 v. — Poor Miss Finch 2 v. — Miss or Mrs.? 1 v. — The New Magdalen 2 v. — The Frozen Deep 1 v. — The Law and the Lady 2 v. — The Two Destinies 1 v. — My Lady's Money, and Percy and the Prophet 1 v. — The Haunted Hotel 1 v. — The Fallen Leaves 2 v. — Jezebel's Daughter 2 v. — The Black Robe 2 v. — Heart and Science 2 v. — "I say No," 2 v. — The Evil Genius 2 v. — The Guilty River, and The Ghost's Touch 1 v. — The Legacy of Cain 2 v. — Blind Love 2 v.

Author of "Cometh up as a Flower," *vide* Rhoda Broughton.

Joseph Conrad.
An Outcast of the Islands 2 v. — Tales of Unrest 1 v.

Hugh Conway (F. J. Fargus), † 1885.
Called Back 1 v. — Bound Together 2 v. — Dark Days 1 v. — A Family Affair 2 v. — Living or Dead 2 v.

James Fenimore Cooper (Am.), † 1851.
The Spy (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Two Admirals 1 v. — The Jack O'Lantern 1 v.

Mrs. Cooper, *vide* Katharine Saunders.

Marie Corelli.
Vendetta! 2 v. — Thelma 2 v. — A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. — "Ardath"

3 v. — Wormwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. — The Hired Baby, with other Stories and Social Sketches 1 v. — Barabbas; A Dream of the World's Tragedy 2 v. — The Sorrows of Satan 2 v. — The Mighty Atom 1 v. — The Murder of Delicia 1 v. — Ziska 1 v. — Boy. A Sketch. 2 v. — The Master-Christian 2 v.

Author of "The County."

The County 1 v.

George Lillie Craik, † 1866.

A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language 2 v.

Mrs. Craik (Miss Dinah M. Mulock), † 1887.

John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. — The Head of the Family 2 v. — A Life for a Life 2 v. — A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. — Agatha's Husband 1 v. — Romantic Tales 1 v. — Domestic Stories 1 v. — Mistress and Maid 1 v. — The Ogilvies 1 v. — Lord Erlistoun 1 v. — Christian's Mistake 1 v. — Bread upon the Waters 1 v. — A Noble Life 1 v. — Olive 2 v. — Two Marriages 1 v. — Studies from Life 1 v. — Poems 1 v. — The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. — The Unkind Word, and other Stories 2 v. — A Brave Lady 2 v. — Hannah 2 v. — Fair France 1 v. — My Mother and I 1 v. — The Little Lame Prince 1 v. — Sermons out of Church 1 v. — The Laurel-Bush; Two little Tinkers 1 v. — A Legacy 2 v. — Young Mrs. Jardine 2 v. — His Little Mother, and other Tales and Sketches 1 v. — Plain Speaking 1 v. — Miss Tommy 1 v. — King Arthur 1 v.

Georgiana M. Craik (Mrs. May).

Lost and Won 1 v. — Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. — Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. — Winifred's Wooing, etc. 1 v. — Mildred 1 v. — Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. — Hero Trevelyan 1 v. — Without Kith or Kin 2 v. — Only a Butterfly 1 v. — Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. — Anne Warwick 1 v. — Dorcas 2 v. — Two Women 2 v.

Georgiana M. Craik & M. C. Stirling.

Two Tales of Married Life (Hard to Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Man, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

Mrs. Augustus Craven, *vide* Lady Fullerton.

F. Marion Crawford (Am.).

Mr. Isaacs 1 v. — Doctor Claudius 1 v. — To Leeward 1 v. — A Roman Singer 1 v. — An American Politician 1 v. — Zoroaster 1 v. — A Tale of a Lonely Parish 2 v. — Saracinesca 2 v. — Marzio's Crucifix 1 v. — Paul Patoff 2 v. — With the Immortals 1 v. — Greifenstein 2 v. — Sant' Ilario 2 v. — A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. — Khaled 1 v. — The Witch of Prague 2 v. — The Three Fates 2 v. — Don Orsino 2 v. — The Children of the King 1 v. — Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. — Marion Darche 1 v. — Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. — The Ralstons 2 v. — Casa Braccio 2 v. — Adam Johnstone's Son 1 v. — Taquisara 2 v. — A Rose of Yesterday 1 v. — Corleone 2 v. — Via Crucis 2 v. — In the Palace of the King 2 v. — Marietta, a Maid of Venice 2 v.

S. R. Crockett.

The Raiders 2 v. — Cleg Kelly 2 v. — The Grey Man 2 v. — Love Idylls 1 v. — The Dark o' the Moon 2 v.

J. W. Cross, *vide* George Eliot's Life.

Mrs. Pender Cudlip, *vide* A. Thomas.

Miss Cummins (Am.), † 1866.

The Lamplighter 1 v. — Mabel Vaughan 1 v. — El Fureidis 1 v. — Haunted Hearts 1 v.

Paul Cushing.

The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v.

"Daily News."

War Correspondence, 1877, by Archibald Forbes and others 3 v.

Author of "Dark."

Dark 1 v.

Richard Harding Davis (Am.).

Gallegher, etc. 1 v. — Van Bibber and Others 1 v.

Daniel De Foe, † 1731.

Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

Margaret Deland (Am.).

John Ward, Preacher 1 v.

Author of "Democracy" (Am.).

Democracy 1 v.

Author of "Demos," *vide* George Gissing.

Author of "Diary and Notes," *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."

Charles Dickens, † 1870.

The Pickwick Club (with Portrait) 2 v. — American Notes 1 v. — Oliver Twist 1 v. — Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. — Sketches 1 v. — Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. — A Christmas Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. — Master Humphrey's Clock (Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.) 3 v. — Pictures from Italy 1 v. — Dombey and Son 3 v. — David Copperfield 3 v. — Bleak House 4 v. — A Child's History of England (2 v. 8° M. 2,70.) — Hard Times 1 v. — Little Dorrit (with Illustrations) 4 v. — The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man 1 v. — A Tale of two Cities 2 v. — Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. — Great Expectations 2 v. — Christmas Stories, etc. 1 v. — Our Mutual Friend (with Illustrations) 4 v. — Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. — Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. — The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with Illustrations) 2 v. — The Mudfog Papers, 1 v. — The Letters of Charles Dickens, ed. by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter 4 v. — *Vide* also Household Words, Novels and Tales, and John Forster.

Charles Dickens & Wilkie Collins.

No Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Hollingford 1 v.

Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, † 1881.

Coningsby 1 v. — Sybil 1 v. — Contarini Fleming (with Portrait) 1 v. — Alroy 1 v. — Tancred 2 v. — Venetia 2 v. — Vivian Grey 2 v. — Henrietta Temple 1 v. — Lothair 2 v. — Endymion 2 v.

Ella Hepworth Dixon.

The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v.

W. Hepworth Dixon, † 1879.

Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. — The Holy Land 2 v. — New America 2 v. — Spiritual Wives 2 v. — Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. — Free Russia 2 v. — History of two Queens 6 v. — White Conquest 2 v. — Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.

L. Dougall (Am.).

Beggars All 2 v.

Ménie Muriel Dowie.

A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

A. Conan Doyle.

The Sign of Four 1 v. — Micah Clarke 2 v. — The Captain of the Pole-Star, and other Tales 1 v. — The White Company 2 v. — A Study in Scarlet 1 v. — The Great Shadow, and Beyond the City 1 v. — The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — The Refugees 2 v. — The Firm of Girdlestone 2 v. — The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Round the Red Lamp 1 v. — The Stark Munro Letters 1 v. — The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard 1 v. — Rodney Stone 2 v. — Uncle Bernac 1 v. — The Tragedy of the Korosko 1 v. — A Duet 1 v. — The Green Flag 1 v. — The Great Boer War 2 v. — The War in South Africa 1 v. — The Hound of the Baskervilles 1 v.

Professor Henry Drummond, † 1897.

The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.

Dunton, *vide* Th. Watts-Dunton.

The Earl and the Doctor.

South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

The Earl of Dufferin.

Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

Edward B. Eastwick, † 1883.

Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.

Maria Edgeworth, *vide* Series for the Young, p. 29.

Mrs. Annie Edwardes.

Archie Lovell 2 v. — Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v. — A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stocking 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ball-room Repentance 2 v. — A Girton Girl 2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v. The Adventuress 1 v.

Amelia B. Edwards, † 1892.

Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carew 2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Million of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Vow 2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. —

Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A Night on the Borders of the Black Forest 1 v. — A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets 1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v. — A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. — Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

M. Betham-Edwards, *v.* **Betham.**

Edward Eggleston (Am.).

The Faith Doctor 2 v.

Barbara Elbon (Am.).

Bethesda 2 v.

George Eliot (Miss Evans — Mrs. Cross), † 1880.

Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. — Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. — Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. — Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book 1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross 4 v.

Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

Elizabeth and her German Garden 1 v. — The Solitary Summer 1 v. — The Benefactress 2 v.

Mrs. Frances Elliot, † 1898.

Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. — Old Court Life in France 2 v. — The Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of Old Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v. — The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. — Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Roman Gossip 1 v.

Author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters 1 v.

Henry Erroll.

An Ugly Duckling 1 v.

E. Rentoul Esler.

The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.

The Authors of "Essays and Reviews."

Essays and Reviews. By various Authors 1 v.

Author of "Estelle Russell."

Estelle Russell 2 v.

Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.

Three Sisters 1 v. — A Laughing Philosopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1 v. — In Thoughtland and in Dreamland 1 v. — Orchardscroft 1 v. — Appassionata 1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The Queen's Serf 1 v.

Author of "Euthanasia."

Euthanasia 1 v.

Juliana Horatia Ewing, † 1885.

Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life; Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Flat Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownies, and other Tales 1 v.

Author of "Expiated."

Expiated 2 v.

F. J. Fargus, *vide* **Hugh Conway.**

F. W. (Dean) **Farrar.**

Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

Authors of "The Fate of Fenella."

The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Percy Fendall, *vide* **F. C. Philips.**

George Manville Fenn.

The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. — The Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Henry Fielding, † 1754.

Tom Jones 2 v.

Five Centuries

of the English Language and Literature: John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. — Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. — Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John Locke. — Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published 1860) 1 v.

George Fleming (Am.).

Kismet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Archibald Forbes, † 1900.

My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. — Soldiering and Scribbling 1 v. — Memories and Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide* also "Daily News," War Correspondence.

R. E. Forrest.

Eight Days 2 v.

Mrs. Forrester.

Viva 2 v. — Rhona 2 v. — Roy and Viola 2 v. — My Lord and My Lady 2 v. — I have Lived and Loved 2 v. — June 2 v. — Omnia Vanitas 1 v. — Although he was a Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — Corisande, and other Tales 1 v. — Once Again 2 v. — Of the World, Worldly 1 v. — Dearest 2 v. — The Light of other Days 1 v. — Too Late Repented 1 v.

John Forster, † 1876.

The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illustrations and Portraits) 6 v. — Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

Jessie Fothergill.

The First Violin 2 v. — Probation 2 v. — Made or Marred, and "One of Three" 1 v. — Kith and Kin 2 v. — Peril 2 v. — Borderland 2 v.

Author of "Found Dead," *vide* James Payn.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

A Double Thread 2 v. — The Farringdons 2 v.

Caroline Fox, † 1871.

Memories of Old Friends from her Journals and Letters, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

Author of "Frank Fairlegh" (F. E. Smedley), † 1864.

Frank Fairlegh 2 v.

M. E. Francis.

The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

Harold Frederic (Am.), † 1898.

Illumination 2 v. — March Hares 1 v.

Edward A. Freeman, † 1892.

The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. — Select Historical Essays 1 v. — Sketches from French Travel 1 v.

James Anthony Froude, † 1894.

Oceana 1 v. — The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays 1 v.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, † 1885.

Ellen Middleton 1 v. — Grantley Manor 2 v. — Lady Bird 2 v. — Too Strange not to be True 2 v. — Constance Sherwood 2 v. — A Stormy Life 2 v. — Mrs. Geralds' Niece 2 v. — The Notary's Daughter 1 v. — The Lilies of the Valley, and The House of Penarvan 1 v. — The Countess de Bonneval 1 v. — Rose Leblanc 1 v. — Seven Stories 1 v. — The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v. — A Will and a Way, and The Handkerchief at the Window 2 v. — Eliane 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — Laurentia 1 v.

Marguerite Gardiner, *vide* Lady Blessington.

Mrs. Gaskell, † 1865.

Mary Barton 1 v. — Ruth 2 v. — North and South 1 v. — Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales 1 v. — The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. — Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. — Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. — A Dark Night's Work 1 v. — Wives and Daughters 3 v. — Cranford 1 v. — Cousin Phillis, and other Tales 1 v.

Author of "Geraldine Hawthorne," *vide* Author of "Miss Molly."

Dorothea Gerard (Madame de Longard).

Lady Baby 2 v. — Recha 1 v. — Orthodox 1 v. — The Wrong Man 1 v. — A Spotless Reputation 1 v. — A Forgotten Sin 1 v. — One Year 1 v. — The Supreme Crime 1 v. — The Blood-Tax 1 v.

E. Gerard (Emily de Łaszowska).

A Secret Mission 1 v. — A Foreigner 2 v. — The Extermination of Love 2 v.

Agnes Giberne.

The Curate's Home 1 v.

George Gissing.

Demos. A Story of English Socialism 2 v. — New Grub Street 2 v.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, † 1898.

Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. — Bulgarian Horrors, and Russia in Turkistan, with other Tracts 1 v. — The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem, with other Tracts 1 v.

Elinor Glyn.

The Visits of Elizabeth 1 v.

Hal Godfrey (Charlotte O'Conor-Eccles).

The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore 1 v.

Oliver Goldsmith, † 1774.

Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Edward J. Goodman.

Too Curious 1 v.

Julien Gordon (Am.).

A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.

Major-Gen. C. G. Gordon, † 1885.

His Journals at Kartoum. Introduction and Notes by A. E. Hake (with eighteen Illustrations) 2 v.

Mrs. Gore, † 1861.

Castles in the Air 1 v. — The Dean's Daughter 2 v. — Progress and Prejudice 2 v. — Mammon 2 v. — A Life's Lessons 2 v. — The Two Aristocracies 2 v. — Heckington 2 v.

Sarah Grand.

Our Manifold Nature 1 v. — Babs the Impossible 2 v.

Miss Grant.

Victor Lescar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v. — My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v. — Cara Roma 2 v.

Maxwell Gray.

The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. — The Reproach of Annesley 2 v.

E. C. Grenville: Murray (Trois-Etoiles), † 1881.

The Member for Paris 2 v. — Young Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk *(First Series)* 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk *(Second Series)* 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met 1 v.

Ethel St. Clair Grimwood.

My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.

W. A. Baillie Grohman.

Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.

Archibald Clavering Gunter (Am.).

Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.

F. Anstey Guthrie, *vide* Anstey.

Author of "Guy Livingstone" (George Alfred Laurence), † 1876.

Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. — Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering 1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Hagarene 2 v.

John Habberton (Am.).

Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. — The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. — One Tramp; Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.

H. Rider Haggard.

King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. — Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. — Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawn 2 v. — Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. — The People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. — Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard 1 v. — Doctor Therne 1 v. — Swallow 2 v. — Black Heart and White Heart, and Elissa 1 v. — Lysbeth 2 v. — A Winter Pilgrimage 2 v.

H. Rider Haggard & Andrew Lang.

The World's Desire 2 v.

A. E. Hake, *vide* Gen. Gordon.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, † 1881.

Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, † 1894.

Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.

Miss Iza Hardy, *vide* Author of "Not Easily Jealous."

Thomas Hardy.

The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Return of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. — A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v.

Beatrice Harraden.

Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford, and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The Fowler 2 v.

Agnes Harrison.

Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Bret Harte (Am.), † 1902.

Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts: — The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. — Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. — Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — The Story of a Mine 1 v. — Drift from Two

Shores 1 v. — An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Sketches 1 v. — The Twins of Table Mountain, and other Tales 1 v. — Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales 1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge 1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and other Tales 1 v. — Captain Jim's Friend, and the Argonauts of North Liberty 1 v. — Cressy 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif of the Plains 1 v. — A Ward of the Golden Gate 1 v. — A Sappho of Green Springs, and other Tales 1 v. — A First Family of Tasajara 1 v. — Colonel Starbottle's Client, and some other People 1 v. — Susy 1 v. — Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence 1 v. — In a Hollow of the Hills, and The Devotion of Enriquez 1 v. — The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Three Partners 1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. — Stories in Light and Shadow 1 v. — Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories 1 v. — From Sand-Hill to Pine 1 v. — Under the Redwoods 1 v. — On the Old Trail 1 v.

Sir Henry Havelock, *vide* **Rev. W. Brock.**

Nathaniel Hawthorne (Am.), † 1864.

The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transformation (The Marble Faun) 2 v. — Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne 2 v.

Mrs. Hector, *vide* **Mrs. Alexander.**

Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," *vide* **Charlotte M. Yonge.**

Sir Arthur Helps, † 1875.

Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Biron 2 v.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, † 1835.

Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Maurice Hewlett.

The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v. — The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay 2 v. — New Canterbury Tales 1 v.

Robert Hichens.

Flames 2 v. — The Slave 2 v.

Admiral Hobart Pasha, † 1886.

Sketches from my Life 1 v.

John Oliver Hobbes.

The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham 1 v. — The Serious Wooing 1 v.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.

Annie E. Holdsworth.

The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v. — The Valley of the Great Shadow 1 v. — Great Lowlands 1 v.

Holme Lee, *vide* **Harriet Parr.**

Oliver Wendell Holmes (Am.), † 1894.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — Over the Teacups 1 v.

Anthony Hope (Hawkins).

Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — A Change of Air 1 v. — Half a Hero 1 v. — The Indiscretion of the Duchess 1 v. — The God in the Car 1 v. — The Chronicles of Count Antonio 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Osra 1 v. — Phroso 2 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rupert of Hentzau 1 v. — The King's Mirror 2 v. — Quisanté 1 v. — Tristram of Blent 2 v.

Tighe Hopkins.

An Idler in Old France 1 v. — The Man in the Iron Mask 1 v. — The Dungeons of Old Paris 1 v.

Author of "Horace Templeton."

Diary and Notes 1 v.

Ernest William Hornung.

A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Tiny Luttrell 1 v. — The Boss of Taroomba 1 v. — My Lord Duke 1 v. — Young Blood 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksman 1 v. — The Rogue's March 1 v. — The Belle of Toorak 1 v. — Peccavi 1 v. — The Black Mask 1 v.

"Household Words."

Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — Novels and Tales reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Mrs. Houstoun, *vide* **"Recommended to Mercy."**

Author of "How to be Happy though Married."

How to be Happy though Married 1 v.

Blanche Willis Howard (Am.), † 1899.

One Summer 1 v. — Aunt Serena 1 v. — Guenn 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. — The Open Door 2 v.

Blanche Willis Howard, † 1899, & William Sharp.

A Fellowe and His Wife 1 v.

William Dean Howells (Am.).

A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country 1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v. — Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey 1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. — The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v. — A Pair of Patient Lovers 1 v.

Thomas Hughes, † 1898.

Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.

Mrs. Hungerford (Mrs. Argles), † 1897.

Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. — Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Portia 2 v. — Loÿs, Lord Berresford, and other Tales 1 v. — Her First Appearance, and other Tales 1 v. — Phyllis 2 v. — Rossmoyne 2 v. — Doris 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. — Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly Barrington 1 v. — Lady Branksmere 2 v. — Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A Modern Circe 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Currents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. — A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette 2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. — A Conquering Heroine, and "When in Doubt" 1 v. — Nora Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — The Red House Mystery 1 v. — An Unsatisfactory Lover 1 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. — The Three Graces 1 v. — A Tug of War 1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. — A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of Chloe 1 v.

Mrs. Hunt, *vide* Averil Beaumont.

Violet Hunt.

The Human Interest 1 v.

Jean Ingelow, † 1897.

Off the Skelligs 3 v. — Poems 2 v. — Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

The Hon. Lady Inglis.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

John H. Ingram, *vide* E. A. Poe.

Iota, *vide* Mrs. Mannington Caffyn.

Washington Irving (Am.), † 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.) (Am.), † 1885.

Ramona 2 v.

W. W. Jacobs.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant 1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v. — A Master of Craft 1 v. — Light Freights 1 v.

Charles T. C. James.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

G. P. R. James, † 1860.

Morley Ernstein (with Portrait) 1 v. — Forest Days 1 v. — The False Heir 1 v. — Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret 1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. — The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother 2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg 1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell 2 v. — The Convict 2 v. — Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

Henry James (Am.).

The American 2 v. — The Europeans 1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. — Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washing-

ton Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — French Poets and Novelists 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places 1 v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v.

J. Cordy Jeaffreson.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Mrs. Charles Jenkin, † 1885.

"Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skirmishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Within an Ace 1 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Edward Jenkins.

Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Misfortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

Author of "Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome K. Jerome.

The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v.

Douglas Jerrold, † 1857.

History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow, *vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Samuel Johnson, † 1784.

Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Emily Jolly.

Colonel Dacre 2 v.

Author of "Joshua Davidson," *vide* Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Miss Julia Kavanagh, † 1877.

Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. — Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. — Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and other Tales 2 v. — French Women of Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters 1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Sybil's Second Love 2 v. — Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots 2 v. — *Vide* also Series for the Young, p. 29.

Annie Keary, † 1879.

Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

D'Esterre-Keeling, *vide* Esterre.

Thomas a Kempis.

The Imitation of Christ. Translated from the Latin by W. Benham, B.D. 1 v.

Richard B. Kimball (Am.), †

Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. — Was he Successful? 1 v. — To-Day in New York 1 v.

Alexander William Kinglake, † 1891.

Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of the Crimea 14 v.

Charles Kingsley, † 1875.

Yeast 1 v. — Westward ho! 2 v. — Two Years ago 2 v. — Hypatia 2 v. — Alton Locke 1 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. — At Last 2 v. — His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his Wife 2 v.

Henry Kingsley, † 1876.

Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. — Geoffry Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. — Valentin 1 v. — Oakshott Castle 1 v. — Reginald Hetherege 2 v. — The Grange Garden 2 v.

Albert Kinross.

An Opera and Lady Grasmere 1 v.

Rudyard Kipling.

Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous" 1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dreadful Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v.

May Laffan.

Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor, etc. 1 v.

Charles Lamb, † 1834.

The Essays of Elia and Eliana 1 v.

Mary Langdon (Am.).

Ida May 1 v.

Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers" (Miss Piddington).
The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Mme de Laszowska, *vide* E. Gerard.

The Hon. Emily Lawless.
Hurrish 1 v.

George Alfred Laurence, *vide* Author of "Guy Livingstone."

"Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," *vide* Victoria R. I.

Holme Lee, † 1900, *vide* Harriet Parr.

J. S. Le Fanu, † 1873.
Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.

Mark Lemon, † 1870.
Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last 2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 v. — Leyton Hall, and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters 2 v.

Author of "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth."
The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth 1 v.

Charles Lever, † 1872.
The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. — Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Malley 3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. — Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. — The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The Fortunes of Glencore 2 v. — Roland Cashel 3 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. — Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Sir Jasper Carew 2 v. — Barrington 2 v. — A Day's Ride 2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v. — Tony Butler 2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. — The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. — A Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy of Norcott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eve; Paul Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kilgobbin 2 v.

S. Levett-Yeats.
The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's Way 1 v.

G. H. Lewes, † 1878.
Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of Common Life 2 v. — On Actors and the Art of Acting 1 v.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, † 1898.
The true History of Joshua Davidson 1 v. — Patricia Kemball 2 v. — The Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The World well Lost 2 v. — Under which Lord? 2 v. — With a Silken Thread, and other Stories 1 v. — Todhunters' at Loan-in' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — "My Love!" 2 v. — The Girl of the Period, and other Social Essays 1 v. — Ione 2 v.

Laurence W. M. Lockhart, † 1882.
Mine is Thine 2 v.

Lord Augustus Loftus.
Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837-1862 (with Portrait) 2 v.

Mme de Longard, *vide* D. Gerard.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (Am.), † 1882.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. — The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri 3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v. — The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. — The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems 1 v.

Margaret Lonsdale.
Sister Dora (with a Portrait of Sister Dora) 1 v.

Author of "A Lost Battle."
A Lost Battle 2 v.

Sir John Lubbock, Bart.
The Pleasures of Life 1 v. — The Beauties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. — The Use of Life 1 v. — Scenery of Switzerland (with Illustrations) 2 v.

"Lutfullah," *vide* Eastwick.

Edna Lyall.
We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — In the Golden Days 2 v. — Knight-Errant 2 v. — Won by Waiting 2 v. — Wayfaring Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. — Doreen 2 v. — In Spite of All 2 v.

Lord Lytton, *vide* E. Bulwer.

Robert Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), † 1891.
Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.

Maarten Maartens.
The Sin of Joost Avelingh 1 v. — An Old Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v. — The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady Nobody 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — Some Women I have known 1 v.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, † 1859.
History of England (with Portrait) 10 v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. — Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches 2 v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. — (See also Trevelyan).

Justin McCarthy.
The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. — Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misanthrope 2 v. — A History of our own Times 5 v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A short History of our own Times 2 v. — A History of the Four Georges vols. 1 & 2. — A History of our own Times vols. 6 & 7 (supplemental). — A History of the Four Georges and of William IV. Vols. 3, 4 & 5 (supplemental).

George Mac Donald.
Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood 2 v. — David Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Princess and Curdie 1 v.

Mrs. Mackarness, † 1881.
Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

Eric Mackay, † 1898.
Love Letters of a Violinist, and other Poems 1 v.

Charles McKnight (Am.).
Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

Ian Maclaren.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v. — The Days of Auld Langsyne 1 v.

Norman Macleod, † 1872.
The Old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.

James Macpherson, † 1696, *vide* **Ossian.**

Mrs. Macquoid.
Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage 2 v. — Pictures across the Channel 2 v. — Too Soon 1 v. — My Story 2 v. — Diane 2 v. — Beside the River 2 v. — A Faithful Lover 2 v.

Author of "Mademoiselle Mori" (Miss Roberts).
Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — Denise 1 v. — Madame Fontenoy 1 v. — On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The Atelier du Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time 2 v.

Lord Mahon, *vide* **Stanhope.**

E. S. Maine.
Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.

Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Shifting Scenes 1 v.

Lucas Malet.
Colonel Enderby's Wife 2 v. — The History of Sir Richard Calmady 3 v.

The Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B.
Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.

Mary E. Mann.
A Winter's Tale 1 v. — The Cedar Star 1 v.

Robert Blachford Mansfield.
The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

Mark Twain, *vide* **Twain.**

Author of "Marmorne," *vide* **P. G. Hamerton.**

Capt. Marryat, † 1848.
Jacob Faithful (with Portrait) 1 v. — Percival Keene 1 v. — Peter Simple 1 v. — Japhet in Search of a Father 1 v. — Monsieur Violet 1 v. — The Settlers in Canada 1 v. — The Mission 1 v. — The Privateer's-Man 1 v. — The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. — Valerie 1 v. — Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. — The King's Own 1 v.

Florence Marryat, † 1899.
Love's Conflict 2 v. — For Ever and Ever 2 v. — The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. — Nelly Brooke 2 v. — Véronique 2 v. — Petronel 2 v. — Her Lord and Master 2 v. — The Prey of the Gods 1 v. — Life and Letters of Captain Marryat 1 v. — Mad Dumaresq 2 v. —

No Intentions 2 v. — Fighting the Air 2 v. — A Star and a Heart; An Utter Impossibility 1 v. — The Poison of Asps, and other Stories 1 v. — A Lucky Disappointment, and other Stories 1 v. — "My own Child" 2 v. — Her Father's Name 2 v. — A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. — A Little Stepson 1 v. — Written in Fire 2 v. — Her World against a Lie 2 v. — A Broken Blossom 2 v. — The Root of all Evil 2 v. — The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. — With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. — My Sister the Actress 2 v. — Phyllida 2 v. — How they loved Him 2 v. — Facing the Footlights (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Moment of Madness, and other Stories 1 v. — The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and other Stories 1 v. — Peeress and Player 2 v. — Under the Lilies and Roses 2 v. — The Heart of Jane Warner 2 v. — The Heir Presumptive 2 v. — The Master Passion 2 v. — Spiders of Society 2 v. — Driven to Bay 2 v. — A Daughter of the Tropics 2 v. — Gentleman and Courtier 2 v. — On Circumstantial Evidence 2 v. — Mount Eden. A Romance 2 v. — Blindfold 2 v. — A Scarlet Sin 1 v. — A Bankrupt Heart 2 v. — The Spirit World 1 v. — The Beautiful Soul 1 v. — At Heart a Rake 2 v. — The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs 1 v. — The Dream that Stayed 2 v. — A Passing Madness 1 v. — The Blood of the Vampire 1 v. — A Soul on Fire 1 v. — Iris the Avenger 1 v.

Mrs. Anne Marsh (Caldwell), † 1874.

Ravenscliffe 2 v. — Emilia Wyndham 2 v. — Castle Avon 2 v. — Aubrey 2 v. — The Heiress of Haughton 2 v. — Evelyn Marston 2 v. — The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Mrs. Emma Marshall, † 1899.

Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. — Benvenuta 1 v. — Lady Alice 1 v. — Dayspring 1 v. — Life's Aftermath 1 v. — In the East Country 1 v. — No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. — In Four Reigns 1 v. — On the Banks of the Ouse 1 v. — In the City of Flowers 1 v. — Alma 1 v. — Under Salisbury Spire 1 v. — The End Crowns All 1 v. — Winchester Meads 1 v. — Eventide Light 1 v. — Winifrede's Journal 1 v. — Bristol Bells 1 v. — In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell 1 v. — A Lily among Thorns 1 v. — Penshurst Castle 1 v. — Kensington Palace 1 v. — The White King's Daughter 1 v. — The Master of the Musicians 1 v. — An Escape from the Tower 1 v. — A Haunt of Ancient Peace 1 v. — Castle Meadow 1 v. — In the Choir of Westminster Abbey 1 v. — The Young Queen of Hearts 1 v. — Under the Dome of St. Paul's 1 v. — The Parson's Daughter 1 v.

Helen Mathers (Mrs. Henry Reeves).

"Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. — "Land o' the Leal" 1 v. — My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v. — As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. — Sam's Sweetheart 2 v. — Eyre's Acquittal 2 v. — Found Out 1 v. — Murder or Manslaughter? 1 v. — The Fashion of this World (80 Pf.) — Blind Justice, and "Who, being dead, yet Speaketh" 1 v. — What the Glass Told, and A Study of a Woman 1 v. — Bam Wildfire 2 v. — Becky 2 v. — Cinders 1 v.

Colonel Maurice.

The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

George du Maurier, † 1896.

Trilby 2 v. — The Martian 2 v.

Mrs. Maxwell, *vide* Miss Braddon.

Author of "Mehalah," *vide* Baring-Gould.

George J. Whyte Melville, † 1878.

Kate Coventry 1 v. — Holmby House 2 v. — Digby Grand 1 v. — Good for Nothing 2 v. — The Queen's Maries 2 v. — The Gladiators 2 v. — The Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v. — The Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose 2 v. — M. or N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v. — Sarchedon 2 v. — Uncle John 2 v. — Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. — Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black but Comely 2 v. — Riding Recollections 1 v.

Memorial Volumes, *vide* Five Centuries (vol. 500); The New Testament (vol. 1000); Henry Morley (vol. 2000).

George Meredith.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. — Beauchamp's Career 2 v. — The Tragic Comedians 1 v. — Lord Ormont and his Aminta 2 v. — The Amazing Marriage 2 v.

Owen Meredith, *vide* **Robert Lord Lytton.**

Leonard Merrick.
The Man who was good 1 v. — This Stage of Fools 1 v. — Cynthia 1 v. — One Man's View 1 v. — The Actor-Manager 1 v. — The Worldlings 1 v. — When Love flies out o' the Window 1 v.

Henry Seton Merriman.
Young Mistley 1 v. — Prisoners and Captives 2 v. — From One Generation to Another 1 v. — With Edged Tools 2 v. — The Sowers 2 v. — Flotsam 1 v. — In Kedar's Tents 1 v. — Roden's Corner 1 v. — The Isle of Unrest 1 v. — The Velvet Glove 1 v.

H. S. Merriman & S. G. Tallentyre.
The Money-Spinner, etc. 1 v.

John Milton, † 1674.
Poetical Works 1 v.

Author of "Miss Molly."
Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

Author of "Molly Bawn," *vide* **Mrs. Hungerford.**

Florence Montgomery.
Misunderstood 1 v. — Thrown Together 2 v. — Thwarted 1 v. — Wild Mike 1 v. — Seaforth 2 v. — The Blue Veil 1 v. — Transformed 1 v. — The Fisherman's Daughter, etc. 1 v. — Colonel Norton 2 v. — Prejudged 1 v.

Frank Frankfort Moore.
"I Forbid the Banns" 2 v. — A Gray Eye or So 2 v. — One Fair Daughter 2 v. — They Call it Love 2 v. — The Jessamy Bride 1 v. — The Millionaires 1 v. — Nell Gwyn—Comedian 1 v.

George Moore.
Celibates 1 v. — Evelyn Innes 2 v. — Sister Teresa 2 v.

Thomas Moore, † 1852.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Lady Morgan, † 1859.
Memoirs 3 v.

Henry Morley, † 1894.
Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition (v. 2000, published 1881) 1 v.

William Morris.
A Selection from his Poems. Edited with a Memoir by F. Hueffer 1 v.

Arthur Morrison.
Tales of Mean Streets 1 v. — A Child of the Jago 1 v. — To London Town 1 v. — Cunning Murrell 1 v.

James Fullarton Muirhead.
The Land of Contrasts 1 v.

Miss Mulock, *vide* **Mrs. Craik.**

David Christie Murray.
Rainbow Gold 2 v.

Grenville: Murray, *vide* **Grenville.**

Author of "My Little Lady," *vide* **E. Frances Poynter.**

The New Testament.
The Authorised English Version, with Introduction and Various Readings from the three most celebrated Manuscripts of the Original Text, by Constantine Tischendorf (vol. 1000, published 1869) 1 v.

Mrs. C. J. Newby.
Common Sense 2 v.

Dr. J. H. Newman (Cardinal Newman), † 1890.
Callista 1 v.

Mrs. Nicholls, *vide* **Currer Bell.**

Author of "Nina Balatka," *vide* **Anthony Trollope.**

Author of "No Church" (F. Robinson).
No Church 2 v. — Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

Lady Augusta Noel.
From Generation to Generation 1 v. — Hithersea Mere 2 v.

Frank Norris (Am.).
The Octopus 2 v.

W. E. Norris.
My Friend Jim 1 v. — A Bachelor's Blunder 2 v. — Major and Minor 2 v. — The Rogue 2 v. — Miss Shafto 2 v. — Mrs. Fenton 1 v. — Misadventure 2 v. — Saint Ann's 1 v. — A Victim of Good Luck 1 v. — The Dancer in Yellow 1 v. — Clarissa Furiosa 2 v. — Marietta's Marriage 2 v. — The Fight for the Crown

1 v. — The Widower 1 v. — Giles Ingilby 1v. — The Flower of the Flock 1 v. — His Own Father 1 v.

Hon. Mrs. Norton, † 1877.

Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. — Lost and Saved 2 v. — Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

Author of "Not Easily Jealous" (Miss Iza Hardy).

Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

"Novels and Tales," *vide* "Household Words."

Charlotte O'Conor-Eccles, *vide* Hal Godfrey.

Laurence Oliphant, † 1888.

Altiora Peto 2 v. — Masollam 2 v.

Mrs. Oliphant, † 1897.

The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs. Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. — Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. — Ombra 2 v. — Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. — Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. — A Rose in June 1 v. — The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — Whiteladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. — Phœbe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. — Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. — The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in England 2 v. — He that will not when he may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester 3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. — Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. — Kirsteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. — The Sorceress 2 v. — Sir Robert's Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. — Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.

"One who has kept a Diary," *vide* George W. E. Russell.

Ossian.

The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James Macpherson 1 v.

Ouida.

Idalia 2 v. — Tricotrin 2 v. — Puck 2 v. — Chandos 2 v. — Strathmore 2 v. — Under two Flags 2 v. — Folle-Farine 2 v. — A Leaf in the Storm; A Dog of Flanders; A Branch of Lilac; A Provence Rose 1 v. — Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Madame la Marquise, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Pascarèl 2 v. — Held in Bondage 2 v. — Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. — Signa (with Portrait) 3 v. — In a Winter City 1 v. — Ariadnê 2 v. — Friendship 2 v. — Moths 3 v. — Pipistrello, and other Stories 1 v. — A Village Commune 2 v. — In Maremma 3 v. — Bimbi 1 v. — Wanda 3 v. — Frescoes and other Stories 1 v. — Princess Napraxine 3 v. — Othmar 3 v. — A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (60 Pf.). — A House Party 1 v. — Guilderoy 2 v. — Syrlin 3 v. — Ruffino, and other Stories 1 v. — Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. — Two Offenders 1 v. — The Silver Christ, etc. 1 v. — Toxin, and other Papers 1 v. — Le Selve, and Tonia 1 v. — The Massarenes 2 v. — An Altruist, and Four Essays 1 v. — La Strega, and other Stories 1 v. — The Waters of Edera 1 v. — Street Dust, and Other Stories 1 v. — Critical Studies 1 v.

Author of "The Outcasts," *vide* "Roy Tellet."

Gilbert Parker.

The Battle of the Strong 2 v.

Harriet Parr (Holme Lee), † 1900.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. — For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. — The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. — Her Title of Honour 1 v. — Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. — Katherine's Trial 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax 2 v. — Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. — Straightforward 2 v. — Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. — A Poor Squire 1 v.

Mrs. Parr.

Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.

George Paston.

A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.

Mrs. Paul, *vide* Author of "Still Waters."

Author of "Paul Ferroll" (Mrs. Caroline Clive).

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year

1 v. — Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

James Payn, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. — Not Wooed, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Tryst 1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. — Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. — Walter's Word 2 v. — Halves 2 v. — Fallen Fortunes 2 v. — What He cost Her 2v. — By Proxy 2 v. — Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. — Under one Roof 2 v. — High Spirits 1 v. — High Spirits *(Second Series)* 1 v. — A Confidential Agent 2 v. — From Exile 2 v. — A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. — Some Private Views 1 v. — For Cash Only 2 v. — Kit: A Memory 2 v. — The Canon's Ward (with Portrait) 2 v. — Some Literary Recollections 1 v. — The Talk of the Town 1 v. — The Luck of the Darrells 2 v. — The Heir of the Ages 2 v. — Holiday Tasks 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales *(First Series)* 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales *(Second Series)* 1 v. — A Prince of the Blood 2 v. — The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. — The Burnt Million 2 v. — The Word and the Will 2 v. — Sunny Stories, and some Shady Ones 1 v. — A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. — A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. — A Trying Patient 1 v. — Gleams of Memory, and The Eavesdropper 1 v. — In Market Overt 1 v. — The Disappearance of George Driffell, and other Tales 1 v. — Another's Burden etc. 1 v. — The Backwater of Life, or Essays of a Literary Veteran 1 v.

Frances Mary Peard.

One Year 2 v. — The Rose-Garden 1 v. — Unawares 1 v. — Thorpe Regis 1 v. — A Winter Story 1 v. — A Madrigal, and other Stories 1 v. — Cartouche 1 v. — Mother Molly 1 v. — Schloss and Town 2 v. — Contradictions 2 v. — Near Neighbours 1 v. — Alicia Tennant 1 v. — Madame's Granddaughter 1 v. — Donna Teresa 1 v. — Number One and Number Two 1 v.

Max Pemberton.

The Impregnable City 1 v. — A Woman of Kronstadt 1 v. — The Phantom Army 1 v. — The Garden of Swords 1 v. — The Footsteps of a Throne 1 v. — Pro Patriâ 1 v. — The Giant's Gate 2 v.

Bishop Thomas Percy, † 1811.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

F. C. Philips.

As in a Looking Glass 1 v. — The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. — A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and Three Jills 1 v. — Little Mrs. Murray 1 v. — Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. — Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Extenuating Circumstances, and A French Marriage 1 v. — More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Constance 2 v. — That Wicked Mad'moiselle, etc. 1 v. — A Doctor in Difficulties, etc. 1 v. — Black and White 1 v. — "One Never Knows" 2 v. — Of Course 1 v. — Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. — My little Husband 1 v. — Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. — A Question of Colour, and other Stories 1 v. — A Devil in Nun's Veiling 1 v. — A Full Confession, and other Stories 1 v. — The Luckiest of Three 1 v. — Poor Little Bella 1 v. — Eliza Clarke, Governess, and Other Stories 1 v. — Marriage, etc. 1 v.

F. C. Philips & Percy Fendall.

A Daughter's Sacrifice 1 v. — Margaret Byng 1 v.

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The Fatal Phryne 1 v. — The Scudamores 1 v. — A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. — Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.

Eden Phillpotts.

Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy 1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The Good Red Earth 1 v.

Miss Piddington, *vide* Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers."

Edgar Allan Poe (Am.), † 1849.

Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales, edited by John H. Ingram 1 v.

Alexander Pope, † 1744.

Select Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Miss E. Frances Poynter.

My Little Lady 2 v. — Ersilia 2 v. — Among the Hills 1 v. — Madame de Presnel 1 v.

Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Zéro 1 v. — Affinities 1 v. — The Head Station 2 v.

Mrs. E. Prentiss (Am.), † 1878.

Stepping Heavenward 1 v.

The Prince Consort, † 1861.

His Principal Speeches and Addresses (with Portrait) 1 v.

Richard Pryce.
Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the Woman 1 v.

Hor. N. Pym, *vide* **Caroline Fox.**

Q (A. T. Quiller-Couch).
Noughts and Crosses 1 v. — I Saw Three Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — Ia and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars 1 v.

H. M. the Queen, *vide* **Victoria R. I.**

W. Fraser Rae.
Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.

C. E. Raimond (Miss Robins).
The Open Question 2 v.

Author of "The Rajah's Heir."
The Rajah's Heir 2 v.

Charles Reade, † 1884.
"It is never too late to mend" 2 v. — "Love me little, love me long" 1 v. — The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. — Hard Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. — A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Peg Woffington 1 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. — A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir 1 v. — A Woman-Hater 2 v. — Readiana 1 v. — Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.

Author of "Recommended to Mercy" (Mrs. Houstoun).
"Recommended to Mercy" 2 v. — Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.

Mrs. Reeves, *vide* **Helen Mathers.**

Grace Rhys.
Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of Sheila 1 v.

James Rice, *vide* **Walter Besant.**

Alfred Bate Richards, † 1876.
So very Human 3 v.

S. Richardson, † 1761.
Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.

Mrs. Riddell (F. G. Trafford).
George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth 2 v. — Far above Rubies 2 v. — The Earl's Promise 2 v. — Mortomley's Estate 2 v.

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, *vide* **Miss Thackeray.**

Miss Roberts, *vide* **Author of "Mademoiselle Mori."**

Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, † 1853.
Sermons 4 v.

Miss Robins, *vide* **Raimond.**

F. Robinson, *vide* **Author of "No Church."**

Charles H. Ross.
The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London Romance 2 v.

Martin Ross, *vide* **Somerville.**

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, † 1882.
Poems 1 v. — Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.

"Roy Tellet."
The Outcasts 1 v. — A Draught of Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.

J. Ruffini, † 1881.
Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. — Lorenzo Benoni 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. — A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. — The Paragreens on a Visit to Paris 1 v. — Carlino, and other Stories 1 v.

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George W. E. Russell.
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John Saunders.
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Katherine Saunders (Mrs. Cooper).
Joan Merryweather, and other Tales 1 v. — Gideon's Rock, and other Tales 1 v. — The High Mills 2 v. — Sebastian 1 v.

Richard Henry Savage (Am.).
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Khaminavatka 2 v. — In the House of His Friends 2 v. — The Mystery of a Shipyard 2 v.

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Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland 1 v.

Sir Walter Scott, † 1832.

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Prof. J. R. Seeley, M.A., † 1895.

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Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.

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Naboth's Vineyard 1 v.

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The Spanish Brothers 2 v.

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Venus and Cupid 1 v.

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Robert Elsmere 3 v. — David Grieve 3 v. — Miss Bretherton 1 v. — Marcella 3 v. Bessie Costrell 1 v. — Sir George Tressady 2 v. — Helbeck of Bannisdale 2 v. — Eleanor 2 v.

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Samuel Warren, † 1877.

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Daniel Woodroffe.

Tangled Trinities 1 v.

Margaret L. Woods.

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William Wordsworth, † 1850.

Select Poetical Works 2 v.

Lascelles Wraxall, † 1865.

Wild Oats 1 v.

Edmund Yates, † 1894.

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